

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1820.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough, with his Original Correspondence; collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources: illustrated with Portraits, Maps, and Military Plans.* By William Coxe, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A. Archdeacon of Wilts. Second Edition. Six Volumes. 8vo.

IT is related of Sir Robert Walpole, that when his son Horace one day took up an historical work to read aloud to him, he exclaimed, 'Oh, do not read history, for that *I know* must be false.' 'He,' says his biographer Mr. Coxe, 'who had fathomed the secrets of all the cabinets of Europe, must have considered history as a tissue of fables, and have smiled at the folly of those writers who affect to penetrate into state-affairs, and trace all the motives of action.' This is somewhat too serious a comment upon a peevish speech. Walpole himself would have acknowledged after dinner, or in a sunshiny morning, that the remark was more splenetic than just. He was too good a statesman not to perceive that it is only by the study of history statesmen can be formed, and that though the secrets of cabinets can be known to few, and are not always worth knowing,—the causes of the rise and progress and decline of nations—the virtues by which they have flourished—the vices by which they have fallen—the spirit by which revolutions are brought about, and the march of human events in which what has been is perpetually recurring, are within the reach of the historian, and form the lessons by which alone the science of politics can be attained. Least of all men should Mr. Coxe have given his sanction to the remark, who, in his *Memoirs of the two Walpoles*, of the House of Austria, of the Spanish Bourbons, and more especially in the present work, has brought before the public so large a mass of authentic and original information.

The present work is chiefly derived from the most unquestionable documents—the papers at Blenheim. They consist of Marlborough's own letters, private, official, and diplomatic—a correspondence almost unparalleled for value, interest, and extent—of Godolphin's letters, which are equal in point of number and of interest—of numerous letters from the different sovereigns of Europe, and their chief ministers—of the papers which that extraordinary woman, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, left behind

her,—and of the Sunderland collection. From these, from various other manuscript collections which have been opened to Mr. Coxe, in the liberal spirit of the present age, (properly called liberal in this point,) and from the printed works, the author has produced the first full and satisfactory account of Marlborough, a name which must ever hold one of the first places in military history. And now that the character of this illustrious man is brought into open daylight, it is delightful to see, after all the calumnies which have been heaped upon him, how nearly it is without a spot.

The Churchill family, obviously as that name might seem to explain its English origin, is traced to the Courcils of Poitou, who came over with the Conqueror. John Churchill, the subject of this history, was born at Ash, in Devonshire, on the 24th of June 1650. The father and grandfather had been conspicuous for their loyalty in the civil wars, and of course suffered in their estates: that loyalty, however, led to the subsequent elevation of the family. The father, Sir Winston Churchill, was rewarded with certain offices under government; his daughter, Arabella, was appointed maid of honour to the Duchess of York; and John was made page of honour to the Duke. He had previously been placed at St. Paul's school, and it has been affirmed, that he acquired his first inclination for a military life from perusing a copy of Vegetius in the school library. At a review of the foot-guards, the Duke asked him what profession he preferred, and received the answer which he probably expected when he put the question at such a time; the boy fell on his knees, and asked for a pair of colours in one of those fine regiments. His first essay in arms was at Tangiers. His second campaign was in 1672, during the disgraceful alliance between England and France: he then served with the English auxiliaries under Monmouth in that army which Louis XIV. commanded nominally in person, but which was really directed by Turenne and Condé. In that campaign he attracted the notice of Turenne, and received the thanks of the King of France, at the head of the army. And continuing till 1677 to serve with the French in their war against the Emperor, he acquired under Turenne, and the other distinguished French generals of the age, that knowledge of the art of war which was afterwards so well and so worthily employed in protecting Germany, and preserving Europe from the yoke of France.

His person was so remarkably fine, that Turenne distinguished him by the name of the handsome Englishman, and it is said that he did not escape from the vices which at that time disgraced the English court. In the twenty-eighth year of his age, however, he married Sarah Jennings, who was ten years younger than himself:

self: she was of a good family, had been placed in her twelfth year in the Duchess of York's household, and had there become the favourite companion and chosen friend of the Princess Anne. Her figure and countenance were commanding and animated, indicating at once the character of her mind; and licentious as were the manners of the sphere in which she moved, her own conduct was such as to obtain respect, while her person and talents were objects of admiration. The attachment which Colonel Churchill formed for this lady, redeemed him at once from all licentious courses; it was equally permanent and strong; and into whatever faults this celebrated woman may have been hurried by the vehemence of an ardent mind, certain it is that she possessed his full esteem and confidence, as well as his undivided love, and that she deserved to be the wife of Marlborough.

During the latter years of Charles II., Colonel Churchill was confidentially employed by the Duke of York, and he was one of the few persons who escaped with that prince from the miserable wreck of the Gloucester yacht in Yarmouth Roads. In 1683, he was created Baron Churchill of Aymouth in Scotland; and upon the marriage of the Princess Anne, his wife was, at the Princess's earnest desire, made lady of Her Royal Highness's bedchamber. Upon the accession of James he was raised to the English peerage by the title of Baron Churchill of Sandridge, in the county of Hertford; and during Monmouth's insurrection, he was promoted to the rank of major-general. Churchill had saved Monmouth's life at the siege of Maestricht; and was now summoned to acknowledge him as king of England. By his dispositions, this unhappy and misguided man was compelled to risk an action; and by his vigilance the royal army was saved from a surprise. But his favour with James ceased after this time. Upon the great question by which the country was disturbed, his opinions were those of a wise and good man. He had considered the conduct of the whigs in Charles's reign toward the Duke of York as disrespectful, unjust and unconstitutional. 'Though I have an aversion to popery,' he observed, 'yet am I no less averse to persecution for conscience sake. I deem it the highest act of injustice to set any one aside from his inheritance, upon bare suppositions of intentional evils, and when nothing that is actual appears to preclude him from the exercise of his just rights.' After the accession of James, however, he declared to Lord Galway, that if the king should attempt to change the religion and constitution of the country, he would quit his service. That intention was unequivocally manifested; and Lord Churchill was among the first who made overtures to the Prince of Orange: but he discharged his duty as a faithful friend and subject by telling the

King what the feelings of the people were respecting his conduct, and warning him of the consequences which were likely to ensue.

At the Revolution, Lord Churchill was one of those peers who voted for a Regency. In such times the wisest statesman can rely little upon his own foresight, and must sometimes alter his course, as the physician is compelled, by the symptoms which he discovers to-day, to depart from the plan of treatment which he had yesterday prescribed. When there appeared no alternative but to recall James, or confer the crown on William, he absented himself from the discussion, and submitted, as was his duty, to the decision. On this occasion Lady Churchill used her influence with the Princess Anne, in persuading her to let her own succession be postponed in favour of her sister. Soon afterwards Lord Churchill was made Earl of Marlborough, a title which seems to have been chosen because of a family connection with the last earls of that name. He served during a short campaign in the Low Countries, under the Prince of Waldeck, who declared that in a single battle he manifested greater talents than generals of longer experience had shewn in many years. It is believed that he refused to serve in Ireland, when his former sovereign and benefactor was in that country; but as soon as James had retired to France, he offered his services to reduce Cork and Kinsale, and effected the object with such skill and celerity, that William said of him, he knew no man equally fit for command, who had served so few campaigns.

There is now proof before the public, that Marlborough was in correspondence at that time with the exiled King; had expressed contrition for the part which he had taken in the Revolution, engaged to make amends by his future conduct, and obtained a promise of pardon for himself, his lady, his friend Godolphin, and some others. Actions which cannot be justified may often be extenuated, if we give but a just consideration to the circumstances and the spirit of the times. In all great revolutions, the foundations not of government alone, but of morality also are shaken. There is so much villainy and falsehood at the commencement, (for they who aim at revolutionizing a country scruple at no arts, however base, and at no crimes, however atrocious,) and so much wickedness of every kind in the progress, that from seeing right and wrong habitually confounded, men insensibly adapt their principles to the season, and self-preservation and self-advancement become the only rule of conduct. This was exemplified in the state of England during the interval between the Restoration and Revolution; the standard of general morality was never at any other time so low. The persons who figured in public life had grown up in an age of anarchy, and there were few
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among them who made any pretensions either to public or private virtue. Marlborough was far superior in both to his contemporaries, but he was yet young in state-affairs; and when a well-rooted attachment to the laws and religion of his country led him to concur in inviting over the Prince of Orange, the strong measure of deposing the sovereign was not contemplated by him, as the 'necessary, or even as the possible consequence.—' I do solemnly protest,' says his wife, in the account of her own conduct, speaking of William's accession, 'that if there be truth in any mortal, I was so very simple a creature, that I never once dreamt of his being King. I imagined that the Prince of Orange's sole design was to provide for the safety of his own country, by obliging King James to keep the laws of ours; and that he would go back as soon as he had made us all happy: that there was no sort of difficulty in the execution of this design; and that to do so much good would be a greater pleasure to him than to be king of any country upon earth.' In saying this, the Duchess had no intention of offering any apology for herself, still less for her husband. Want of sincerity was not among her faults—for she was of a frank and honourable nature—and as it is certain that Marlborough reposed in her the most entire confidence, and even, on great political occasions, sometimes submitted his own better judgment to hers, it may fairly be presumed from this passage, that his views in inviting William went no farther than are there stated. The motives which may have induced him to correspond with the exiled King are briefly indicated by Mr. Coxe. He was personally attached to James—a prince who, with all his grievous faults, was not without some redeeming virtues. He was displeased by the measures of William in favour of the dissenters—measures which he believed injurious to the welfare of that church, the preservation of which had been the immediate cause and object of the Revolution. Something too is ascribed to the cold and repulsive manners of the new King, and to his imprudent predilection for foreigners. But undoubtedly what chiefly influenced him was a distrust of the stability of the new government, which made him provide means for his security in case of a restoration. So James himself understood it; 'they were to be pardoned and in security,' he says, 'in case the King returned, and yet suffer nothing in the interim, nor to give any other proofs of their sincerity than bare words and empty promises.' This conduct cannot be justified; but it should be remembered, that on both sides Marlborough saw much to discontent him; and that though in certain states of public feeling, a desire of martyrdom is the strongest of all ambitions, and per-

haps that which is most easily excited, men will never sacrifice themselves for a cause which they only half approve.

The Mogul Sultan Acbar bore this inscription upon one of his seals, 'I never knew a man lost upon a straight road.' It had been well for Marlborough's reputation, and for his happiness, if that saying had been taught him in his youth; for by the crooked policy which he pursued, he brought upon himself greater dangers than those which he was endeavouring to avert. He was committed to the Tower upon an accusation brought by one Young, a villain who, having forged letters with such skill that Marlborough said he himself should have been deceived by the imitation, hid them in a flower-pot at the Bishop of Rochester's. The place was searched upon his information, and the evidence which was then discovered, appeared at first to be conclusive against the persons whose lives this wretch intended to sacrifice. The forgery was detected, but Marlborough was dismissed from his employments. His name was erased from the list of privy-counsellors, and he was detained some time after the falsehood of the accusation against him had been proved. Undoubtedly William was apprized of his correspondence with the exiled King. Marlborough had the consciousness of innocence to support him, as to the specific fact of which he was accused; but he must have felt very differently, when Sir John Fenwick, in the hope of saving his own life, charged him with having accepted a pardon from James, and undertaken to secure the army for his service. Fenwick had good reason to believe the charge, but he had no means of proving it, his information resting only upon the indirect communications of certain French agents, who told him all they knew, and probably passed upon him their hopes and conjectures for facts. On this occasion Mordaunt, then Lord Monmouth, afterwards the famous Earl of Peterborough, acted with peculiar infamy; he supplied Fenwick with written directions how to conduct his defence so as to implicate the persons whom he had accused; and yet when Fenwick did not think proper to follow these directions, this most inconsistent man voted for the attainder against him. The charge could not be substantiated, and Fenwick died with the shame of having betrayed the cause for which he suffered.

Magnanimity was William's characteristic virtue—and in that how many virtues are included! he knew how far Marlborough had gone, and could make allowance for the motives which induced him to play a double part. And though he had prejudices against him arising from court-quarrels and the jealousies between the Queen and her sister, he was nevertheless sagacious enough to perceive, and just enough to acknowledge, his extraordinary

dinary capacity. He frequently expressed his concern that he could not employ a nobleman who was equally distinguished for political and military talents. 'Other generals,' he said, 'found every thing impracticable which was proposed to them; but Marlborough appeared never to discover a difficulty.' At length he appointed him governor to the Duke of Gloucester; and with a gracefulness of compliment which has seldom been exceeded, when he delivered the Prince into his care, said, 'Teach him to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments.'

When the ungenerous usage which William had experienced from Parliament led him, in the bitterness of his heart, to determine upon renouncing a throne where his best intentions were thwarted by a party-spirit which has from that day been the worst evil and the peculiar disgrace of England, Marlborough was one of the few persons to whom he imparted his design. And when, after the accession of Philip V. to the throne of Spain, William prepared for war, he appointed Marlborough to command the forces in the Netherlands, and to negotiate the treaties for the renewal of the Grand Alliance. This was an arduous task: he had to reconcile jarring interests, to allay or at least suspend inveterate enmities, to moderate extravagant pretensions, and to conciliate impracticable young sovereigns, in whom will and passion were paramount, and obstinate ministers who had grown old in imbecility and error. In addition to these difficulties, both William and the Dutch government urged him, in his treaty with the Emperor, to fix the number of troops which England should supply, without waiting for the sanction of Parliament. On this point Marlborough stood firm; in his correspondence with the English ministers he says, 'I am fully persuaded that if the King should be prevailed upon to settle this by his own authority, we shall never see a quiet day more in England, and consequently not only ruin ourselves, but also undo the liberties of Europe; for if the King and parliament begin with a dispute, France will give what laws she pleases.' And to Godolphin he says that, if the cabinet should be induced to take this step, and send out orders to him, 'I am so persuaded that the doing of this by His Majesty's authority would prove fatal to himself and the kingdom, that I should desire to be recalled: for, before God, I will die sooner than do so fatal a thing.' These representations had the effect of dissuading the King from an intention which seems to have originated in an imperfect understanding of the constitution, certainly not in any desire of increasing his power by unconstitutional means. The last advice of William to his successor was, that she should look upon Marlborough as the most proper

per person in her dominions to lead her armies, and direct her councils.

Well was it for England and for Europe that Marlborough, owing to accidental circumstances, possessed that influence over the mind of the new Sovereign to which he was justly entitled by his surpassing talents : for the exigencies of the time required the full exertion of such talents. William himself, great general as he was, had scarcely been able, with the aid of all his allies, to make head against the overwhelming power of France: but Spain was now detached from the alliance, and ranged on the side of France; and by virtue of that connection Louis XIV. had obtained complete possession of the Spanish Netherlands, (which had been the bulwark of Holland,) for all purposes of offensive war. Bavaria also was become the ally of the French, whose arms, by this connection, were at once introduced into the heart of the empire. The power of France exceeded all precedent in modern history. The French are eminently a military people; their education, their habits of mind and of body, their universal cleverness, their vivacity, their buoyant spirit, the hardness and the lightness of their character, their virtues and their vices, fit them above all others for a military life: and half a century had brought their armies to the highest state of discipline, under officers alike characterized by the love and knowledge of their profession. The kingdom had also the advantage of a firm government, under a sovereign of no common talents, who, more than any other of the European kings, possessed the unbounded affection of his subjects, because his character was completely suited to that of the people whom he governed. There was no vacillation in his councils; whoever might be minister, the same system was steadily pursued; a system of aggrandizement, which disregarded all treaties, all obligations moral and religious, and against which there could be no security; that system during the whole of his long reign, the longest in the annals of Europe, he had pursued without intermission and without remorse.

It would have been easy for Louis to effect the subjugation of Europe, had not this country opposed. But the situation of England must have appeared to him as unfavourable as that of his own kingdom was advantageous, in all those points which he had been accustomed to contemplate as constituting the essential strength of states. A woman was at the head of a feeble government, a factious legislature and a divided nation. Her talents were of the common standard; there was little in her personal character which deserved respect, but few persons have ever been more largely entitled to compassion. The rank in which she was born placed her in an unhappy situation, wherein the path of duty

duty was not plain. The strongest intellect and the purest mind might have hesitated how to act, between a sense of what was due on the one hand to the king her father, and on the other to the religion of her country, in which she had been so carefully brought up, that neither her father's example, nor the perversion of her mother had, in the slightest degree, shaken her attachment to the principles of the English Church. Her part was taken, not with deliberation, but in a time of confusion, alarm and fear: in that crisis she preferred her public to her private duty, and her own heart ever afterwards punished her for the sacrifice of a natural and sure feeling to a doubtful obligation. When the king heard that she also had deserted him, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, God help me! even my own children have forsaken me! Anne must have called to mind this exclamation with a bitterness at least equal to that in which it was uttered, when, after having borne eight immature births, and nine living children, she saw the last of them expire, when he was the acknowledged heir to the crown, and when the promise of his virtues and talents might have satisfied the wisest desires and the most ambitious hopes. 'She attended on him,' says Burnet, 'during his sickness, with great tenderness, but with a grave composedness that amazed all who saw it; she bore his death with a resignation and piety that were indeed very singular.' It might have occurred to the bishop that this composedness was the demeanour of one who submitted to the stroke as a judicial visitation, and in her inward soul acknowledged how fitting it was that she, who had sinned against a parent, should be punished in her children. Under that impression she corresponded with her father, and requested he would sanction her acceptance of the crown in the event of William's death, declaring her readiness to restore it whenever it should be practicable. James would hear of no such compromise.—If he had survived William, Anne would have had a second conflict with herself, more painful than the first. His decease placed her in a different situation. She could have no personal affection for her brother, and it appears that she had been so far imposed upon by the impudent story of the warming-pan as to doubt his birth,—though not to disbelieve it.

Louis, who knew of her correspondence with her father, could not have supposed that she should, in any degree, be the dupe of so gross a falsehood. He reckoned the Queen's conscience among his allies; and he was statesman enough to understand that public measures depend more upon the personal disposition of the governors, than upon any principle of policy, or any other causes whatsoever. He had not yet learnt to fear the English armies, and probably thought that in losing William they had lost their greatest strength.

strength. The English councils he had a right to despise,—*fluctuation perpétuelle dans la conduite d'Angleterre*, was the indignant exclamation of De Witt. Unanimity in a nation was regarded by him as of such importance, that, for the sake of obtaining it, he had stained his history by a most inhuman and wholesale persecution: it is likely, therefore, that he calculated the religious animosities which prevailed among the English, at more than they were worth in his favour. With the strength of the jacobites he was perfectly acquainted, and he knew the price of a patriot. Every thing in the comparison seemed to ensure the success of France in the approaching contest, for he was altogether ignorant of the spirit and the resources of England.

The hopes which he entertained from the disposition of the queen were frustrated by the ascendancy of the Countess of Marlborough. The intimacy between them, which had commenced in early youth, had ripened into a romantic friendship, in which rank on the one side, and talents on the other, established something like equality. The happiness of the countess was not increased by the power of which she found herself possessed upon the queen's accession; her influence, however, at this time was one of the most fortunate accidents in English history. The garter was given to her husband, he was appointed captain-general of the forces at home and abroad, and at his instance Godolphin was made lord high treasurer—a statesman worthy to be his colleague. The only son of Godolphin had married Marlborough's eldest daughter, Lady Henrietta. Lady Anne, the second, was married to Lord Spencer, son of the Earl of Sunderland. Marlborough and Godolphin were both Tories, but more than any men of their generation free from the narrowness and asperity of party-spirit; for they were both men of sound judgement, as well as mature years and political experience, upright principles, and true English feeling. The ministry was formed by the queen, without their interference; she consulted her private inclinations and antipathies, and composed it of the most decided Tories, men who were so intolerant that, not contented with filling all the higher offices of the state and the law, they would not have suffered a single Whig to officiate as justice of the peace, if Marlborough and Godolphin had not interposed and restrained them. This interposition became a cause of disunion in the ministry, even from its commencement. The queen's uncle, Lord Rochester, was at the head of the tories; his father, in all important respects the most valuable of our English historians, is also the model of an English statesman, for the general justness of his views, and the uniform integrity of his life. Rochester had neither inherited his moderation nor his wisdom, nor his

his manly and decided character. When the question of peace or war was now at issue, and it was time for England to come forward in fulfilment of the alliances which William had concluded, he and the more violent Tories would have drawn back and temporized; and they proposed the miserable expedient of engaging in the contest only as auxiliaries, not as a principal. This paltry policy was combated and exposed by Marlborough, and the better genius of England for that time prevailed; but a schism was thus occasioned in the party, and a coldness followed between Rochester and Marlborough, who, till that time, had been friends, and Rochester became his secret opponent first, and ultimately his open enemy.

But Marlborough had a nearer disquietude. His wife had long been inclined to favour the Whigs, and from the marriage of her daughter with Lord Spencer, that inclination had increased, till it became a strong and decided preference. If fortune had placed her in the situation of her royal mistress she would have made a queen like Elizabeth, or the Russian Catharine, without the personal weakness of the one, or the vices of the other; her character was of the same stamp, commanding and imperious. The political sphere in which she was placed made her, of necessity, interested in political affairs; the wife of Marlborough and the favourite of Queen Anne could see, or hear, or think of little else; her talents qualified her to take a part, but unhappily she was unable to act with moderation, for her temper was warm, as well as frank and generous. During William's life all difference between herself and the queen, upon political opinions, was suspended by their common dislike to the king: but upon Anne's accession, a dispathy immediately began, which, though only perceptible at first in the point of difference, insensibly extended, till it leavened the whole feelings of both, and converted old friendship into inveterate ill will. Such a woman could not withhold from interfering when her interference might well have been spared: her husband's interest and welfare and glory were now inseparably connected with the prosperity of the state, and it was impossible for her to refrain from suggesting measures which, in her judgment, seemed essential to his success. Obedience was the only virtue in which she was deficient:—perhaps the fault was in Marlborough himself, who loved her too fondly to exact submission, when he failed to persuade her that she was acting from mistaken views. The family connection with Godolphin gave her greater means of interfering than she would otherwise have possessed: in this respect, therefore, it was unfortunate. One of her first letters to that statesman after the formation of the new ministry, shews both her judgment and her disposition in a favourable light.

light. 'If I had power to dispose of places,' said she, 'the first rule should be, to have those that were proper for the business : the next, those that had deserved upon any occasion; and, whenever there was room without hurting the public, I think one would, with pleasure, give employments to those who were in so unhappy a condition as to want them.'

In May 1702, Marlborough, who had been appointed Ambassador-extraordinary to the United States, embarked from Margate to take the command. He parted from the countess at the water-side, and in a hasty note which he wrote to her from the ship, he says it was impossible to express with what a heavy heart. He would have given his life to come back, he said, though he durst not, knowing his own weakness, and that he could not have concealed it; and he told her, that for a long time he stood upon the deck looking toward the cliffs through a glass, in hopes of having one sight more of her. All his influence had been used to obtain the chief command for the Prince of Denmark, for, when the good of the general cause was concerned, never was any man more perfectly indifferent to his individual interests. The Dutch could not be induced to consent; they had little confidence in the talents of the Prince, and, what perhaps weighed more with them, they thought he would not submit to the controul of the field-deputies whom they sent to the army for the purpose of inspecting and regulating the conduct of their generals. This post was also desired by the Archduke Charles, for whom Spain, to which he laid claim, was a fitter scene of action; by the Duke of Zell, by the King of Prussia, and by the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. There were objections to all these; and the Prince of Nassau Saarbruck and the Earl of Athlone withdrew their pretensions in favour of Marlborough, who was accordingly appointed Generalissimo, with a salary of £10,000 a year.

The principal army of the allies under Athlone was at this time in the vicinity of Cleves, to cover that part of the frontier between the Rhine and the Meuse, and to favour the Prince of Saarbruck who, with 25,000 men, was besieging Kayserwerth. Cohorn had 10,000 men near the mouth of the Scheldt to secure that quarter, and threaten the district of Bruges. On the part of the enemy, the Count de la Motte and the Marquis of Bedmar covered that side against Cohorn. Marshal Tallard was detached from the Upper Rhine with 15,000 men to interrupt the siege of Kayserwerth; and the powerful army of the French commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, with Marshal Boufflers to assist him, was assembled on the Meuse, and occupied the fortresses in the bishopric of Liege, which were of essential advantage to them. It

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was rightly supposed that the Duke of Burgundy would not have been sent to the army, unless there had been an expectation of some signal success; and before Marlborough could arrive to take the command, there was a danger that his operations would be confined to the defence of the Dutch frontiers. Athlone threw 12,000 men into Maestricht, and thus provided for the security of that important town; but Nimeguen was without a garrison, and even without a single cannon mounted on the ramparts: the duke was joined by Tallard, and made a sudden move against it. It was saved by the vigorous resistance of the burghers, and by Athlone, who entered at the very moment when the enemy had advanced within gunshot of the works. But the Dutch were frightened at the danger they had escaped, and would now have made self-defence the principle of their timid operations. When Marlborough arrived at the army, it was posted along the Waal between Nimeguen and Fort Schenk. Three plans were proposed, one to attack the French, who were on the right bank of the Meuse between Goch and Genep; this was at once rejected on account of the strength of their position: the second was to advance up the Rhine, cut off the enemy's communication, and reduce Rheinberg, as the commencement of an offensive system: the council of war referred this to the decision of the States; and upon the third, which was Marlborough's suggestion, that they should move upon Brabant, and thus draw the whole attention of the enemy to the Spanish Netherlands, it was determined, after two consultations, to apply to the Dutch government for instructions. The proverb, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety, is not applicable to military affairs, where every thing depends upon decision and promptitude. No general was ever more crippled in his operations than Marlborough at this time.—The field-deputies, men entirely ignorant of war, always impeded him by their slow deliberations, and their fear of responsibility, and could at any time paralyze his movements. Too many of the generals regarded him with an invidious feeling; Athlone in particular, a man cold and wary by nature, rendered by age more cautious and more phlegmatic than by his constitution and Dutch blood, and now soured by ill-will. Irretrievable time was lost, when every day was of value; and to add to the embarrassments and vexation of the commander, points of punctilio arose concerning the Hanoverian and Prussian allies. At length, after the loss of fourteen precious days, the States determined—that they would determine nothing; but that the general officers, making the safety of Nimeguen and of the Rhine their first object, should determine for themselves. They resolved to pass the Meuse and march to the siege of Rheinberg.

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The reason for crossing the river was to alarm the French, and spare that part of the country from which they were to draw their subsistence during the siege. The plan was not what Marlborough would have chosen. He knew that if the enemy had good intelligence, they might so act as to compel the allies to change it. 'If the fear of Nimeguen and the Rhine,' said he, 'had not hindered us from marching into Brabant, they must then have had the disadvantage of governing themselves by our motions, whereas we are now obliged to mind them.'

The plan thus hesitatingly adopted was not pursued, and Marlborough was allowed to act upon his own judgment. Pointing to the enemy's camp, he said exultingly to the Dutch deputies, 'I shall soon deliver you from these troublesome neighbours!' The event justified his confidence, for no sooner had they heard that he had crossed the Meuse than they also passed the river, and hastened, by forced marches, in the direction of Peer and Bray. Marlborough was now assured that he should draw them entirely from the Meuse, be able to besiege Venloo, and to subsist in their territory during the remainder of the campaign. In these hopes he was not disappointed, though the timidity of the deputies prevented him from attacking the enemy in a position where, according to the undeniable testimony of Berwick, then in the French army, their defeat must have been inevitable. A second time he was prevented from attacking them and obtaining an easy victory, by the tardiness of the allied troops in executing his orders. The factious party in England complained that he had suffered the enemy to escape; in this they proceeded upon the half-information which they possessed, without any regard to justice, or any feeling of generosity; but the spirit of party went farther than this, and with its usual malignity accused him of endeavouring to prolong the war for the sake of his own interest. Meantime the soldiers did justice to their commander, and loudly exclaimed against those by whom his purposes and their eager hopes had been frustrated; and Marlborough, while he submitted patiently to the cruel calumnies with which he was assailed at home, had some difficulty to silence the discontent which the officers as well as the men expressed in his favour. His movements, however, had been so far successful that the Duke of Burgundy withdrew from the French army, lest he should have the mortification of witnessing conquests which there was little hope of preventing. Venloo, Stevenswaert and Ruremond were taken, notwithstanding the tardiness of the Dutch; the campaign was concluded by the capture of Liege. Boufflers attempted to storm this city by taking post under the walls, but Marlborough anticipated him by occupying the ground,
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and the French were a third time indebted for their safety to the Dutch deputies, always timid, and therefore always in the wrong. They now retired within their lines, and Marlborough distributed his troops into winter-quarters.

When the campaign was closed, an accident occurred which might have counterbalanced all its advantages, and given a fatal turn to the events of the war. Leaving Maestricht for the Hague, Marlborough embarked on the Meuse with the Dutch deputies and a guard of five and twenty men. The next day he was joined at Ruremond by Cohorn, with three score men in a larger boat, and fifty troopers escorted them along the banks of the river; but in the night the troopers lost their way, the larger boat went on without attending to its companion, and a French partisan from Guelder who, with thirty-five men, was lurking among the reeds and sedges, seized the tow-rope of Marlborough's boat, fired into it, boarded it and overpowered the guard. The deputies had provided themselves with French passes; it would have been beneath Marlborough's dignity to take the same precaution; and he was saved by his own coolness and the presence of mind of an attendant, named Gell, who having in his pocket a pass granted to General Churchill, slipt it into his hand unperceived. Marlborough presented it; the darkness, the confusion, perhaps the ignorance, perhaps the civility of the Frenchman, prevented a scrutiny of the passport; and after pillaging the boat, extorting the usual presents, which on this occasion were gladly given, and detaining the guard as prisoners, the partisan suffered Marlborough and the deputies to proceed. He rewarded Gell for this essential service with an annuity of £50. The alarm presently spread over the country. The Governor of Venloo prepared to attack Guelder, whither he supposed the prisoner had been conveyed; and the States, who were then assembled at the Hague, passed a vote by acclamation that all their troops should instantly march for the purpose of rescuing a commander, whose importance to the common cause was now instantaneously and instinctively acknowledged. The conduct of the Dutch on this occasion was highly honourable. The common people crowded to meet him when he landed at the Hague, all crying out welcome, and some pressing to take him by the hand, and many men as well as women weeping for joy at his escape. The pomp of a Roman triumph would have been less gratifying to a heart like Marlborough's than this reception, for he was as quick in feeling kindness as he was ready to bestow it.

The success of the campaign, inferior as it was to what it might have been had not the masterly spirit of the commander been controuled, far exceeded the expectations and hopes of the States.

States. They deputed the Pensionary Heinsius to congratulate him, and the orator, in alluding to his escape, said that no hope would have been left if France had retained in bondage the man whom they revered as the instrument of Providence for securing independence to the greater part of the Christian world. Athlone himself made the most honourable amends for his past conduct; he called him an incomparable general, and declared that the whole success was owing to him alone, 'since I confess,' said he, 'that I, serving as second in command, opposed, in all circumstances, his opinion and proposals.' The queen immediately acquainted his wife with her intention of raising him to a dukedom. This intelligence, though communicated in terms of the most affectionate friendship, gave no pleasure to the countess. That extraordinary woman was not ambitious of any higher rank; 'there is no advantage in it,' she said, 'but in going in at a door, and when a rule is settled, I like as well to follow five hundred as one.' 'The title of duke,' she added, 'was a great burden in a family where there were many sons; and though she had then but one, she might have more, and there might be a great many in the next generation.' As far, therefore, as her inclination might weigh with the queen she declined the dignity, and she earnestly pressed her husband to do the same; their estate, she thought, was not sufficient to support the title, and she observed that his elevation to that rank might draw upon the queen solicitations which would greatly embarrass her. The queen, however, persisted in her purpose; Godolphin urged him to acquiesce, and his friend the Pensionary Heinsius represented to him in strong terms the good effect which it would have with the foreign princes. At any after-time, he said, such an elevation might look like the effect of favour, for it was not reasonable to expect that so much success would ever be obtained in any other campaign;—now it would appear, as it was meant to be, and as it was, an act of public justice, honourable to himself and his family, honourable to the queen, and for the good of the common cause. He acquiesced in these reasonable representations, and was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. The queen conferred upon him at the same time £5000 out of the post-office for her own life, and requested Parliament to devise a proper mode for settling this grant on him and his successors in the title, but the proposal excited so much opposition that, at the duke's desire, it was withdrawn.

In less than three months after Marlborough had been rewarded with the highest title that an English subject can attain in his own country, he lost his only surviving son, a youth of seventeen, and of the highest promise, moral and intellectual. He died at Cambridge,

Cambridge, of the small pox. It was well for the father that duty soon recalled him to a scene where he had little leisure for dwelling on the past;—yet Lord Blandford was soon to have followed the army, and served under him in that campaign; many circumstances, therefore, with which the recollection of his loss would not otherwise have been associated, brought it to Marlborough's mind, and in one of his letters to Godolphin, touching upon this with the unreserve of perfect friendship, he says, 'since it has pleased God to take him, I do wish from my soul I could think less of him.'

The military operations had not been entirely suspended during the winter. Rheinberg had been reduced, and Guelder blockaded,—the capture of this latter place would clear Spanish Guelderland from the enemy; but the French, in whose councils there was unity of will and of purpose, had concerted their plans with a decision which Marlborough vainly endeavoured to infuse into the allies. Never wanting in alacrity, nor in vigour when the glory of their country is concerned, (however mistaken they may be as to its true interests, or indifferent to the justice of its cause,) they had made great efforts for strengthening their armies, and concerted a plan of wide and well-arranged operations. Villeroy was to act on the offensive in the Low Countries, reduce the places on the Meuse, and threaten the Dutch; the united troops of France and Savoy were to penetrate from Italy into Germany through the Tyrol, and another army was to make its way from the Upper Rhine through the Black Forest, meet the Italian force, form a junction with the Bavarians, and march upon Vienna, where it was supposed they might dictate their own terms to the emperor; for, on the one hand, the insurgents in Hungary were acting in their favour, and on the other, it was believed that the maritime powers would be occupied by Villeroy, and wholly incapable of making any movements for his relief. The liberties of Europe were never in greater danger, and Marlborough was the only person who could have preserved them. It is awful to reflect how much may sometimes depend upon a single life.

But Marlborough's operations were again shackled by the States. They insisted upon besieging Bonn, in the vain opinion that the Elector would capitulate rather than expose that fine town to destruction. It was against his judgment; but when preparations had been made, and the intention had become so public that to desist from it would have been adding loss of reputation to loss of time, Cohorn, who should have taught engineering instead of practising it, would have delayed the siege till the end of the year, if Marlborough had not insisted upon proceeding. He knew that it was better resolutely to pursue a plan

which had not been wisely chosen, than to betray infirmity of mind by change of purpose. So the siege was pushed with vigour; and when it had succeeded, he directed his thoughts to what he called the great design, which was to carry the war into the heart of Brabant and West Flanders. The French lines extended from Antwerp to the Mehaigne, a small river which falls into the Meuse a little above Huy, and they had another series of fortifications stretching from Antwerp towards Ostend; for the protection of these lines there were two flying camps, one near Antwerp under the Marquis of Bedmar; the other under Count de la Motte, near Bruges. Marlborough's intention was to bring the French to battle if he could; this, he said, with the blessing of God, would be of far greater advantage to the common cause than the taking of twenty towns. He knew his own military skill, and the temper of his men, and, like a right Englishman, he never doubted of victory. But it was not the interest of the enemy to risk a battle, and therefore he did not expect it. He hoped, however, to make them retire behind their lines, to force them by a combined operation, and get possession of Antwerp and Ostend. This plan was defeated by the misconduct of the Dutch generals Cohorn, Spaar and Opdam. They broke through on their side, having obtained the leave of the States, for the purpose of raising a contribution in the country of Waes. If any part of the world might deserve, by the common consent of nations, to be held sacred in war, because of the excellent industry of the inhabitants, it is this; so perfect is the cultivation, and so delightful the beauty and the comfort which have been produced. The contribution was the motive, which Marlborough observed these people liked but too well, and it operated strongly upon Cohorn, who, as Governor of West Flanders, would have the ninth of all that should be raised. Contrary to the commander's express orders, they made the attack, when he was at too great a distance to support them, and the consequence was, that Opdam's corps was surprized, and he himself, narrowly escaping from being taken on a reconnoitring party, fled to Breda with intelligence that his whole force was cut off. The panic was premature, for Slangenberg assumed the command, and, by availing himself of the dikes, repulsed the enemy, and effected his retreat. It had, however, ill consequences. The Dutch generals quarrelled with one another, each seeking to excuse himself; and Slangenberg, who, for his impracticable temper, had been laid aside during the latter years of William's reign, though he would otherwise have been a good general, basely accused Marlborough of having designedly exposed the Dutch troops to defeat, because he was jealous of them. The endless bickerings of these men,
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and the irresolution of the States, so harassed Marlborough as to draw from him a complaint in his correspondence, that they made his life a burden. Even the Pensionary Heinsius, and the other official men, whose wishes and opinions coincided entirely with his, sheltered themselves on all occasions under his responsibility, and shrunk from it themselves; and from the violence of factions in Holland, and the weakness of a popular government, or, as Marlborough called it, the want of a government, he began to fear that things would go wrong at last. So far wrong they went, that after the enemy declined an action and retired within their lines, a council of war prevented Marlborough from attacking them there. Thus his hopes for the campaign were effectually defeated, and he was obliged to content himself for the remainder of the season with reducing Huy, Limburg and Guelder.

Even-minded and master of himself as Marlborough was, continual vexation affected his health. He complained that the unreasonable opposition which he had met with had, by heating his blood, almost made him wild with head ache. This was an affliction to which he was peculiarly subject, and which must have been grievously aggravated by continual fatigue, both of mind and body. The state of parties in England was a constant source of anxiety to him. He saw the evil of that party-spirit which was then, and has continued to be, the bane and the disgrace of England. Godolphin also saw it. Both parties were equally violent, and equally indifferent as to any means whereby they could advance their own views: of this too Marlborough was convinced. The whigs, who were for a vigorous prosecution of the war, were yet for thwarting and embarrassing government on every occasion—because they were not in power; and many of the tory ministry, because the war was contrary to their system, and to their secret wishes, were desirous of crippling the general in his operations. No people have ever experienced so much evil from the contention of parties as the English, and no people have ever profited so little by experience. A cry was raised, as in our own days, that we were wasting the resources of the kingdom; that it was necessary to contract our exertions, and confine ourselves to a defensive system. And when Godolphin, wearied by their clamour, intimated a disposition to yield to it, Marlborough resolved to retire from a situation, which, if it could not be supported with honour and advantage, was too painful to be borne. The Duchess communicated this intention to the Queen. The Queen's answer, written in the assumed name used in the friendly correspondence between them, was in the most affectionate terms. She did not wonder, she said, that persons in such posts should be weary of the world; but they ought a little to consider their

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country, which must be ruined if such thoughts were put in execution;—‘As for your poor unfortunate faithful Morley,’ the letter continued, ‘she could not bear it; for if ever you should forsake me, I would have nothing more to do with the world, but make another abdication; for what is a crown when the support of it is gone?’ Unfortunate, was an epithet which she always applied to herself, in her private letters, after the death of her son. She concluded by saying, that she never would forsake the Marlboroughs and Godolphin, but always be their constant and faithful friend:—‘We four,’ said she, ‘must never part, till death mows us down with his impartial hand.’ After such a letter, it was not possible for Marlborough to persist in his resignation. Some changes in the ministry also made his situation for a time less irksome, though they proved eventually in the highest degree injurious, both to himself and the interests of Europe. By his influence Harley and St. John were made Secretaries of State. Marlborough had the most implicit confidence in both these men; but they did not deceive the Duchess; she perceived their true character, and warned her husband against them: unhappily this was the only instance in which he did not suffer himself to be guided by her opinion in such cases.

Meantime the Emperor was in a situation of great danger. The well-concerted operations of the French and Bavarians in the preceding year, had failed through the resolute defence of the Tyrolese, who displayed the same loyal attachment to the House of Austria, and the same determined spirit of resistance to the Bavarians, by which they have distinguished themselves so heroically in our own days. The allies had also obtained a most important accession to their strength, in the Duke of Savoy. But on the side of Germany the French had obtained some important successes. M. Tallard had taken Brisac, which was the strongest bulwark of the empire on that side, and was regarded as one of the best fortresses in Europe, and he had recovered Landau. By these conquests they had a way open into the heart of the Empire; and the Elector of Bavaria, commanding the course of the Danube from its sources to the frontiers of Austria, communicated on the one side with the victorious French armies on the Rhine, and with the Hungarian insurgents on the other. The head-quarters were near Ulm. He had an army of 45,000 men, against which scarcely 20,000 could be brought by the exhausted means of the Emperor. Leopold even prepared his capital for a siege. The army of the Empire, under the Margrave of Baden, was employed to defend the lines of Stolhoffen, and was far from being competent to that important service. The defiles of the Black Forest were left to a handful of troops, who were to be supported by the militia

lities and the peasantry. On all sides the means of defence were miserably inadequate; and the French cabinet had good reason to believe, that while they amused the allies in the Netherlands, the next campaign would enable them to dictate their own terms at Vienna.

Marlborough comprehended the full extent of the danger, and perceived that there was only one means of averting it, which was by moving his army to the Danube, and saving the heart of the empire from a meditated blow, which would otherwise be fatal, not only to Austria and the empire, but to the protestant succession in England, and to the liberties of Europe. If this were not done, all would be lost; an attempt therefore for preventing it, though so hazardous that at other times it might be deemed temerity, became prudent now. The Emperor had one general in his service worthy, for his military talents, to co-operate with Marlborough in any plan of operations, however arduous, and generous enough to serve with him, or under him, with the perfect confidence of friendship, and perfect devotedness of duty. This was Prince Eugene, who had been removed from the command in Italy, to be made President of the Council of War at Vienna. With him Marlborough corresponded and concerted the scheme of a campaign, so bold in itself, and so unlike any thing to which the English had been accustomed, that he did not venture to communicate the whole design even to Godolphin, much less to the cabinet. In that quarter he contented himself with obtaining an augmentation of 10,000 men to the 40,000 already under his immediate command. At the Hague he proposed a campaign on the Moselle, with the British and part of the foreign auxiliaries, leaving the remainder, and the Dutch troops under General Overkirk, to protect the Netherlands. Even this plan, far as it fell short of that which he intended to pursue, appeared too bold for the States; but he was seconded by his friend the Pensionary, and their assent was finally given. He looked to the interests of the various allies, and used every means to conciliate, as well as to serve them. To the King of Prussia he made a confidential communication of the proposed campaign on the Moselle: and the Emperor, through Prince Eugene's agency, was induced to write a letter to the Queen, entreating an assistance proportioned to the emergency. Still the difficulties were so great, that he relied more upon the chance of circumstances, or, in wiser and more religious language, which better represents his own feelings, upon Providence, than upon the means which he could expect to command. Writing from the Hague in February, whither he had gone to concert measures, in the depth of winter, he says to the Duchess, 'For this campaign I see so very ill a

prospect, that I am extremely out of heart ; but God's will be done ! In all the other campaigns, I had an opinion of being able to do something for the common cause ; but in this I have no other hopes than that some lucky accident may enable me to do good.' And on informing Godolphin that he had concluded every thing in Holland, as far as could be done in a country where nobody had power to conclude any thing, he expressed a hope that the blessing of God would make them succeed much better than they could propose to themselves ; ' for,' said he, ' Providence makes the wheel go round.'

The letters of Leopold, and the representations of the Imperial minister, produced the intended effect upon the English cabinet ; and without yet entirely disclosing his views, even to Godolphin and the Queen, he obtained general powers for concerting with the States such measures as might be deemed proper for relieving the Emperor. The first hint of an effort in Germany awakened in England a party cry against hazardous enterprizes and continental connections ; and the Dutch were so averse to go beyond a mere defensive system, that Marlborough declared he would lead the English troops alone to the Moselle, ceasing any further to consult with so inefficient and impracticable a government. This declaration alarmed the hostile faction ; and the same timidity which had made the States refuse their assent before, induced them now to vest him with sufficient powers. He then apprized Godolphin that he thought it absolutely necessary to march into Germany, and take measures with the Margrave of Baden against the Elector of Bavaria ; and in a subsequent letter he added, that if he found at Philipsburgh that the French had joined the Elector, he should make no hesitation at marching to the Danube. The main difficulties were now removed ; the impediments that might be expected from a person with whom he was to co-operate seemed little in comparison to what he had overcome : he felt no doubt of success when he should reach the scene of action ; and in that confidence looked forward to the good name which he should leave behind him. It is curious to contrast the feelings of the general relying thus hopefully upon Providence for the success of a good cause, with those of an officer in his army, who had been bred up among the Scotch covenanters, and whose melancholy temperament suited their austere opinions. ' Lord,' says this officer, a man as thoroughly brave as he was religious, ' I tremble to think on the profanity and wickedness of the army that I am in, and what judgments we are like to pull down upon our own heads. For the English army are sinners exceedingly before the Lord ; and I have no hopes of success, or that this expedition shall prove to our honour. Howsoever much

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we think of ourselves, Thou wilt humble us.' Nor was it merely because of the profligacy of the troops that he augured thus unhappily of the event; he thought it unlawful to act in behalf of the Emperor, because of his intolerance. 'When I consider this,' says he, 'that we are assisting those oppressors who have wasted the church and people of God, persecuted and oppressed them, it makes me afraid the quarrel is not right, and that we shall not prosper, though I be satisfied that our quarrel against France is a very just one. O Lord, it is sad to be in an army, where I have not confidence to pray for success, and dare not seek in faith.' If any thing could have made this brave man a coward, it would have been his wrong notions in religion.

Colonel Blackader, from whose journal these passages are extracted, describes the troops as the scum and dregs of mankind—earthly devils, who seemed as if they were broke loose from hell. Allowing for the exaggeration of a man who says of himself, that all his comfort was poisoned by a melancholy temper, inclined to discontent; and who, in addition to this, had from his childhood been dosed with the essential acid of puritanism, it may be believed that the morals of the army were like those of all men whose moral and religious education has been totally neglected. The manner therefore in which Marlborough, without any extraordinary severity, (for of that, his nature was incapable,) made such an army a model for its discipline and good behaviour wherever it went, will not appear the least remarkable, nor the least meritorious part of his character. Wherever the French went, their armies were at free quarters, and the Germans followed the same cruel system. But Marlborough was particularly careful to spare the people whom he came to defend. He saw the men regularly paid, and duly provided with all things necessary (as far as was possible) for their well-being and comfort. And by the order which he established the inhabitants were conciliated, and the troops supplied better and more surely than could have been done by any measures of oppression and severity. In his first interview with Eugene, that Prince expressed his admiration at the appearance of the men. He had heard much of the English cavalry, he said, which were reviewed before him, and he found it to be the best-appointed and the finest that he had ever seen: money, of which there was no want in England, could buy clothes and accoutrements, but nothing could purchase the spirit which he saw in their looks; and that spirit was an earnest of victory.

It had not been possible for the enemy to perceive what were Marlborough's intentions for this campaign; the secret had been confined to himself and Prince Eugene till the latest moment; and

the plan itself was so much beyond the usual policy of the English cabinet, and its vacillating allies, that the French were as little able to divine as to discover it. When they heard that he was at Coblenz, they apprehended an attack on the Moselle; when he advanced to Mentz, they feared for Alsace: lastly, they suspected that Landau was to be besieged; and when at length they knew that he was on his march toward the Danube, it was too late to take any measures for opposing him on the way. At Hippach the Margrave of Baden joined him. It was Marlborough's wish that this commander would remain with the army on the Rhine, and leave Eugene to be his colleague on the Danube; but as the Danube was likely to be the more brilliant scene of action, the Margrave claimed the privilege of seniority in rank, and it was not without great difficulty that he was prevailed upon to share the command with the English general by alternate days. Eugene therefore was sent to the Rhine, against his own inclination, and against the judgment of Marlborough, who had full confidence in the Prince, and rightly appreciated his generous character, as well as his military genius; but the Margrave was a man whom it was scarcely possible to guide, and by whom it might easily have been destruction to be guided. There were difficulties enough before him; the States, alarmed at a report that the Netherlands would be attacked, reclaimed a part of the auxiliary force: Villeroy and Tallard had had a meeting at Landau; and it was reasonable to suppose that they had concerted some important enterprize; and though he himself was not shackled as he had been by Dutch deputies, and generals who were more desirous to frustrate his plans than to execute his orders, he knew too well the evil which might result from an alternate command, when the moment for action was to be seized. But Marlborough was of a hopeful nature, without which no man is fit for the charge of an army, be his other qualifications what they may.

The first object, after the junction of the confederates, was to secure Donawerth as a place of arms for the invasion of Bavaria. This city, upon the frontiers of Bavaria and Swabia, is situated where the Wernitz flows into the Danube. The Elector, who occupied a strong position between Lawingen and Dillingen, and was waiting for reinforcements from France, had detached General D'Arco with 10,000 foot and 2500 horse, to protect this point by occupying the Schellenberg, a commanding height on the left bank of the river near the town, from which the course of the Danube may be seen as far as Ingolstadt. Its ascent is gradual, and on the summit, which is about half a mile wide, the enemy were encamped, and fortifying themselves with the utmost exertions. Marlborough well knew that if they arrived before
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this position on the day of the Margrave's authority, it would be wasted in deliberations. Seizing therefore his own time of command, he marched fourteen miles, though a heavy train of artillery was to be conducted over roads that had been drenched by incessant rains, and resolved upon immediately making the attack. To those who expressed a doubt whether this celerity were advisable, he replied with characteristic decision, 'Either the enemy will escape, or will have time to finish their works; in the latter case, the delay of every hour will cost the loss of a thousand men.' While the preparations were making, dispatches arrived from Eugene with news that Villeroy and Tallard were at Strasburgh, preparing a powerful reinforcement for the Elector, and the intelligence made him the more anxious that a blow should be struck without delay. The Bavarian generals did not believe that an army, after such a march, would begin an attack toward the close of day; and they hoped to complete their works during the night, and to receive a further supply of troops. But it soon appeared that their men must desist from work, and take their arms. Surprised as they were, they made a skilful and brave resistance. The position was strong; the works, although unfinished, gave them great advantage, and having broken the assailants by a tremendous fire, they boldly rushed out and charged them with the bayonet. They were repulsed principally by a battalion of English guards, who maintained their ground singly while most of their officers were wounded or killed. At length the enemy were giving way, partly in consequence of a panic occasioned by the explosion of some powder, when the Margrave came up with the Imperialists, and completed the victory. The carnage was very great; the fugitives broke down the bridge by their numbers, and many perished in the Danube; the general's son was among them. Only 3000 of the Gallo-Bavarians escaped to rejoin the elector, and every thing upon the ground was taken. But the victory was not purchased without a heavy loss. 1500 were killed, 4000 wounded, and among the slain were 8 generals, 11 colonels, and 26 captains, for the officers exerted themselves particularly in the action, and Marlborough exposed his own person greatly. The action lasted from six till eight in the evening. 'We have no reason to boast,' says Colonel Blackader; 'the British value themselves too much, and think nothing can stand before them.—Oh that God would reform this army, that good men might have some pleasure in it!—I see that the smallest accidents give turn to the greatest actions, either to prosper or defeat them, in spite of human reason, prudence, or courage. In the evening (of the ensuing day) I went into the field of battle, and got a preaching from the dead. The carcasses were very thick

thick strewed upon the ground, naked and corrupted : yet all this makes no impression upon us, seeing our comrades and friends' bodies lying as dung upon the earth. Lord make us humble and thankful !'

Marlborough too was a religious man, though of a different stamp. In announcing his success to the queen he ascribed it to the particular blessing of God, and the unparalleled bravery of the troops. It was because the British thought that nothing could stand before them, because they felt and knew themselves capable of doing whatever could be done by determined courage, that they won the victory. Their general said they had done so well that the cannon ought to be fired in London ; he understood the value which brave men set upon the honour they have deserved. The victory also was important enough to be entitled to this mark of public approbation. Donawerth, which might have held out ten days, was immediately evacuated, and Leopold, who knew that had it not been for this timely and effectual expedition of the English, the elector would then have been in Vienna, wrote with his own hand to congratulate the victorious commander. Already Marlborough's merits were properly appreciated on the continent. Writing to him from Rome, the Duke of Shrewsbury says, ' In this holy ignorant city they have an idea of you as of a Tamerlane ; and had I a picture of old Colonel Birch with his whiskers, I could put it off for yours, and change it for one done by Raphael.' There was now a probability of detaching Bavaria from its fatal alliance with France ; the victory laid that country open to the allies ; and the elector, who could not speak without tears of the favourite regiment which had been destroyed there, entered into a treaty with the conquerors ; the terms had been agreed upon, and the day fixed on which he was to ratify them ; but before it arrived he received an assurance that Marshal Tallard was on the way to his assistance with 35,000 of the best troops of France, and he broke off the negotiation. The consequence was that, by the severe laws of war, his country was given up to military execution. This has been foully misrepresented by the French historian M. Targe : he says it was done pending the negotiations, and that Marlborough made no satisfactory reply when the elector accused him of proceedings more suited to the barbarity of the Turks, than to the observance of war among civilized nations. Whereas the threat was held out to induce him to make terms, and the blow was struck, when the treaty was put an end to on his part. What the feelings of Marlborough were in executing the threat appears in that private correspondence which has now for the first time come before the public. In one letter to his wife, he says, ' this is so contrary to my nature, that
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nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged me to consent to it, for these poor people suffer for their master's ambition : and in another—'my nature suffers when I see so many fine places burnt, and that must be burnt, if the elector will not hinder it.' Yet he did his utmost to restrain the depredations of the German soldiery, and expressed his satisfaction that he had saved the fine woods which were at once the ornament and the riches of the country.

The Imperialists who were acting with Marlborough had neither cannon nor money. The Margrave had promised artillery and stores for besieging Munich, but neither were forthcoming when they were wanted. This commander was by no means fitted to act with the English general ; attempts were made to give him the credit of the victory of Schellenberg, because he had first entered the lines, and a medal was even struck to perpetuate this false claim. Marlborough complained heavily of his inertness, and of his captious and jealous temper, but he felt the comfort of being emancipated from the controul of a council of war ; and had obtained that ascendancy over the officers of the allies, that they were all willing to obey what he said, without knowing any other reason than that such was his desire. Our greatest difficulty is, said he, that of making our bread follow us ; for the troops that I have the honour to command cannot subsist without it, and the Germans that are used to starve, cannot advance without us. What he hoped for was a battle, for that, he said, would decide the whole ; and his confidence in the British troops was such, that no doubt of victory seems ever to have crossed his mind. That hope was soon realized, and that confidence was justified, as it deserved to be. The French succours arrived and effected their junction with the elector. Eugene with 10,000 men made a parallel march from the Rhine, and to the great satisfaction both of the prince and Marlborough, the Margrave was persuaded to undertake the siege of Ingoldstadt. It was their intention to take up a position beyond the river Nebel, near Hochstadt ; but as they were proceeding to survey the ground, some squadrons of the enemy were perceived at a distance, and the two generals ascending the towers of Dapfheim church discovered the quarter-masters of the Gallo-Bavarian army marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lutzingen. Immediately they determined upon giving battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. Some officers who knew the strength of the ground and the superiority of the adverse force ventured to remonstrate with Marlborough, he replied, I know the dangers, yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops which will make
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amends for our disadvantages. Indeed it was here as at Schellenberg, every hour's delay would have rendered success more difficult, and if time were allowed for Villeroy to advance into Wirtenberg, that movement would cut off his communication with Franconia, whence he drew his principal supplies. Marlborough was not dealing with enemies who could be despised, but with generals who understood the art of war, who were not likely to let any advantage slip, were always active and enterprising, and had ample means at their command. He passed part of the night in prayer, and received the sacrament towards morning; then, after a short rest, concerted with Eugene the arrangements for the action. When the regiments were drawn up for battle, the chaplains performed the service at the head of each, and Marlborough was observed to join in the prayer with fervour. His next act was to point out to the surgeons the proper posts for the wounded. He then rode along the line while the men were waiting for the signal. As he passed along the front, a ball from the enemy's batteries glanced under his horse, and covered him with earth.

The battle of Blenheim (of which more careful plans than have ever before been constructed are given in Mr. Coxe's work) is one of those few actions which have produced a change in the fortunes of Europe. Had it been lost by the allies, Germany would immediately have been at the mercy of the French, and their triumph would have been fatal to the Protestant succession in England. The enemy were the stronger, and very advantageously posted, and Marlborough knew their superior strength, and understood perfectly the advantages of their position: as if excusing himself to his wife for having, as it might seem, set every thing upon the hazard, he says, 'believe me there was an absolute necessity for the good of the common cause to risk this venture, which God has so blessed. She,' he said, 'who loved him so entirely well would be infinitely pleased with what had been done upon his account, as well as for the public benefit which must result, and therefore he could not refrain from telling her, that within the memory of man there had been no victory so great.' The imperial troops behaved so ill, notwithstanding the great ability and great exertions of Prince Eugene, that Marlborough, though from policy and a proper regard to Eugene's feelings, he forbore from expressing any sense of their misconduct in public, avoided writing in reply to the compliments which he received from the Emperor, and from the King of the Romans, because he could not mention them with approbation. The total loss of the enemy was not less than 40,000 men: of the allies 4,500 were killed, 7,500 wounded: the field, therefore,

was well fought, however much the French, for the sake of palliating the defeat, depreciated the conduct of their unsuccessful general. Blackader,* speaking of what the victory had cost the English, says, 'when I consider that on all occasions we conquer, but with much blood, I am at a loss to assign the reason; perhaps it is that our cause is good, but our persons very wicked.' It was not his custom ever to look for secondary causes, or he would have perceived that a sufficient one was to be found in the discipline, and courage, and strength of the enemy.

As soon as it was known in England that Marlborough had marched into Germany, the whole hostile faction opened against him in full cry. They exclaimed against the rashness of the expedition; they censured him for leaving the Dutch exposed, and they accused him of having gone beyond his instructions, and exceeded any power of a subject for the sake of his own private interest; he was even menaced with being brought to the block if the event should be as disastrous as these base enemies predicted and hoped; and one of the leading members of the opposition declared that whenever the general returned, he and his friends would pounce upon him, as hounds pounce on a hare. These were people of whom Mrs. Burnet, the wife of the bishop, said, 'they would hardly ever believe any tale that lessened France, but swallowed any to its advantage;' their hopes were raised to the highest pitch; and when tidings arrived of the greatest† victory which had ever done honour to the British arms, their

* The account of the action in his diary is a fine instance of enthusiasm mingling itself with constitutional courage.—'We fought a bloody battle, and by the mercy of God have got one of the greatest and most complete victories the age can boast of. In the morning, while marching towards the enemy, I was enabled to exercise faith, relying and encouraging myself in God; by this I was made easy and cheerful. I was looking to God during all the little intervals of action for assistance to keep up my own heart, and to discharge my duty well in my station. My faith was so lively during the action, that I sometimes said within myself, "Lord, it were easy for thee to lay these men flat upon the ground where they stand, or to bring them in all prisoners!" And for encouraging the regiment I spoke it out, that we should either chase them from their post, or take them prisoners; and I cannot but observe the event:—against seven o'clock at night, twenty-six regiments (some say thirty) laid down their arms, and surrendered at discretion to the Duke of Marlborough, and our regiment was one of those who guarded them. O Lord, thou assisted us, and gave me such liberal supplies during the action, that I was helped to discharge my duty even with credit and reputation. Dear Lord, I lay down all at thy feet; I have no reason to be lifted up. It was none of my own, it was a borrowed stock from thee; so the praise is thine, not mine: for hadst thou withheld thy support from me, I had behaved scandalously. EBENEZER!' This would have been a soldier after Oliver Cromwell's own heart. He wrote from the field of Blenheim to Lady ——— Campbell at Stirling, in the height of his joy:—'I am just now retired from the noise of drums, of oaths, and dying groans. I am to return in a few minutes to the field of battle, and wrapping myself up in the arms of Omnipotence, I believe myself no less safe as to every valuable purpose, than if sitting in your ladyship's closet.'

† The effect produced in our own days by a more decisive victory upon a viler faction shows

their disappointment was in proportion. But as Burnet truly observes, 'men engaged in parties are not easily put out of countenance;' their business then was to depreciate the victory; they admitted that a great many men had been killed and taken, but as for weakening the French king, they said this was no more than taking a bucket of water out of a river. Upon this Marlborough remarks, 'if they will allow us to draw one or two such buckets more, we might then let the river run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing and destroying its neighbours.' But the heart of the country was sound, and never, perhaps, except at the Restoration, had there been felt so great and general a joy. The common people, who knew only that a battle had been won, great as any that their fathers had heard of, and which would for ever be remembered to the honour of their country, partook in the triumph with honest and generous exultation. They who understood the interests of England and of Europe perceived that the spell of the French king's fortune, upon which Louis XIV. had relied almost as confidently as Buonaparte, was broken,—that his power was materially weakened, and the opinion which had contributed to render it so formidable, destroyed. The queen expressed her feelings with a becoming sense of devotion; we could never, she said, thank the Almighty enough for these great blessings, but must make it our endeavour to deserve them,—and this was the language which she used in the confidence of private friendship. 'I can lament for no private loss,' says another person, 'since God has given such a general mercy. In death it will be a matter of joy to me to have lived so long as to hear it.'

The subjugation of Bavaria was the immediate consequence of this battle. The Elector continued to follow the fortune of the French, and sent his wife, a daughter of the great John Sobieski, with her children, back to Munich. Marlborough said the separation made his heart ache, for he knew what it was to

shows us that in all times party-spirit is the same, and that it utterly destroys all true English feeling. An eminent patriot in the country happened to have a dinner party on the day when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived at his post-town: it was concealed from him by a pious fraud, lest the shock should render him incapable of entertaining his friends; so he passed the day in that ignorance which to him was bliss, and slept one night more in peace. Among the consequences of that battle we may be allowed to regret the destruction of a certain prophetic paper, written by one of those wise men of the north who, to use their own language, were '*seriously occupied with the destinies of Europe*.' This precious paper (more curious than the sealed prophecies of Joanna Southcote) was printed: but, either from some distrust of the second sight, or from a recollection that some of their prophecies had not been so exactly fulfilled as they could have wished, the seers thought it prudent to suspend the publication, till it should be seen in what manner the campaign had opened. And so the prophecy was cancelled, to the irreparable loss of literature, and of the Occult Sciences.

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be separated from those we love. Judging from his own pure heart, he gave the Elector more credit than was due to him, for that Prince had a mistress at Brussels. The allies were returned to the Rhine; and to the surprize of Marlborough, Villeroy neither attempted to defend the passage of the Queich, nor the camp of Langencandel, at all times famous for being a strong post. 'Had they not been the most frightened people in the world,' he said, 'they would never have quitted those two posts.' The Margrave besieged Landau; the king of the Romans repaired to the army there; and Marlborough, finding that the siege was likely to continue as long as skill and courage on the part of the Governor could protract it, made an arduous expedition to the Moselle, through so difficult a country, that had the rains come on, it would have been impassable for artillery. The object was to get possession of Treves, give orders for the siege of Traerbach, and thus secure winter-quarters in that country, for the purpose of opening the next campaign there, looking upon that as the most vulnerable part of the enemy's frontier. A man of less moral intrepidity would not for the public good have exposed himself to the difficulties and dangers of this movement, in which success could bring with it no popular praise, and failure would have drawn after it all the ignominy and obloquy of defeat. Had the siege of Landau been ended, he would have marched with all the troops under his command, and so have made success as sure as any event in war can be; but being obliged to leave the greater part to cover the siege, with Eugene, he says in his letters written upon the way, 'I am exposed to the enemy, if they will venture, which I hope they will not. The taking our winter-quarters on the Moselle is as necessary for the good of the common cause as any thing that has been done this campaign; and I am persuaded, that if I had stayed till the siege was ended, the season would have been so far advanced, that it would have been impossible to attempt it. These difficulties make me sensible, that if I did not consider the good of the whole before any private concern, I ought not to be here. This might be better said by another than myself, but it is truth; and I am very sensible, that if I should have ill success, the greatest part of mankind will censure me for it.' And in another letter to the Duchess he says, 'This march and my own spleen have given me occasion to think how very unaccountable a creature man is; to be seeking for honour in so barren a country as this is, when he is very sure that the greater part of mankind, and may justly fear that even his best friends would be apt to think ill of him, should he have ill success. But I am endeavouring all I can to persuade myself that my happiness ought to depend upon my knowledge that I do what I think is for the

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the best.' Marlborough was of so sensitive a nature that he felt the breath of censure keenly, and the villains who slandered him with such persevering malice wounded his peace. The greater therefore is his merit for the undeviating magnanimity of his conduct as a general, for never having in any instance forborne to act according to his judgment from the fear of failure; and when his measures were frustrated by the misconduct and treachery of those with whom he acted, for having endured reproach without uttering a word in his vindication which could possibly have injured the public cause.

This expedition was successful. By the celerity of his movements he arrived just in time to prevent the enemy from pre-occupying Treves; and having settled the distribution of winter-quarters in its vicinity, and taken steps for reducing Traerbach, measures which he said would give France as much uneasiness as any thing that had been done that summer, he reckoned the campaign well over. He stood in need of rest. His attacks of fever and head-ache were so frequent, that had he been an idle man he would have been pitied as a confirmed valetudinarian. After the action at Blenheim, where he was seventeen hours on horseback, he was obliged to be bled, when he had 'no time to be sick;' and during the subsequent operations, when he had not an hour's quiet, his state of body was such that he said, if he were in London, he should be in his bed in a high fever. The fatigue and anxiety of three months had made him in his own feeling and appearance ten years older, and he was so emaciated that he apprehended nothing but extreme care and good nursing during the winter could save him from consumption. But the cares of the whole confederacy were laid on him. At this time affairs in Italy bore the worst aspect; on that side every thing must have been lost without a prompt reinforcement of troops; the only power who could supply them was Prussia; and the Duke of Savoy, the emperor and the king of the Romans, whose admiration for the great Englishman amounted almost to a feeling like friendship, knew that Marlborough's personal representations to the King of Prussia might succeed, when every other mode of negotiation would surely fail. In the worst season of the year therefore, Marlborough undertook this fatiguing journey of eight hundred miles, less, as he himself said, from any hope of success, than that he might not be reproached for leaving any thing undone. He was however successful, and the force thus obtained was the means of saving the Duke of Savoy from being totally overpowered. On his way back he met the welcome tidings that Landau and Traerbach had surrendered; and he then returned to England to reap the

the well deserved reward of public applause, and to counteract the machinations of what he properly called a villainous faction.

Such was the effrontery of that faction, that in the House of Commons as much praise was bestowed upon a naval action so ill-fought, or so ill-followed, that both parties claimed the victory, as upon the battle of Blenheim, and a campaign arduous and glorious beyond all former example. Amends were made for this injustice in the Upper House, where the naval action was passed over in silence; and Marlborough now received those marks of honour which he had so well deserved. He was thanked by both Houses of Parliament. The trophies of the victory were paraded from the Tower to Westminster Hall, and through the Green Park, that the Queen, from one of the palace windows, might behold them. England had seen no such triumph since the defeat of the Armada. The City gave the victorious general a splendid entertainment: the Commons presented an address soliciting that means might be taken for perpetuating the memory of his services; the crown-lands at Woodstock were conveyed to him and his heirs, and orders were given to erect a palace there at the royal expense, to be called the Castle of Blenheim.

On the last day of March Marlborough again embarked for the continent. At the Hague he found, as usual, want of order, want of vigour, want of unanimity, want of resolution, want of authority, all the vices, absurdities and evils which are inherent in a feeble and many-headed government. Harassed and fretted by the perpetual opposition which he endured from the half or whole traitors of the hostile party, he says to the Duke of Savoy, 'like a sick body that turns from one part of the bed to the other, I would fain be gone hence, in hopes to find more quiet in the army; God only knows what ease I may have when I come there!' This fore feeling was lamentably justified by the event. The death of Leopold, and the consequent succession of the king of the Romans, made no favourable alteration in the wretched system of the Austrian court, notwithstanding the personal good will of the new emperor toward Marlborough, and his good intentions. That court still continued poor in resources, and poorer still in statesmen. Its main efforts were directed toward the subjugation of the Hungarians, whom a wiser and juster policy would have conciliated; and the troops which were sent to the Moselle wanted more than one third of their complement. Not a single draught horse was supplied:—the Emperor, the German Princes and the States, acting for once alike, all disappointed him; and instead of an army of at least 80,000 men, for which the campaign had been planned, he found himself with little more than half the number. Villars was opposed to him with 55,000.

'I do not,' said Marlborough, 'apprehend his venturing a battle; but it will put him in a condition to act in such a manner as may make us want all sorts of provisions, which we ought to be more afraid of than fighting; for our men are in great heart, so that with the blessing of God we might expect good success.—It would be very happy for us if the marshal would venture a battle, for in all likelihood that would put us at ease.' Villars was too wise to do this. He took the position of Sirk, well known in military history by that name, on the right of the Moselle, and arranged his forces so as to protect Luxembourg, Thionville and Saar Louis. The latter places Marlborough would have besieged if the allies had not deceived him. 'If I had known beforehand,' says he, 'what I must have endured by relying on the people of this country, no reasons should have persuaded me to undertake this campaign. I will, by the help of God, do my best, and then I must submit to what may happen. But it is impossible to be quiet and not complain, when there is all the probability imaginable for a glorious campaign, to see it all put in doubt by the negligence of princes whose interest it is to help us with all they have!'

While the English general was thus crippled by the failure of his allies, the French were enabled to make an effort on the Meuse, where Villeroy got possession of Huy, entered Liege, and besieged the citadel of that great city. The terrified Dutch immediately sent to recall thirty of their battalions from Marlborough's army. This, with the want of all means for executing his own intentions, made him determine upon marching to the Meuse. The many disappointments which he had endured, he said, made him weary of his life, and I think, he adds, that if it were possible to vex me so for a fortnight longer, it would make an end of me. No part of Marlborough's history has been more misrepresented by the French writers than this. Villars, with a gasconading style, and a disregard to truth which would be dishonourable to any one, and especially to a general of such unquestionable abilities as himself, has doubled in his Memoirs the number of Marlborough's army, asserting that it contained German auxiliaries of all the provinces, commanded by their princes in person, and that the Margrave of Baden (to whose neglect more than to that of any other person the failure is imputable) was there; he declares that he threw up no entrenchment, insinuates that he repeatedly offered battle, which his antagonist declined, and concludes with a remark to which, Mr. Coxe rightly observes, no language can render justice but his own: *ces gens-là ont voulu m'avaler comme un grain de sel. Ils ont fini par nous croire de trop dure digestion.* Upon such representations as these, Villars has the credit among French readers of having foiled

foiled Marlborough in this campaign! and even the last historian of these wars, who, writing Marlborough's life by order of Buonaparte, for the instruction of military men, has detailed his campaigns for the most part with remarkable impartiality, adopts in this instance the falsehoods and fanfaronnade of Villars in their full extent. To complete the Duke's vexation, Treves and Saarbrück were abandoned by the allies in mere panic. His private letters at this time are full of the breathings of a wounded spirit. He says to his wife, 'Pray press on my house and gardens, for I think I shall never stir from my own home.—It is impossible to serve with any satisfaction, where it is in so many people's power to do mischief.—The Moselle most certainly is the place where we might have done the French most hurt. But I see but too plainly that the jealousy of Prince Louis and the backwardness of the German princes will always hinder us from succeeding there.' What stung him most was the pleasure which the opposition in England felt and openly expressed at his disappointment, saying, that if he had succeeded this year as he had the last, the constitution of England would have been ruined. He did not conceal the pain which this base ingratitude gave him: 'as I have no other ambition,' he says to Godolphin, 'but that of serving well her Majesty, and being thought what I am, a good Englishman, this vile enormous faction of theirs vexes me so much, that I hope the Queen will, after this campaign, give me leave to retire, and end my days in praying for her prosperity, and making my own peace with God.'

The campaign however was not yet over, and Marlborough's spirit, when it could make its way into action, always recovered its tone. Huy was presently recovered, the French withdrew from Liege within their formidable lines, and he resumed his plan of forcing them, and bursting into Brabant. Villeroy and the Elector were deceived by his movements, and while they directed their attention to one point, and waited all night in momentary expectation of an attack, he effected his object at another, and with little loss carried the posts of Hespen and Helixem, which, from their strength and distance, had been deemed secure, and therefore almost stripped of troops. Upon the first intimation that the blow had been struck, the enemy's generals hastened to the spot,—too late to repair the evil; they retreated, therefore, with the utmost speed. To those who congratulated him, Marlborough replied, with a smile which evinced his confidence of succeeding further, 'all is well, but much is yet to be done.' But the Dutch generals, as usual, interfered, and prevented him from pushing on between the enemy and Louvain, in which case they would not have been able to take refuge behind the Dyle; and Louvain, Brussels and Antwerp

would in all likelihood have been open to the conqueror. Blackader saw that an error had been committed, and imputed it to Marlborough, whose fate it was always to be censured for the faults of others. 'This shews us,' he says, 'men are but men, and the weakness and flaws that are in the wisest men's prudence. One day an heroic action, the next a great blunder. But let God have all the glory, and all flesh be grass.' What had been done, however, was of such importance that it raised Marlborough's spirits as well as his pulse, and writing to the Duchess while his 'blood was so hot, that he could scarcely hold the pen,' he told her that his heart was full of joy. The Dutch had been cheated into this action; they did not believe he would make the attack, so much had they exaggerated the strength of the enemy; and their deputies had grace enough in the first warm feelings of success, to acknowledge to him that the lines could not have been forced if he had not been there. Overkirk's army did not come up till the business was over, and this gave the men who had been actually engaged occasion to speak of their general in the heat of action with so much affection, that Marlborough owned the pleasure which it gave him, and said that it made him resolve to endure any thing for their sake. And to the Duchess, who had expressed her uneasiness lest he should expose his person unnecessarily, he says, 'I am now at an age when I find no heat in my blood that gives me temptation to expose myself out of vanity: but as I would deserve and keep the kindness of the army, I would let them see that when I expose them, I would not exempt myself.' Perhaps if there was any error in Marlborough's conduct, it was that he let this feeling sometimes carry him too far: for at this time Harley cautioned him upon that subject. 'Your friends and servants,' said he, 'cannot be without concern upon your Grace's account, when we hear how much you expose that precious life of yours upon all occasions, and that you are not contented to do the part of a great general, but you condescend to take your share as a common soldier.' This very Harley was afterwards base enough to encourage and sanction libellers who insinuated that Marlborough was deficient in personal courage!

The improved disposition of the Dutch generals did not last long. A few weeks afterwards, when he could have brought the French to action nearly upon the ground where, in our own days, the most momentous victory in modern history has been achieved by the British arms,—these wretched Dutchmen again forbade him to engage when he expected a greater victory than Blenheim, and when the enemy was so sure of defeat, that it was afterwards ascertained they would not have ventured to stand their ground.

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In the bitterness of his disappointment he exclaimed, I am at this moment ten years older than I was four days ago! Marlborough wrote to the States, controuling, as he always did, his own personal feelings deeply as they were wounded, but pointing out the fair occasion which he had lost. He even talked of throwing up the command of the army, rather than be perpetually placed in situations where his character must be compromised in the eyes of the enemy and of the world. His indignation was increased by the manner in which the affair was misrepresented by the gazette-writers in England, either from gross carelessness or secret malice, or, as Marlborough supposed, because the writer took more care not to offend the Dutch ambassador than to do him justice. He pointed out to Godolphin the effect these gazettes must produce in Holland, and hoped the Queen would appoint some other person to the command, 'for I must be madder, said he, than any Bedlamite, if I should be desirous of serving, when I am sure my enemies seek my destruction, and that my friends sacrifice my honour to their wisdom.'

The evil was not without some good consequences. Marlborough's letter to the States was surreptitiously printed, and the popular opinion both in England and Holland was expressed loudly in his favour. The Dutch government was alarmed by his intention of withdrawing, and made some amends by removing Slangenberg, the most culpable of their generals, a man who, the Duke said, was resolved to give all the hindrance he could to whatever should be proposed, and whom he seems to have suspected of acting from a worse motive than that of a most perverse temper. The Queen herself wrote to express her concern for the embarrassments which were thrown in his way, and called herself his friend and his humble servant. He received also a letter from Eugene, which testified the sympathy to be expected from such a man. 'It is extremely cruel,' said the Prince, 'that opinions so weak and discordant have obstructed the progress of your operations when you had every reason to expect so glorious a result; I speak to you as a sincere friend, you will never be able to perform any thing considerable with your army unless you are absolute, and I trust your Highness will use your utmost efforts to gain that power in future.'

After demolishing the French lines, and taking measures for securing his winter-quarters in Brabant, Marlborough, for whom there was no rest, turned from the toil of war to the no less urgent affairs of negotiation, and at the close of autumn, repaired to Vienna, to Berlin and Hanover. At all these courts there were difficulties which required his presence. No man possessed a greater perfection in the art of bringing difficult ne-

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gociations to the termination which he desired, and this was owing not more to the clearness of his judgment, and the quickness of his comprehensive mind, than to his native courtesy and to that genuine candour which men are in some degree led to imitate when they feel and admire it. Moreover the rank which Marlborough held in the eyes of all Europe, for no subject had ever before stood so conspicuously eminent in modern times, had its imposing effect. Means and measures for the ensuing campaign were arranged during these discussions, and he was created a Prince of the Empire; the lordship of Mendelheim being erected into a principality and conferred upon him and his heirs in the male line. The dignity was expected to descend in the female line also; but it is not to the credit of the Emperor Joseph that he would not consent to make the grant hereditary in that line, knowing that Marlborough had no son to succeed him, and that there was little or no probability of his having one. The title was of some value when he had to serve in countries where so much importance was attached to high sounding names and sovereign power however insignificant its scale.

The humanity of Marlborough's disposition appears in his correspondence with Godolphin at this time. Inclosing to him a letter from a young French lady to the Comte de Lyon, who was a prisoner in England, he says, 'I am assured that it is a very virtuous love, and that when they can get their parents' consent, they are to be married. As I do from my heart wish that nobody were unhappy, I own to you that this letter has made me wish him in France; so that if he might have four months leave, without prejudice to her Majesty's service, I should be glad of it.' Marlborough was now attacked in inflammatory libels. One of the authors, a clergyman, was convicted and sentenced to the pillory. Through the intercession of the duchess his punishment was remitted, greatly to Marlborough's comfort. 'I should have been very uneasy,' he said, 'if the law had not found him guilty, but much more uneasy if he had suffered the punishment on my account.' It was Marlborough's opinion, and that opinion is well worthy of serious consideration in these times, that 'if the liberty may be taken of writing scandalous lies without being punished, no government can stand long.'

It was the Emperor's pressing desire that Marlborough should resume his plan of attacking France on the side of the Moselle, but the English general knew how little he could rely upon the promises of the Imperial Court, or the co-operation of the German princes. His own desire was that the great effort should be made in Italy, where he proposed to join Eugene. Godolphin reluctantly

reluctantly acquiesced in this; but the German princes and the king of Denmark, whose troops were to be thus employed, objected; the Dutch were not to be persuaded, and some successes of Villars and Marsin upon the Upper Rhine so alarmed the States, that looking upon Marlborough's presence as their only and sure protection, they offered either to give him secretly the choice of the field-deputies, or privately instruct them to conform implicitly to his orders. Godolphin was not displeased at this.—'For,' said he, 'besides that I could never swallow so well the thoughts of your being so far out of our reach, and for so long a time,—I think it may be almost as well for the allies to have the balance kept up in Italy, as to drive the French quite out of it, which would enable them to contract both their troops and their expense, and more expose us on this side to their force.' Marlborough's own feelings upon this disappointment were expressed to the duchess,—and the more his private and unreserved feelings are made known, the more admirable does this great and excellent commander appear in thought and deed. 'You will see,' he says, 'by my letters to the Lord Treasurer, that in all likelihood I shall make the whole campaign in this country, and consequently, not such a one as will please me. But as I infinitely value your esteem, for without that you cannot love me, let me say for myself that there is some credit in doing rather what is good for the public, than in preferring our private satisfaction and interest: for my being here in a condition of doing nothing that shall make a noise, has made me able to send 10,000 men to Italy, and to leave 19,000 more on the Rhine.'—To Godolphin he says, 'God knows I go with a heavy heart, for I have no prospect of doing any thing considerable, unless the French would do what I am very confident they will not—unless the Marshal de Marsin should return, as it is reported, with thirty battalions and forty squadrons; for that would give to them such a superiority as might tempt them to march out of their lines, which if they do, I will most certainly attack them, not doubting, with the blessing of God, to beat them.'

That hope was soon realised. The French made a great effort. They withdrew forces from the Rhine, and reinforced Villeroy and the Elector with the best troops of France, so as slightly to outnumber the allies, Marlborough's army consisting of 60,000 men, that of the enemy of 62,000. By a movement upon Namur he provoked them to risk a battle. Their position was at Ramillies, upon ground so strong, that the Dutch deputies, three years before, had made it one of their arguments for refusing to permit an attack upon the lines—that if the lines were forced at that point the French would occupy this formidable position. Marlborough was exposed to the most imminent danger in the action.

While he was rallying some broken horse, he was recognized by the French dragoons; they attempted to close round him, and in leaping a ditch to disengage himself, he was thrown. One of his aides-de-camp alighted to give him his horse, and as the Duke was remounting, a cannon-ball struck off the head of his equerry, Colonel Bingfield, who held the stirrup. A most complete victory was gained; the enemy lost 13,000 men; 'we beat them into so great a consternation,' says Marlborough, 'that they abandoned all their cannon.' Louvain and Mechlin were immediately opened to the conqueror, and the States of Brabant invited him to Brussels, and proclaimed the Archduke Charles. 'The consequence of this battle,' said he, 'is likely to be greater than that of Blenheim, for we have now the whole summer before us, and, with the blessing of God, I will make the best use of it. For as we had no council of war before this battle, so I hope to have none this whole campaign.' The French had been frightened as well as beaten: they thought themselves sure of victory, because of their numbers and the character of their chosen troops, and the moment that confidence was gone a panic came upon them. Marlborough saw the hand of Providence in this, and said to Godolphin, 'the blessing of God is certainly with us. We have done,' said he, 'in four days what we should have thought ourselves happy if we could have been sure of it in four years.' He blessed God that he had been the instrument of doing this great service to the Queen, England and all Europe, and he requested that a thanksgiving-day at St. Paul's might be appointed. 'The Lord,' says Blackader, 'has sent a panic fear among the French army, and they are so shattered, that they can hardly get them kept together. The Lord is taking heart and hand and spirit from our enemies.' Alost, Lierre, Ghent, Bruges and Damme were taken possession of by the conquerors; and the frightened enemy even surrendered Oudenarde to the English who had no cannon to besiege it—a place of such strength, that William, with sixty thousand men, had not been able to take it. Antwerp was opened to them. Ostend, which had cost Spinola a three years siege and a consumption of fourscore thousand men, was besieged and taken with the loss of only five hundred. Menin was next attacked. This town, the most melancholy and forlorn at present upon that unfortunate frontier, was then so strong a place, that Burnet tells us many thought it too bold an undertaking to sit down before it. After the peace of Nimeguen, the old fortifications had been replaced by works upon the system of Vauban: it was esteemed his masterpiece, and for its size the best fortified place in all that country. It was strongly garrisoned, and the Duke de Vendome, in whom the French had the highest confidence, was sent to collect

collect and re-encourage the scattered troops, and make an effort for saving it. But he was not able to venture a battle, and the garrison, for fear of being made prisoners of war, gave up the place, says Marlborough, five or six days sooner than they ought to have done.

Dendermond was his next object. Louis had once besieged this place in person without success, and when he heard of Marlborough's intention, he observed that he must have an army of ducks to take it. But the besiegers had taken advantage of an uncommonly dry season, and the garrison were made prisoners of war, 'which,' says Marlborough, 'was more than was reasonable, but I saw them in a consternation. That place could never have been taken but by the hand of God, which gave us seven weeks without any rain.' Ath followed, and he would then fain have proceeded against Mons; 'we shall have it,' he said, 'much cheaper this year than the next, when they will have had time to recruit their army.' But the Dutch did not understand the true economy of war, and the campaign was therefore closed. The emperor and his brother Charles, in their first impulse of gratitude after the news of the recovery of the Low Countries, appointed Marlborough to the government—no other conceivable arrangement could have been of such essential advantage to the whole confederacy,—but from the selfish views of the Dutch he was obliged to decline it. They were thinking how to strengthen themselves at the expense of their neighbours. 'Such is their temper,' said Marlborough, 'that when they have misfortunes, they are desirous of peace upon any terms; and when we are blessed by God with success, they are for turning it to their own advantage, without any consideration how it may be liked by their friends and allies.' For himself he said, 'I thank God and the Queen I have no need nor desire of being richer, but have a very great ambition of doing every thing that can be for the public good.'

The jealousies and opposite interests of the allies, which even imminent danger could scarcely suspend, came into full action whenever they were successful, and the French king found himself better served by his enemies in their own cabinets than by his armies in the field. By means of Marlborough's strenuous and persevering exertions in procuring men and money for Eugene, that excellent commander had been enabled to relieve Turin, and inflict upon the French one of the most memorable defeats which they ever suffered in Italy. Marlborough was delighted with this glorious action: it is impossible for me, said he, to express the joy it has given me, for I do not only esteem, but I really love that prince. But the emperor began immediately to pursue his

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own purposes, to the neglect and injury of the common cause. In Spain also a series of rapid successes had been followed by the grossest misconduct, the troops committed every kind of excess, the generals every kind of blunder, and every thing went wrong for want of a mind like Marlborough's to controul the jarring elements which were brought together. The French were now endeavouring to amuse the Dutch with negotiations; here they had their greatest hope, for they had a party in the States always upon the watch to serve them, and their intrigues made Marlborough more uneasy than he had ever before been at any time during the war. He saw the errors of the Dutch, if indeed their conduct deserve so light a name. 'The more complaisance is shewn them, said he, and the more we give way to them, it is both their nature and their practice to be more assuming.'—'They are of so many minds, and all so very extravagant concerning their barrier, that I despair of doing any good till they are more reasonable, which they will not be till they see that they have it not in their power to dispose of the Low Countries at their will and pleasure, in which the French flatter them.' He saw that they were not beloved any where because they carried every thing with so high a hand: and he perceived their poor pitiable jealousy of England: but 'though some of the leading men in Holland,' said he, 'may be blind, or worse, yet surely the generality cannot be imposed upon so far as to be blown up with a jealousy of the Queen's power, when all that power, be it great or little, has been and is still exerted for their safety, without the least view or desire of any extent of conquest or dominion for England; and when it is plain that in two or three years time France, with the comfort and assistance of peace, will be just where she was before, if the nicest care be not taken to put it out of her power, now there is an opportunity in our hands.'

The affairs of the cabinet at home were not less vexatious. The whigs insisted upon making Sunderland secretary of state instead of Sir Charles Hedges, whom they proposed to remunerate by a more permanent and profitable place. The Queen was exceedingly averse to this; whether right or wrong in her objection to the particular measure, she rested upon a general principle, and a just one: desiring only liberty, she said, to encourage and employ all who concurred faithfully in her service, whether they were called whigs or tories; not to be tied to either; in which case, with the name of Queen, she should be in reality but their slave, to her own ruin and to the destruction of the government. Godolphin had told her that unless the whigs were gratified by this appointment, they would not be hearty in supporting her measures. 'But is it not very hard,' said the poor Queen, 'that men of

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sense and honour will not promote the good of their country, because every thing in the world is not done that they desire? Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought but for the good of my country, be made so miserable as to be brought into the power of one set of men? and why may not I be trusted, since I mean nothing but what is equally for the good of all my subjects?' She offered to bring Sunderland into the cabinet, with a pension, till a vacancy should happen, and asked, as this arrangement would content her, whereas she had insuperable objections to the other, why she might not be gratified as well as other people? Queen Anne was a person, who, as Marlborough said, needed no advice to help her to be very firm and positive when she thought herself in the right; and in this case her principle was just, and she had good reason to require that some regard should be paid to her own views and inclinations. But there was a snake in the grass. Harley was all this while at work worming out of her confidence those ministers by whom he had risen and was still trusted: he continually fostered in her her dislike to the whigs, and endeavoured to bring back her predilections for the other party, grievously as they had offended her. The whigs seconded him admirably by the arrogant manner in which they insisted upon forcing Lord Sunderland into office. Halifax, and even Somers (respectable as that name is) declared in the name of their party, that if their demand was not granted without further delay, they would oppose the government:—thus proving that when party-views or party-passions were at stake, they had as little respect for the interests of their country, as for the feelings of their sovereign. They stimulated the duchess to goad the Queen, an ill-judged office in which she was but too ready to engage. The whole weight of vexation fell upon Godolphin; he saw that the Queen cherished an insuperable dislike toward the whigs, though at that time he knew not by what secret artifices it had been infused, and was continually exasperated; he blamed the whigs for a determination to over-rule the Queen, and at the same time he felt himself embarrassed by the Tories who were in office, and clogged with their ill-will the measures which they could not prevent. There was not one of them in any ministerial office, he said, that must not be spoken to ten times over before any thing could be executed, even after it had been ordered, with all the slowness and difficulty imaginable. Unable either to moderate the whigs in their demands on the one hand, or to overcome the more reasonable determination of the Queen on the other, or to continue in the government if he were opposed by his former friends and received only a cold and hollow support from the other party, he talked of resigning his office. This, the

the Queen said, was a blow she could not bear, she intreated him not to leave her service; and Marlborough told him that if he were serious in this thought, he could not justify himself to God or man, for, divided as England was, he was the only person who could conduct its concerns. 'As the affairs of Europe,' said he, 'and those of the Queen in particular, are at this time, I think both you and I are in honour and conscience bound, under all the dangers and trouble that is possible, to bring this war to a happy end, which I think must be after the next campaign if we can agree to carry it on with vigour.' In this struggle, which so perplexed his friend, Marlborough advised patience and moderation to the whigs, and was clearly of opinion that it was injudicious to force his son-in-law upon the Queen. But as he told the Duchess on this occasion, and as she had long before found out, his disposition led him rather to be governed than to govern; and in obedience to her solicitations, and to Godolphin's wishes, he represented to the Queen the predicament in which her ministers were placed, bound as he was, he said, in gratitude, duty and conscience to her, to make known his mind freely, and assuring her, in the presence of God, that he was not for her putting herself into the hands of either faction. 'Lord Rochester,' he said, 'and the hot heads of that party were so extravagant, that beyond all doubt they would expose her and the liberties of England to the rage of France, rather than not be revenged, as they called it. There was therefore a necessity as well as justice in her supporting Godolphin; and in the present humour he could be supported by the whigs only, for the others sought his destruction, which in effect was hers: and the way to save herself from being forced into a party was to strengthen him.'

While Marlborough was acting thus faithfully and honourably towards his friend, his Queen and his country, the more intemperate of the whigs, who by their violence had occasioned the whole embarrassment, suspected that he and Godolphin were not dealing sincerely; so easily are men made suspicious, ungenerous and unjust by party-spirit! Marlborough was hurt at this, and declared that if it were not for his gratitude to the Queen, and his concern for Godolphin, he would immediately retire. 'For I have had the good luck,' said he, 'to deserve better from all Englishmen than to be suspected of not being in the true interest of my country, which I am in, and ever will be, without being of a faction; and this principle shall govern me for the little remainder of my life. I must not think of being popular, but I shall have the satisfaction of going to my grave with the opinion of having acted as an honest man.' This was written to the Duchess; and in that spirit of true affection which all his domestic letters express,

express, he concluded by saying, 'if I have your esteem and love I shall think myself entirely happy.' Marlborough's character has been put to the test by the publication of these Memoirs, which include so large a part of his most confidential and unreserved correspondence, and it has proved sterling. He understood the interests of his country so fully that he must ever be considered as one of the most perfect of her statesmen: his only object was to promote those interests, and that object was unalloyed with any meaner considerations; while for fidelity to his friends and loyalty to his sovereign, and a just regard to the constitution, no man ever exceeded him. To the Queen he says at this time, 'it is true your reign has been so manifestly blessed by God, that one might reasonably think you might govern without making use of the heads of either party, but as it might be easy to yourself. This might be practicable if both parties sought your favour, as in reason and duty they ought. But, madam, the truth is that the heads of one party have declared against you and your government as far as it is possible without going into open rebellion. Now should your Majesty disoblige the others, how is it possible to obtain near five millions for carrying on the war with vigour, without which all is undone?' He tells Godolphin that having written with freedom to the Queen, let what would happen he should be more easy in his mind; and being apprehensive that the Queen's temper was not to be shaken, he says, 'allow me to give you this assurance, that as I know you to be a sincere, honest man, may God bless me as I shall be careful that whatever man is your enemy shall never be my friend.' The arguments which had been used to induce her to acquiesce could not, he thought, be answered, 'for in England,' said he, 'no minister can or ought to govern without help. God preserve her, and send you to serve her long.' When Marlborough returned from the continent, his popularity, his splendid services, and that power of persuasion which he possessed, overcame the Queen's reluctance. She is said also to have feared that a longer opposition on her part would incense the whigs against Harley, and make them insist upon his dismission, for that supple courtier had now rooted himself in her favour.

Marlborough was received in a manner corresponding to the great and signal successes of the campaign; his title was extended to his daughters and their heirs male. It is observable that he was now no longer anxious to perpetuate the name of Churchill in his family, which he had formerly required his representatives in succession to assume. The honour and manor of Woodstock, and the house of Blenheim, were to descend with the title, and the sum of 5000*l.* a year from the post-office was likewise entailed

entailed upon his daughters and their heirs male in perpetuity, being however confirmed to the duchess for her life. The standards and colours taken at Ramillies were borne in procession from Whitehall, through the Park and St. James's, and so to Guildhall; it was a proud display, consisting of six and twenty standards and a hundred and twenty-six colours. Godolphin was raised to the peerage; several minor promotions among the whigs took place, and however averse she might have been to the measures which had been forced upon her, the Queen found the advantage of having so materially strengthened the administration. Matters not less important than the business of war required Marlborough's attention while active operations were suspended: his influence was exerted in bringing about the great measure of the Union, and 'it may be recorded as an answer,' says Mr. Coxe, 'to the numberless accusations and surmises against the principles of Marlborough and Godolphin, that such a measure was accomplished by them in opposition to the efforts of a powerful combination of tories and jacobites both in England and Scotland, and under a queen who not only detested the Hanover line, but who was beginning to turn with renewed affection towards the surviving members of her unfortunate family.' He performed also a singular mission to the camp of Charles XII. at Sweden, whose movements at that time held all Germany and the North of Europe in suspense, and might easily have made the scale preponderate in favour of France, if he had been led either by the arts of that politic court, or by his own irritable temper (which needed little provocation) to fall upon the Austrians. His favourite scheme at this time was to form a Protestant league. Prussia was already persuaded to the measure, Hanover was solicited, and Catholic Germany of course had taken the alarm. Marlborough succeeded in dissuading him from a scheme which would have proved destructive to the alliance; he succeeded also in adjusting or postponing his disputes with Austria and Denmark; he administered pensions, by the Elector of Hanover's advice, to two of his ministers; and Charles, leaving the affairs of Europe to their course, removed his disturbing forces into Moscow, and there wrecked his army, his fortunes, and himself.

The military operations during the year 1707 were unfavourable to the allies: they suffered a scandalous defeat in Spain; and an attack upon Toulon, where a successful issue would, in Marlborough's opinion, certainly have produced peace, failed by the want of cordiality between the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene, the latter being influenced by the Imperial court, which never entered with sincerity into any project unless it were directed to its own exclusive and immediate interests. Villars made

made a successful irruption into Germany. In the Low Countries nothing was done; the allies indeed sustained no loss, for Marlborough was there, and his presence took away from the French all appetite for enterprize, though they were under so skilful a commander as the Duke de Vendôme. But the Dutch had relapsed into their old, jealous, narrow, hesitating policy. Marlborough was fully equal in effective force to the enemy, and possessed a prodigious superiority in the fear which his very name struck into them. Knowing this, and knowing that the French general knew it also, he hoped to do some considerable service; and flattered himself that the enemy, encouraged by the notorious timidity of the States, would grow insolent, and give him an opportunity of bringing them to battle. But the Dutch always prevented him from seeking or seizing the opportunity for success. They were satisfied with what had been done; they, said he, will never more this war venture any thing that may be decisive, being of opinion that they have already enough in their possession for their security, and that France will assist them in disposing of this possession as they shall think best. Six weeks he was detained in the camp of Meldert by their miserable deputies, who, however, had grace enough to acknowledge their error when, having at last allowed him to march on Genappe, the French immediately made what Marlborough calls a shameful retreat, shewing thereby plainly to both armies that they would not venture to fight. A succession of heavy rains then came on, and delayed him when he was in high hopes of retrieving the time which had been wasted, and the campaign ended without a blow being struck in this quarter. The French historians, not contented with extolling Vendôme for having suffered no loss, (which was no inconsiderable praise for a man who had been opposed to such an antagonist,) represent Marlborough as having used every means to bring him to action, and being constantly baffled by his consummate skill: and as if this falsehood were not sufficient, they affirm that the whole English nation and the parliament blamed his conduct.

The conduct of the States at this time had so incensed not the whigs alone, who never regarded any thing with moderation, but even the calm and temperate Godolphin, that it was proposed in the British cabinet to form a union with the rest of the allies for the purpose of deterring the Dutch from tampering with France. This was prevented by Marlborough. It was one of the merits of that incomparable Englishman that, however much he might suffer individually in feelings and in popular reputation, he never, under any impulse of chagrin or resentment, lost sight of the great object of the alliance, and the general good. He therefore continually

nually laboured to conciliate the allies towards each other, and all to England, and England to each and all; while in his confidential correspondence with Godolphin, it appears how clearly he saw, and how deeply he felt, the mispolicy of one kind or other which prevailed in all their councils. 'No reasoning or success,' he said, 'could prevail with the States to think any thing reasonable but what tended to their own particular interest.' Godolphin said that the emperor's behaviour had been so unaccountable, as to put the rest of the allies under the same difficulties as if he had acted by directions from Versailles, and Marlborough acknowledged to his friend that he was weary of serving, because every country with which they had to deal, acted so contrary to the public good. 'In the army,' says he, 'I must do them right,—there is all the desire imaginable to venture their lives for the public good; but all other sorts of people on this side of the water are so very wise, that I am afraid at last they will bring us to a bad peace. For myself, I am old, and shall not live to see the misfortunes that must happen in Christendom, if the French be suffered to get the better of this war.'

But there were greater embarrassments than these: his consummate ability, both as a negociator and a general, and the deserved respect in which he was held upon the continent by foes and friends, counterbalanced all disadvantages there; the obstacles which no prudence, no desert could overcome, were at home, where he suffered alike from the imprudence of his friends and the treachery of his enemies. The Queen had not forgiven the whigs for the manner in which they had forced Sunderland into office; and the whigs had not learnt moderation. A struggle arose between the crown and the ministers concerning the disposal of church preferment. Godolphin and Marlborough would have conceded all they could to the inclinations, and even to the weakness and prejudice of their sovereign, and thus, by yielding, have in the end strengthened their influence. But their colleagues in office were uncompromising, overbearing men. Sunderland perpetually appealed to his mother-in-law, the duchess, and neither her husband nor Godolphin could allay the irritation which he excited. The Lord Treasurer and the Commander in Chief became, as before, objects of jealousy to the whigs, because, while they attempted to overcome the Queen's objections on the one hand, they deprecated the indecent violence of these persons on the other. 'I am out of heart,' says Marlborough, 'and wonder at the courage of the Lord Treasurer; for were I used (as I do not doubt but I shall) as he is by the whigs, who threaten to abandon him whenever the Queen does not do what they like, I would not continue in business for all this world could

could give me; and I believe they would be the first that would have reason to repent.' As far as regarded the great objects of foreign policy, the whigs acted well; but in domestic concerns, they were not less indiscreet than intemperate, and sometimes indeed they betrayed a want of principle as well as of discretion. For the sake of intimidating the Queen they made advances to the violent Tories, and for a time co-operated with them in parliament, at the risk of breaking up the whole system of policy, foreign and domestic.

It was Marlborough's fortune to experience the truth of his own observation, that a great many who can do no good have it always in their power to do hurt. The Duchess had placed about the person of the Queen one of her distant relations, the daughter of a merchant who had been reduced to poverty; she had saved the family from want, obtained places and establishments for all the children, and took this Abigail Hill from service in the family of Lady Rivers, to make her one of the bed-chamber women. This woman, afterwards so conspicuous in the history of Queen Anne's reign by the name of Mrs. Masham, did for Louis XIV. what all his generals and armies, all his power, and all his policy could not have done: by her means, the counsels of Godolphin and the victories of Marlborough were frustrated, and France, at a moment when she must otherwise have received the law of peace from England, was enabled to dictate it to Europe. It was at this time that her influence was first discovered. Abigail, by the father's side, stood in precisely the same degree of affinity to Harley as by the mother's to the Duchess; he had neglected her and her family when they were in distress, but he acknowledged the relationship when he perceived that by means of this instrument he could establish a secret influence with the Queen. History cannot be perused without some feeling of humiliation for our country and our kind, when it cannot be understood without developing such pitiful intrigues as these. The violence of Sunderland, Halifax and Somers, and the extreme imprudence with which the Duchess espoused their cause, assailing her royal mistress with perpetual solicitations, and wearying, and even worrying her with reproaches for her diminished friendship and alienated confidence, disposed Anne to commit herself to the guidance of this bed-chamber woman, who possessed just talent enough to direct her inclinations by always appearing to assent to them, and of Harley, who flattered her weakness, strengthened all her prejudices, confirmed her in her antipathies, and succeeded in making her as complete a dissembler as himself. The cause of her pertinacious resistance to every promotion which could strengthen the whigs, or satisfy them, and this

not only to the rash solicitations of the Duchess, but to Godolphin and Marlborough when they represented the impossibility of carrying on the public business against open enemies and discontented friends, was explained, when it was ascertained that Harley held midnight conferences with her, to which he was admitted by Mrs. Masham's means. But when Marlborough, whose letters to the Queen breathed always the genuine spirit of respectful and affectionate loyalty, hinted at those secret counsels by which her Majesty was estranged from her old tried servants, the Queen denied the existence of any such counsels with such protestations of sincerity and such solemnity of falsehood, as must stamp her memory with disgrace.

Harley indeed, to whose tuition she had committed herself, was a man of matchless insincerity. Even Dr. Somerville, the ablest apologist of the Tories of that reign, declares with an honourable feeling of an historian's highest duties, that the part which Harley acted, 'exhibits a scene of dissimulation and duplicity, for which neither his sympathy with the sovereign, nor the unjustifiable conduct of the junta to her, nor the goodness of the end which he had in view, supposing that to be admitted, can afford any apology.' Marlborough and Godolphin were long before they would believe the treachery of a man whom they had so essentially served and so entirely trusted; and Sunderland reproached them with this. But it is no dishonour to have been deceived by solemn asseverations and consummate falsehood. The facts however at length were established beyond all possibility of further doubt. The thorough-paced dissembler still persisted in denying them, and addressed a letter to Godolphin full of professions of innocence and zeal for his service. Godolphin replied in these words, 'I have received your letter, and am very sorry for what has happened, to lose the good opinion I had so much inclination to have of you. But I cannot help seeing, nor believing my senses. I am very far from having deserved it of you. God forgive you!' The discovery of a treasonable correspondence which one of Harley's clerks carried on with France, and by which means the intended expedition against Toulon had been revealed, enabled the ministers to demand his dismissal; for though the clerk at the time of his execution fully exculpated Harley of any participation in the treason, it was plain that he had been guilty of culpable negligence in leaving papers of the highest importance and secrecy open to the common clerks in his office. Still the Queen would have retained him in office, even though Godolphin and Marlborough tendered their resignation as the alternative. Godolphin's tender she received with unconcern, but she was much affected at Marlborough's; her personal regard
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for a man as amiable as he was great was not yet extinguished, and the sense of his splendid actions was before her. She entreated him not to leave her service,—but his resolution was made to stand or fall with Godolphin; and when that was not to be shaken, the Queen remained obstinate in her purpose. The cabinet council assembled, and Harley would have proceeded to business without the two heads of the administration. He was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who, while the members were looking at each other with surprize and uneasiness, rose and said, I do not see how we can deliberate when the Commander in Chief and the Lord Treasurer are absent. This broke up the council, the Queen withdrew with evident emotions of anger and disappointment; but she felt that a minister could not be constituted by mere favour, and sending for Marlborough the next day, informed him that Harley should retire. Perhaps from that day her hatred to Marlborough may be dated.

In the spring of the ensuing year, 1708, an attempt at invasion was made, upon which great hopes had been founded by the French. The ministers were aware of this danger, and had provided against it. They blockaded Dunkirk, and when the French squadron, with the Pretender on board, taking advantage of a gale which enabled them to escape out of port, sailed for Scotland, and reached the frith of Forth, they found the English ships were there before them. An attempt to land at Inverness was baffled by the winds, and thus the troops which had been brought from the continent were left again disposable for foreign service. As soon as the danger was averted, Marlborough recrossed the sea, and arranged the plan of the campaign at the Hague with Eugene and the Pensionary Heinsius. It was agreed that one army should be formed on the Moselle under the Prince, another under Marlborough in the Netherlands, and that the ostensible project should be, an invasion on the side of Lorraine, but that the two armies should unite by a rapid march in the Netherlands and endeavour to give battle to the enemy before they could receive the reinforcements drawn from distant quarters. Before this could be effected, there were difficulties to overcome with the German princes, and with the Elector of Hanover, who now commanded the imperial troops; and this occasioned so many delays, that Marlborough began to fear his measures would be in a great degree broken. 'See,' said he, 'the great advantage the King of France has over the allies, since we depend upon the humours of several princes, and he has nothing but his own will and pleasure!' And in another letter he says, 'the slowness of the Germans is such, that we must be always disappointed.' More than a month was lost by these vexatious impediments;

and this loss of time was of the more consequence, because it was now apparent that the French would make their great effort on the side of Flanders, and that nothing could be done to distract their attention to any other quarter. The arrangements being at length completed, Marlborough on the 2d of July announced to the States by a courier from Terbank, that Eugene was about to join him, and might be expected on the 5th or 6th, when it was their intention to move directly on the enemy, and bring on a battle, trusting in God to bless their designs.

The head-quarters had been fixed at Terbank since the beginning of June, when the enemy made a movement which seemed to threaten Louvain. They had done this to conceal their real intentions, which were well planned, and founded upon the general discontent of the Flemish and Brabanters, excited by the oppressive government of the Dutch. A scheme for betraying Antwerp into their possession had been discovered and frustrated. But decamping suddenly from Brain l'Allieu, on the evening of the 4th, they moved towards the Dender, and dispatching several corps to the different places where they had a correspondence with the disaffected, they got possession of Ghent and Bruges, and threatened Brussels. Upon the first intelligence of their movements, Marlborough approached that capital, and on the evening of the 6th encamped at Asch. There he learnt the enemy's success. The alarm in Brussels was very great, and even in the army it seemed that there was a disposition to censure the commander, as if the mischief had befallen through his misconduct. At this critical time Eugene arrived; he had left his cavalry at Maestricht, and hastened to take a personal share in the expected battle; but his troops could not come up in time. The spirits of the army were raised by his presence, for Eugene was almost as much admired and beloved as Marlborough himself.

The immediate object of the French was to get possession of Oudenard, an important point for the defence of Flanders and Brabant, and now the only channel of a direct communication with England. They invested it on the morning of the 9th, ordered a train of heavy artillery from Tournay, and prepared to occupy the strong camp of Lessines on the Dender, for the purpose of covering the siege. But on the morning of the 9th the allied army broke up from Asch, and though the distance which they had to march was twice that of the enemy, anticipated them at Lessines, secured that point, threw bridges over the Dender, and interposed between them and their own frontiers. The French, who had presumed too much upon success, and who expected that Marlborough would have contented himself with
covering

covering the great towns in his rear, were confounded at his unexpected appearance. There existed no good will between the Dukes of Burgundy and Vendôme, and the hour of danger, instead of reconciling them, seemed to exasperate their contention; each became more vehement in urging his counsels as more appeared to be at stake. They relinquished the investment of Oudenard, and directed their march to Gavre where they had prepared bridges for crossing the Scheldt. Marlborough and Eugene pushed forward in pursuit, and the battle of Oudenard, one of the most remarkable in military history, was brought on. The dispute between the French generals continued to the very moment of action, and the indecision which was thus produced, more than counterbalanced the advantages which they might have derived from the ground: for Marlborough said their post was as strong as was possible to be found; and admitted that the advantage which he gave them, by attacking them in such a situation, would have been too much, if he had not preferred the good of his Queen and his country before any personal concern. Scarcely any artillery was used on either side; the allies had only those pieces employed which were with the advanced detachment, and the French appear not to have brought more than six pieces into play. It was by musketry that the day was decided. The enemy behaved well during the action, particularly the dragoons and the household troops, but they were beaten at last out of all good behaviour; the word for retreat was no sooner given than they took flight in the utmost disorder, and if the darkness had not favoured them, the destruction would have been as complete as the rout. 'Night,' says Colonel Blackader, 'put a screen of darkness between us and them, and thereby saved them, in all probability, from as great a defeat as ever they got.' 'If had we been so happy,' says Marlborough, 'as to have had two more hours of day-light, I believe we should have made an end to this war.'

The night was so dark that the positions of the troops at last could only be discerned by the flashes of musketry, and the allies, some of whom had already mistaken each other for enemies, were ordered to halt as they stood, for fear of any further mistake. The enemy were thus suffered to escape; many of them however were bewildered and wandered into the posts of the allies, and many were captured by a stratagem of Eugene's, who ordered several drummers to beat the French retreat, and the refugee officers to give the rallying word of the different corps: *A moi, Champagne! à moi, Picardie! à moi, Piémont!* The loss of the enemy was about 6,000 killed and wounded, and 8,000 prisoners; that of the allies was computed at 3,500. The con-

querors remained upon the field, 'where,' says Blackader, 'the bed of honour was both hard and cold; but we passed the night as well as the groans of dying men would allow us, being thankful for our preservation.' The French left most of their wounded on the ground; Marlborough had them carried into Oudenard, and attended with the same care as his own men. The Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself in this battle, and had a horse killed under him. Charles Stuart was with the French.

No time was lost by the two great commanders of the allies. The lines which the French had constructed from Ypres to Warneton, for the purpose of covering the country between the Scheldt and the Lys, were forced before Berwick, who was hastening to defend them, could arrive; six hours more, and the attempt might have been too late. The French on their part rallied with characteristic readiness. They had generals upon the spot who would have been accounted first-rate, if they had not been opposed to Marlborough; and their possession of Ghent prevented the allies from getting cannon by water. Marlborough's wish was to mask Lille and penetrate into the heart of France by that frontier; the country was open to him; already one of his parties had burnt the suburbs of Arras, and the people, in their alarm, had sent to solicit the king's leave to treat concerning contributions. But even Eugene thought this design too bold and impracticable, till Lille could be had for a *place d'armes* and magazine. The siege of that place was 'the only operation in which the views, means, and interests of all parties could be brought to coincide.' But it was so hazardous an undertaking that Vendôme declared an able commander like Eugene would never venture to engage in it, and it was made the subject of general ridicule. The fortifications were exceedingly strong. Vauban, under whose immediate superintendence they were constructed, had drawn up a project for their defence, which was in the hands of the chief engineer, his nephew. The garrison consisted of nearly 15,000 men, under Boufflers, who was distinguished for his skill in defending fortified places. The French had 100,000 men in the field to act against the besiegers; and as they commanded both the Scheldt and the Lys, the allies could not commence the siege without conducting their whole train of artillery and stores by land, through these hostile forces. No siege was ever undertaken under greater difficulties, and the French themselves admit that never were preparations better concerted nor more proper to frustrate the efforts of the enemy. The battering pieces were brought from Maestricht and from Holland to Brussels, where ninety-four pieces of cannon, sixty mortars,

mortars, and above 3,000 ammunition-waggons were collected; the number of draught-horses required for these was calculated at 16,000. The convoy occupied a line of fifteen miles, and had to traverse a track of five-and-twenty leagues. Both armies were wholly intent upon it, one to secure, the other to prevent its march; but so perfect were the skill and vigilance of the allied commanders, that the march was effected without losing a single carriage, and without affording the enemy an opportunity of making an attempt upon it. 'Posterity,' observes Feuquières, 'will scarcely believe the fact.'

Having failed in their hopes of preventing the siege, the enemy made the utmost efforts to strengthen themselves in the field and relieve the town. Vendôme declared his intention of attempting it, and said he had a *carte blanche* from the king. The language of Marlborough shews at the same time his habitual reliance upon the divine favour on a good cause, and his desire of peace. 'If,' said he, 'we have a second action, and God blesses our just cause, this, in all likelihood, will be the last campaign; for I think they would not venture a battle, but that they are resolved to submit to any condition if the success be on our side; and if they should get the better, they will think themselves masters: so that if there be an action it is likely to be the last this war. If God continues on our side we have nothing to fear, our troops being good, though not so numerous as theirs. I dare say before half the troops have fought, the success will declare, I hope in God, on our side; and that I may have what I earnestly wish for, quiet.' Burgundy and Vendôme, leaving a flying camp of 20,000 men to protect Ghent and Bruges, crossed the Scheldt and formed a junction with Berwick, in the plain between Gramont and Lessines. Their united forces exceeded 110,000 men, and the allied commanders were greatly in hopes that, in the confidence of strength, they would attempt to make good their boasting. 'The ground,' said Marlborough, 'is so very much for our advantage that, with the blessing of God, we shall certainly beat them; so that it were to be wished they would venture, but I really think they will not.' They looked at his position more than once, and more than once appealed to the court for directions, and more than once were ordered to risk an attack. Vendôme would have attempted it at first, but was restrained by Berwick's opposition; he himself, upon reconnoitring the allies for the last time, acknowledged that it was too hazardous; and Berwick admits that if Marlborough had not been restrained by the Dutch deputies from becoming the assailant at that hour, the French must have received a fatal and inevitable overthrow.

The siege went on slowly, and ill. Marlborough not only

complaints of misconduct in the engineers, but of treachery. Eugene was wounded, and Marlborough, supplying his place in the conduct of the siege, discovered, what had not been made known to the Prince, that there did not remain powder and ball for more than four days. The Deputies, alarmed not more at the difficulty than the expense, importuned him to abandon the attempt. Supplies however were brought from Ostend by the excellent conduct of Generals Webb and Cadogan; and just when the French had succeeded in capturing a considerable magazine at Nieuport, the city after sixty days siege surrendered. There remained the citadel, which was a master-piece of art, and the enemy formed a bold plan for relieving it, or making themselves amends for its loss by getting possession of Brussels. The Elector of Bavaria with 15,000 men was recalled from the Rhine for this purpose, and appeared before the walls of that great city when it was thought impossible that the allies could come to its defence, the main army of the French being interposed in their strong position behind the Scheldt which they had been three months in fortifying. By a series of movements the most masterly in military history, Eugene and Marlborough so effectually deceived and surprized the enemy, that they accomplished a passage almost without opposition, when the troops expected the bloodiest day they had ever experienced. The Elector immediately abandoned his attempt upon Brussels, leaving not only his cannon, but his wounded also. There had been great alarm in Holland and England for Antwerp as well as Brussels; and, says Marlborough, there was but too much reason; for had not God favoured our passage of the Scheldt they must have been in danger, for not only the towns, but the people of this country hate the Dutch. In another letter he says, 'My Lord Haversham may be angry, but Prince Eugene and myself shall have the inward satisfaction of knowing that we have struggled with more difficulties, and have been blessed with more success than ever was known before in one campaign.' The citadel soon surrendered. The whole siege cost the besiegers not less than 14,000 men. The loss of the garrison was 8,000. It was one of the most arduous, the longest and bloodiest sieges in modern warfare. The lateness of the season, for it was not till the 8th of December that Marshal Boufflers capitulated, made the French king suppose the allies would immediately go into winter-quarters, satisfied with their success. Marlborough however without delay invested Ghent, though the frost had begun, and they could neither break ground for their batteries, nor open their trenches; and if the canals had frozen, their means of getting forage would have been cut off. 'But my reliance is,' said

said he, 'that God, who has protected and kept us hitherto, will enable us to finish it with the taking the town.' Soldiers as well as officers were convinced of the necessity of recovering it. The weather changed in his favour, and Count de la Moite made a bad defence; though he had so strong a garrison, that when they marched out and Marlborough saw their numbers and condition, he said it was astonishing they should suffer a place of such consequence to be taken at such a season with so little loss. Bruges was immediately abandoned by the enemy. Both places were of the utmost importance, for without them the allies could neither have been quiet in their winter-quarters, nor have opened the next campaign with advantage. This, said the Commander, is ended to my own heart's desire; and as the hand of the Almighty is visible in this whole matter, I hope her Majesty will think it due to Him to return public thanks.' He never failed to do so after victory, though Colonel Blackader says these things were ridiculed in the army; yet, he adds, 'Providence had been so wonderfully favourable to them in this campaign, that it was taken notice of even by the graceless.'

The pressure of this long contest was now severely felt in France, and though on the side of Germany and Savoy, the exertions of the French balanced the fortunes of the war, and in Spain the preponderance was on their side, it was plain that the course which Marlborough was pursuing, invincible as he was found to be, would, if it were continued, enable him to dictate peace at Paris. Louis therefore offered to negotiate and proposed large terms, less it is to be believed with the expectation that they would be accepted than in the hope of dividing the allies, and breaking up a confederacy which was kept together by the consummate prudence of the English general alone. The Marquis de Torcy, who was sent to conduct the negociation, offered Marlborough two millions of livres if he could obtain Naples and Sicily for Philip, or Naples alone, or the preservation of Dunkirk, or of Strasburg, and if all could be obtained together with Landau, he offered him double that sum, pledging the word and honour of the king for its payment. Among the many slanders with which the memory of Marlborough has been assailed, he has been reproached for his conduct on this occasion as only not having accepted the bribe. Never was any reproach more injurious. No other statement of the fact exists than what Torcy himself has given, and from that it appears that Marlborough's conduct was exactly what might have been expected from him, dignified and prudent. He returned no answer to the proposal; changed the conversation immediately whenever it was resumed, and by the manner in which he adhered to his instructions,

instructions, proved to the Marquis that it was as impossible to prevail over him by such means, as to beat him in the field. An expression of indignation was not called for. In making the offer, Torcy only obeyed the orders of his sovereign, whose money had formerly been graciously received in England both by the Prince on the throne, and the patriots in opposition: and the English government, through the agency of Marlborough himself, had been accustomed to employ the same golden arguments with the ministers of the allied powers. The offer therefore was not then, as it would be in these days, an insult. Torcy acted conformably to the times when he made it, and Marlborough conformably to himself when he received it with silent disdain, and pursued the business of their meeting with an unaltered temper.

He has been accused also by his enemies at home, and the slander has been accredited and repeated abroad from that time to this, of having obstructed the peace for the sake of his own private and personal interests. The treaty broke off because the allies required that the whole Spanish monarchy should be given up by Philip within two months, and that if he refused to do this, Louis should assist the allies in compelling him to submit to the terms of peace. Both in France and Spain a proper advantage was made of this demand, which was as impolitic as it was in every way indefensible. But wherever it originated, whether with the counsellors of the Archduke Charles whom it most concerned, and who were unwise enough, and ungenerous enough for any thing, or with the whigs in England who had not the grace of bearing their faculties meekly, certain it is that Marlborough disapproved it, and expressed his decided opinion that there was neither necessity nor utility in making such demands. He says in a confidential letter to Godolphin, 'I have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as any body living can have: but I shall own to you that, in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the preliminaries, and demolished Dunkirk and the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion, so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves.' No man rejoiced more in the prospect of peace. During the whole war, peace and retirement had been the second wish of his heart,—the first was to ensure the safety of his country by curbing the power of France. At this time he expected peace so fully, that he had commenced arrangements for paying and dismissing the foreign troops, and for the return of the army to England. But he did not cease to represent to the cabinet, that the sure and only means of obtaining the terms which they were resolved to dictate, were to provide a superior force in the Netherlands. Unfortunately his colleagues neither possessed the

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same moderation nor the same foresight. Contrary to his opinion, they insisted upon terms which could not be accepted without a total sacrifice of honour and feeling, and they relied so fully upon obtaining their demands, that they increased his force as he required, in order to ensure success. On this point therefore, Mr. Coxe has effectually vindicated Marlborough, proving beyond all doubt that 'he did not direct the negotiation, that he differed in many material points from the cabinet, and was guided by positive instructions which he could not venture to transgress.' Had he indeed (his biographer adds) engrossed the sole management, he would doubtless have framed such conditions as would have been accepted, or have made such preparations as would have enabled him to dictate his own terms in the heart of France.

While the English government committed this double error, the French made every effort to strengthen their force in the Netherlands. Louis had said that hunger would compel his subjects to follow his bread waggons, and he was not deceived in calculating that the general distress would fill his armies with men who could find no other means of subsistence. Vendôme was removed to Spain, to retrieve, against other generals, the reputation which he had lost when opposed to Marlborough; and Villars, whom Voltaire has well characterized as lucky, braggart and brave, took the command in Flanders. The allies deceived him by their movements, so as to prevent him from throwing troops into Tournay, or properly providing it. Still the attempt at besieging it was so arduous that Villars thought it would occupy them the whole campaign. In this also he was deceived. It surrendered after a destructive siege of two months, during which Villars ineffectually attempted to relieve it. The citadel was given up on the third of September, and on the sixth, part of the allies under the Prince of Hesse, by movements effected with great skill and extraordinary rapidity, entered the French lines without opposition, and interposed between Mons, which it was intended to besiege, and the army of Villars, who was again baffled by the superior activity and talents of his antagonists. These movements led to the battle of Malplaquet, the bloodiest action of the whole war, and the best fought battle in which the French were ever defeated. Boufflers had joined the French and made a masterly retreat, after Villars had been wounded and carried senseless from the field. The numbers of the two armies seem to have been as nearly equal as may be, each having between 90 and 100,000 men. The loss was greatest on the side of the conquerors. Villars, whose great qualities were disgraced by a total disregard to truth, represents the loss of the allies at 35,000,

35,000, and his own at only 6000: a statement which, if it were true, would show that the French army must have been either struck with cowardice or with madness to quit the field when the advantage was so decidedly on their side. Colonel Blackader, who went as usual over the ground 'to get a preaching from the dead,' believed the loss was equal on both sides. Mr. Coxe estimates that of the allies at 20,000, and that of the French at 14,000. Blackader, who acknowledges that he did not expect to see the enemy fight so well, says it was the most deliberate, solemn and well ordered battle that he had ever seen, a noble and fine disposition, and as finely executed. Every one was at his post, and he never saw troops engage with more cheerfulness, boldness and resolution. For himself, he 'never had a more pleasant day in his life.'

The great loss on the part of the conquerors arose from the impetuosity of the Prince of Orange, who made the attack contrary to his instructions; before he could be properly supported, and thus sacrificed the flower of the Dutch infantry, occasioning thereby nearly half the slaughter. The enemies of Marlborough, who were now increasing both in violence and in strength, loudly accused him of rashness in this action, and of wantonly throwing away the lives of men to gratify his personal ambition. He could not repel this cruel accusation, without throwing a censure upon the Prince of Orange, which would have produced certain mischief. He had afterwards an opportunity of shewing how he resented these black slanders, when he could fix upon the slanderer, and vindicate himself without injury to the public. At the very time when he was thus calumniated, the grief which he suffered at seeing so many brave men killed, with whom he had lived eight years, and when they thought themselves sure of peace, had actually made him ill. He was a thoroughly humane man, and that too in an age when humanity was a rare virtue. One of his first cares after the action had been to administer relief to the wounded French, of whom 3000 had been left upon the field, and to arrange means with the French marshals for conveying them away. He did not speak of the victory with exultation as he had been wont to do on his other great days, but called it a very murderous battle; and Villars, in his usual style of boasting, said to the king that if it pleased God to favour him with the loss of another such battle, his enemies would be destroyed. The vain general might have known that after such a defeat, there could be no hope of victory; that the more dearly it had been purchased, the greater was the moral value of the success. There remained no cause to palliate, no subterfuge to cover the defeat which the French had sustained. They could not impute it to want

want of confidence in their commander, or want of skill; to want of conduct or of courage in the army, or in any part of it; nor to any disadvantages of ground, nor to any error or mishap of any kind. They had chosen their position and strengthened it. They had stood their ground well: men, officers and commander had done their best, the only blunder had been committed by their enemies, and owing to that, and to the advantage of their post, they had inflicted a loss greater by nearly one-third than what they had sustained, and yet they had been beaten. The consequence was that they never afterwards ventured to meet Marlborough in the field. Berwick was recalled from Dauphiny to co-operate in an attempt for the relief of Mons, but the attempt was not made, and the town was taken. By this conquest the great towns in Brabant and Flanders were covered, and the French were at length circumscribed within their own limits. Had Marlborough's advice been followed in 1706, Mons would have been taken without the expense of blood at Malplaquet.

At this time Marlborough committed the only indiscreet act with which he can be justly charged. Sensible that the Queen was entirely alienated from him by the intriguers to whom she had given her whole confidence, and that his enemies were every day becoming more active and more virulent, for the sake of strengthening himself while his friends were in power, he wished for a patent which should constitute him Captain-General for life: nor was he deterred from asking for it by the opinion of the Lord Chancellor Cowper, that the office had never been conferred otherwise than during pleasure. The request served only to increase the Queen's angry disposition towards him, to give his enemies an opportunity for alarming her, and to gratify both her and them by the mortification which her positive refusal inflicted upon him.

In the ensuing year the negotiations were renewed, and broken off upon the same ground,—not by Marlborough's advice,—that calumny, it may be hoped, will now be no more repeated. He was no longer the moving mind in all foreign negotiations. Knowing that his power was on the decline, his desire was to incur as little responsibility as possible for measures which he was not allowed to influence, and he called himself *white paper*, upon which the treasurer and his friends might write their directions. The campaign opened with another successful passage of the enemy's lines, a great and unexpected success. 'I bless God,' said Marlborough, 'for putting it into their heads not to defend them, for at Pont de Vendin where I passed, the Mareschal d'Artagnan was with 20,000 men, which if he had staid must have made it very doubtful. But, God be praised, we are come here without the loss of any men. The excuse the French make

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is, that we came four days before they expected us.' This movement was preparatory to the siege of Douay. It was expected that Villars would venture a battle for its relief, for it was a post of great importance, to which the allies could bring all their stores by water, even from Amsterdam, and the French had a great superiority of numbers. Marlborough looked for an action, but no longer with that joyous expectation which hitherto he had always felt, for the cursed spirit of faction which was undermining every thing at home had now begun to prevail, and was manifesting itself even in the army. If the battle was fought he believed that, from the nature of the country, it must be very decisive. 'I long for an end of the war,' says he, 'so God's will be done. Whatever the event may be, I shall have nothing to reproach myself with, having with all my heart done my duty, and being hitherto blessed with more success than ever was known before. My wishes and duty are the same: but I can't say I have the same sanguine prophetic spirit I did use to have, for in all the former actions I did never doubt of success, we having had constantly the great blessing of being of one mind. I cannot say it is so now, for I fear some are run so far into villainous faction, that it would give them more content to see us beaten; but if I live I will be so watchful that it shall not be in their power to do much hurt.' Douay fell; the skilful dispositions of Villars prevented the allies from laying siege to Arras, which had been their intention; they therefore turned upon Bethune, which they invested, and won. The French marshals constructed a series of defences to cover the interior of France; and the allies closed the campaign by the capture of Aire and St. Venant.

Meantime the administration of the whigs had been effectually undermined, and they had ample reason to regret the impolitic way in which they forced themselves into office, and the ill-judged and intemperate manner in which they had conducted the late negociation, and given the king of France so great an advantage over them in the opinion of the world. A large portion of Mr. Coxe's work is necessarily employed in developing the miserable intrigues by which they were fooled as well as overthrown. We may be allowed to avoid the pain and humiliation of following him through the disgraceful detail, except in that part wherein Marlborough was more particularly concerned. By a strange inconsistency, the duchess, high-minded as she was, after her long bickerings with the Queen, and the total alienation which she had in some degree provoked and deserved, dreaded a dismissal from her office as something disgraceful: and when the intention of dismissing her was intimated, Marlborough, in a personal interview, requested the Queen not to remove her
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till the end of the war, which might reasonably be expected in the course of a year, when, he said, they would both retire together. The Queen, who had all the inflexibility of her father's character, insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days, and Marlborough, even on his knees, intreated for an interval of ten days, that means might be devised for rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. It is mortifying to record this, but it was his last, or rather his only weakness, and its palliation may be found in that affection for his wife, which, had he been less than what he was, would have degenerated into uxoriousness. From all the other trials which were preparing for him he came off like gold from the furnace. And on this occasion also he perfectly recovered himself. The queen, with her characteristic temper, insisted upon having the key within the time that she had specified: Marlborough delivered it that same evening; and not being prepared for so ready an obedience, her behaviour was such as if a sense of her own ingratitude had then confounded her. His own feeling of resentment would have led him to resign the command at the same time: the advice of the duchess, and of Godolphin, a consideration of what was due to Eugene, to the allies, and to the general good, —finally, the hope of being yet enabled to complete the services which he had rendered to Europe, and to his country (ungratefully as that country was now beginning to requite him) by concluding a safe and lasting peace, overcame this impulse. Mr. Coxe appears to regret this: in an evil hour, he says, he yielded to their representations, and continued in the command only to encounter the disgrace and persecution with which he had been threatened, and to lament the conclusion of that dishonourable peace which he so much deprecated. In this instance we differ from his biographer, and consider the magnanimity with which Marlborough then sacrificed all private considerations, and even hazarded his military reputation, by serving under a ministry whose malevolence he knew, and from whom he had reason to expect nothing but ill usage, as one of the many proofs of true greatness in the life of this illustrious man.

Under these circumstances he entered upon his last campaign, and with the further disadvantage of losing his worthy colleague Eugene, who, in consequence of the death of the Emperor Joseph, was called away, taking with him all his cavalry, and a considerable part of his foot. The French had been busily employed during the latter part of the autumn, and through the winter, in forming and strengthening a series of lines extending from Namur to the coast of Picardy, near Montreuil. Villars relied so much upon the strength of these defences that he boasted of having at
last

last brought Marlborough to his *ne plus ultra*: he was encouraged also by the immediate diminution of force which Eugene's departure had occasioned, and sent word to his antagonist that he should be 30,000 stronger than the allies. Upon this Marlborough observed, 'if their superiority be as great as he says it will be, I should not apprehend much from them, but that of their being able to hinder us from acting, which to my own particular would be mortification enough; for, since constant success has not met with approbation, what may I not expect when nothing is done! As I rely very much on Providence, so I shall be ready at improving all occasions that may offer.' But whatever superiority of numbers the French might have possessed, Louis was at that time playing too sure a game with the English cabinet to hazard any thing in the field: Villars therefore received positive orders not to risk an engagement. Marlborough's object was to invest Bouchain; to do this he must break through the lines, and he well knew that the consent of the generals and Dutch deputies could never be obtained for so difficult an attempt: he must, therefore, imperceptibly bring them into a situation where they would perceive the necessity of the measure, and he must deceive the enemy at the same time. He effected both objects, and duped the enemy so effectually, that having first made them demolish the fortifications at Arleux which impeded his project, he got within their lines without losing a single man—being, says Colonel Blackader, one of the finest projects and best executed which has been during the war. Villars endeavoured then to lure him to a battle, as the only means of wiping off the disgrace, and even the Dutch deputies were so elated with this great and unexpected success that they urged him to attack the French; but Marlborough knew, from the nature of the ground, and the exhausted state of the men, who had marched ten or twelve leagues the preceding day, that this could not be done with any reasonable prospect of advantage. He had gained his object without a battle; and he chose to expose himself to the censure of envious tongues and evil minded men, rather than hazard the lives of his men without an adequate cause. Blackader, while he expresses his regret at the disappointment, bears, at the same time, a just testimony to the commander. 'It was very near carried in a council of war,' he says, 'that we should attack them, but it was resolved otherwise, to the regret of most part of the army. In such cases *vox exercitus vox Dei*. Our soldiers were much encouraged by their success in passing the lines, and the enemy much discouraged. When God delivers our enemy into our hand, and we let them escape, he often allows them to be more troublesome afterwards. On the other hand, we are not to be suspicious

suspicious of our general's conduct; we have more reason to admire it, and to believe he knows a thousand times better what is to be done than we. Submissive obedience is our duty, and I give it heartily. If any man deserves implicit obedience I think he does, both in respect of his capacity and integrity.'

In the face of a superior force Marlborough now laid siege to Bouchain, the armies being so near and in so extraordinary a situation that the besiegers were bombarded by the enemy. But the only fruit which Villars derived from this was the mortification of seeing the garrison, consisting of eight battalions and 500 horse, march out as prisoners of war. An anecdote of Marlborough at this time ought never to be omitted in any account of his life, however brief. Fenelon was then archbishop of Cambrai. The estates of his see were exposed to plunder, and, from respect to his genius and virtues, the English commander ordered a detachment to guard the magazines of corn at Chateau Cambresis, and gave a safe-conduct for their conveyance to Cambrai. But apprehending afterwards that even this protection might not be respected because of the scarcity of bread, he sent a corps of dragoons with waggons to transport the grain, and escort it to the precincts of the town. He meditated next the capture of Quesnoy; the ministers at home affected to approve of his intention, and assured him that they were making the strongest representations to the Dutch for the purpose of obtaining their concurrence. While these very ministers were deceiving their general, they were carrying on a secret negotiation with France, and had actually agreed to the preliminaries of that peace by which the interests of their allies and their country were betrayed.

We may be spared the humiliating task of following the manoeuvres by which the peace of Utrecht was brought about, and of entering into the details of that abominable transaction; a transaction in which the agents at home felt so secure of their power, and at the same time so conscious of their deserts, that they jested among themselves about the gallows and the scaffold, to which they might be exposed if they lost the protection of the Queen,—and the ministers abroad espoused so openly the interest of the enemy, as to provoke from Eugene the indignant question whether they were acting as negociators on the side of England or of France. The whole scheme of this infamous administration could not be effected as long as Marlborough was at the head of the army. It was impossible to make him act treacherously towards the allies; and it was always to be feared that by some signal stroke he might at once defeat the French army and the schemes of the English cabinet. The removal of Marlborough therefore was necessary to the success of their plans, and

this alone would prove how rightly he acted in not resigning the command. The means by which they brought about his dismissal were worthy of the men. They accused him of peculation, because he had received the same perquisites which had always been allowed to the commander-in-chief in those countries for secret service money; which he had been privileged to receive, moreover, and to employ without account, by the Queen's royal warrant, and which had been applied, as Marlborough said in his defence, 'from time to time for intelligence and secret service, and with such success, that next to the blessing of God and the bravery of the troops, we might in great measure attribute most of the advantages of the war in the Low Countries to the timely and good advice procured with the help of this money.' Upon this ground, and upon the undeniable fact that the same allowance had been always paid to his predecessors, Marlborough so completely vindicated himself, that though the commissioners of public accounts, who were the tools of the reigning faction, pronounced an opinion against him, in a report as flagrantly false as it was malicious, and though upon that report the Queen dismissed him from all his employments, 'that the matter might undergo an impartial investigation'—his enemies, malignant as they were, dared not pursue the investigation. When Louis heard of this act, he added with his own hand a sentence in his dispatches to his agent at London, saying, 'the affair of displacing the Duke of Marlborough will do for us all we desire.'

Every means was now used to blacken the late ministry;—for this purpose no accusation was either too absurd or too atrocious. A cry of peculation was raised against them, as that which was most likely to obtain belief among the vulgar, and excite popular outcry. A deficit of thirty-five millions was charged against them, as if they were responsible for all the unsettled accounts since the Restoration; and this charge, as has generally been the case, dwindled to nothing when it was examined. In those days it was the custom on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's inauguration, to burn in effigy the Pope, the Devil and the Pretender. The effigies were arrested upon a pretence that the whigs intended to take advantage of the holiday to excite an insurrection; and this ridiculous story has found its way into historical writings at home and abroad, with the additional absurdity, that Marlborough was to put himself at the head of the mob, and that Prince Eugene was to support him. Another fable accused them of a design to fire the city, murder the ministers, seize and depose the Queen, and place the Elector of Hanover on the throne! Slanders of this kind were too gross to deserve contradiction, nor could the slanderer be fixed upon. At length a personal insult

of

of the grossest kind was offered to the Duke, and in the most public manner. Earl Poulet, in vindicating the Duke of Ormond, who had succeeded to the command, for taking the field with Eugene, while he was at the same time in secret communication with Villars, and had secret orders not to fight, said of him, 'that he did not resemble a certain general, who led his troops to the slaughter to cause a great number of officers to be knocked on the head in a battle, or against stone walls, in order to fill his pockets by disposing of their commissions.' Marlborough heard him in silence, but as soon as the house rose sent a message to him by Lord Mohun, inviting him to take the air in the country. Earl Poulet could not conceal from his lady the uncomfortable emotions which this message excited, and the duel was prevented by a direct order from the Queen to Marlborough, enjoining him to proceed no farther in the affair. It is sufficient punishment for this slanderer, that he is remembered in history for this, and for this only; so easily may the coarsest and meanest mind purchase for itself a perpetuity of disgrace!

For the sake of avoiding daily insults and further persecution, Marlborough determined upon leaving England. The death of Godolphin released him from the strongest tie which bound him to his then ungrateful country,—for he was unwilling to leave his old tried friend, labouring under the severest sufferings of a mortal disease.* A passport was obtained by means of Harley, or Oxford, as he must now be called, in opposition to some of his colleagues. Base as Oxford's conduct was, he was not so bad as Bolingbroke; he had not the same hatred to Marlborough, (perhaps because his obligations to him, great as they were, had not been quite so great,) and it is not unlikely that he may have thought it desirable for the sake of the Protestant succession, to which he was sincerely attached, and which Bolingbroke was plotting to set aside, that Marlborough should be out of his enemies' reach, and in a situation where he might act in its support, when occasion should require. The restoration of the Stuart line indeed appeared so possible, from the principles of Bolingbroke and the favourite, now Lady Masham, and from the irreconcilable dislike with which the Queen regarded the house of Hanover, that Marlborough thought it prudent, before he left England, to invest 50,000*l.* in the Dutch funds as a means of subsistence in case of that event. As this great commander had received the highest proofs of royal favour both from his own sovereign and from foreign princes, he was fated

* Godolphin, the lord treasurer in those days of speculation, which had been so loudly censured in parliament and even from the throne, was so far from having enriched himself, that the property which he left did not exceed 12,000*l.*

also to have some experience of royal ingratitude. The government of the Spanish Netherlands had been more than once offered to him, and pressed upon him by the Archduke Charles, and he had been prevented from accepting it only by the jealousy of the Dutch. When he perceived that his disgrace was impending, he asked for this appointment, and the Archduke evaded a compliance with his request. Nor was this the only instance of ingratitude from that thankless quarter. The principality of Mindelheim, which had been conferred on him after the battle of Blenheim, was restored at the peace to Bavaria, and though an equivalent was promised to Marlborough, it was never granted, nor did he ever obtain any compensation for the loss.

When he embarked at Dover, as a private individual, the Captain of the packet had sufficient English feeling to receive him with a voluntary salute. No other honour was paid him upon leaving his native country; but as the illustrious exile entered the harbour of Ostend he was welcomed with a salute of artillery from the town, forts and shipping. And along the whole road to Aix-la-Chapelle, though he endeavoured to avoid notice by taking the most private ways, he was entertained with the highest marks of respect and affection, by governors, garrisons, magistrates and people of all ranks. A finer tribute was never paid to true greatness. They blessed him as their deliverer, and mingling exclamations against the English cabinet with their expressions of admiration and gratitude towards him, many of them shed tears of indignant feeling, and said it were better to be born in Lapland than in England, for that no nation had ever fallen so unaccountably from such a height of glory and esteem into such contempt and degradation. He dwelt some time at Aix-la-Chapelle; but from an apprehension that his person was not safe there, he went to Maestricht; there the Duchess joined him: they proceeded to Frankfort, and after a few months removed to Antwerp, as a safer place while the war continued in Germany. From thence he corresponded with Hanover, and with the leaders of the Hanoverian interest in England, and there he held himself in readiness to transport troops to England on the demise of the Queen, engaging to use his endeavours to secure the fidelity of the troops at Dunkirk and to embark at their head. The danger to which the Protestant succession was at that time exposed is believed to have proved fatal to the Electress Sophia, a remarkable personage, who at the age of eighty-four retained an unusual strength both of body and mind, and used to say, that if she could but live to have Sophia Queen of England engraven on her tomb, she should die content. Had she lived three months longer, that wish would have been gratified.

As

As the crisis drew nearer, it was deemed advisable that Marlborough should return where his presence might be of great importance. Among the calumnies with which his memory has been loaded, is the absurd charge, that he was at this time corresponding with the Pretender, and intriguing with Bolingbroke to secure his succession. This falsehood also is now effectually refuted; and it appears from their own acknowledgment, that the ministers who were plotting for that purpose were 'frightened out of their wits' at the news of his intended return. That return would have exposed him to a renewal of persecution, and to every mortification and every injury which it was in the power of the Queen and her ministers to inflict,—but when the vessel wherein he had embarked approached the coast near Dover, it was boarded by a messenger with news of the Queen's decease, and the undisputed accession of George I. This monarch, though he duly appreciated the services of Marlborough, and respected him accordingly, never forgave him for not having communicated to him the intended operations of that campaign in which Brabant and Flanders had been recovered. He restored him to his offices, but did not avail himself of his advice, as for his own sake and that of the country he should have done; for had the opinion of this consummate statesman been taken, a combined administration would have been formed, to include some of the moderate tories who had supported the protestant succession at the moment when their services were most essential. It was a more favourable opportunity than had ever before occurred for bringing upright men of different parties to act together for the general good.

Marlborough lived eight years after his return, happy in the enjoyment of that leisure and tranquillity which he had always desired. It is not true, as Johnson has taught us to believe, that the tears of dotage flowed from his eyes. In the year 1716 he had two paralytic strokes, but recovered both his strength and faculties, except that there were a few words which he could not distinctly articulate. In other respects, however, he was so little impaired, that he continued to attend Parliament, and to perform the business of his office as Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance, till within six months of his death. He wished to resign those offices, but was induced by Sunderland's intreaties and the king's particular desire to retain them. At length a return of the disorder proved fatal: he lay for some days aware of approaching dissolution, and, in full possession of his senses, he quietly expired on the 16th of June 1722, in the 72d year of his age. The Duchess, though sixty-two when she was thus left a widow,

still possessed some attractions of person, and proposals of marriage were made to her by Lord Coningsby, and by the Duke of Somerset. In her reply to the latter she declined the connection as unsuitable to her time of life, and added, that if she was only thirty instead of threescore, she would not permit even the Emperor of the world to succeed in that heart which had been devoted to John Duke of Marlborough. She survived her husband two and twenty years, and lived to see the magnificent pile of Blenheim completed according to his directions. Queen Anne had promised to build this proud monument of national glory at her own expense,—if Marlborough had not had it finished at his own, it would have remained in its ruins, a striking monument of her fickleness, and of the meanness of her ministers.

If Mr. Coxe by the publication of these volumes had rendered no other service to historical literature than that of clearing Marlborough's character from the imputations with which it has been stained, that service alone would entitle him to the gratitude of all good Englishmen. Madame Sévigné has said *Le monde n'a point de longues injustices*: it were better to say there will be no injustice in the next world,—for that which is committed in this, is often but too lasting in its effects. During a whole century Marlborough has been represented in books both at home and abroad, as a consummate general indeed, but as being devoid of honour and of principle, an intriguer, a traitor, a speculator, and so careless of human life and of human sufferings, that for the sake of his own sordid interests he wantonly prolonged a war which, but for his ambition and his avarice, might many times have been brought to an end. These foul charges were urged against him by persons who knew that they were false—men whom he had patronized and brought forward; and for some of whom he had exerted himself disinterestedly, even so as to offend the whigs with whom he acted. His enemies gave these falsehoods the sanction of authority when they were in power, because it was necessary to sacrifice Marlborough before they could sacrifice the interests of their country, and betray the Protestant succession which they designed to do. And the calumnies which thus originated have prevailed to this day, because they have found their way from libels into history, and still more because they were propagated in the writings of Swift, a principal actor in the moral assassination which was planned and perpetrated by his party. Swift was beyond all comparison the ablest writer of that age: but his conduct upon this occasion, like some other of his actions, can only be explained by supposing that the malady which rendered him at last so pitiable
a spectacle

a spectacle of human weakness, affected his heart long before it overthrew his intellect.

It is no light wrong to the dead that an honourable name should thus long have been defamed: it is no light injury to the living. What ingenuous mind is there that has not felt sorrow and humiliation for the obliquity and meanness by which the character of Marlborough has hitherto seemed to be degraded? Who is there that has not felt that whatever derogated from the admiration which he would otherwise have merited, was to be regretted as a national evil?—for the reputation of such men as Marlborough, as Nelson, (and let us be allowed to add the only name worthy to be classed with them,) as Wellington, belong to their country. In such names nations have much of their permanent glory, and no small part of their strength: the slanderer, therefore, who detracts from their fame and asperses their memory commits a moral treason,—and as far as he succeeds, inflicts a wound upon his native land; but sooner or later, truth prevails, and his infamy then is in proportion to the merit which he has calumniated. If the spirit of faction did not destroy all sense of shame as well as of honesty, and stultify men while it depraves them, these *Memoirs of Marlborough* would be more efficacious than any other history, that of our own times excepted, in showing such calumniators what kind of reputation they are purchasing for themselves.

Marlborough's character is now laid open to the world, without reserve, from the most unquestionable documents. His early correspondence with James is the only blot, and for that offence, all circumstances being fairly considered, there are few persons who would fling the first stone. After what has already been said upon that subject, it may suffice to observe, that William, who best understood the circumstance, and was the person most offended, entirely excused him; trusted him himself, and recommended him to the full confidence of his successor. Mr. Coxe allows that he was parsimonious; frugality had been a necessary virtue during the first part of his life, and the habit continued after the necessity had ceased,—to this and to nothing more does the charge of parsimony amount. He was not profuse, but he never spared when it was proper that he should spend. In his loans to government, in his buildings and improvements, and in transactions of a public nature, no man was more munificent. The soldiers would not have loved a penurious man, and it is certain that no general ever more entirely possessed the love as well as the confidence of his men. A Chelsea pensioner, at the election of 1737, was threatened with the loss of his pension if he would not vote for Lord Vere at

Windsor. His answer was, 'I will venture starving, rather than it shall be said that I vote against the Duke of Marlborough's grandson, after having followed his grandfather so many hundred leagues.' The Duchess, by whom this anecdote is related, adds, 'I do not know whether they have taken away his pension, but I hope they will: for I have sent him word, if they do take it away, I will settle the same upon him for his life.'

Even his inveterate enemy, Bolingbroke, acknowledged after his death that he was the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country, or any other, had produced. He was, indeed, the main-spring, the life, the moving mind of the whole confederacy. The allies, with jarring views, contradictory interests, and oftentimes with jealous and even hostile feelings also, were kept together less by their common danger from France and their common hopes of security and advantage, than by his influence and his matchless powers of conciliation. They had no confidence in each other, and little confidence in their own councils; but they had each and all a well founded confidence in him. This was known from history. Malice and falsehood, successful as they were, could not conceal or detract from his paramount excellence as a commander and a statesman. The purity of private life was not so generally known, for this had not always been recorded, as it ought to be, for edification and example. He was a faithful husband as well as a fond one. No indecent word or allusion ever passed his lips, and if any person uttered an obscenity before him, he resented it as a personal affront and an act of public immorality. His camp was not like Cromwell's, for Marlborough was neither fanatic nor hypocrite. Colonel Blackader complained of the irreligion and profligacy of his companions; and for this he may have had cause enough; but he was a man of morbid feelings, and a puritanical rigour of manners may not improbably have provoked foolish men to appear in his company worse than they were. Another officer who served in the same army describes the camp as resembling a quiet and well-governed city; and observes, as the effect of Marlborough's regulations and example, that 'cursing and swearing were seldom heard among the officers, and the poor soldiers, many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became, at the close of one or two campaigns, civil, sensible and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar.'

But it is only from the present Memoirs that a full knowledge of this admirable man can be obtained. Here we become acquainted with his habitual principles of action, and find in him a complete example of that moral intrepidity which is the highest and rarest of all military and political virtues. Here we behold, in
letters

letters written without reserve or affectation of any kind, the hopes and thoughts and feelings which were revealed only to his nearest and dearest friends. The man who, after such an exposure, rises in our estimation and in our love, has stood the severest test of greatness: nor was he more fitted by his surpassing talents to direct the counsels of princes, arrange campaigns which extended over half Europe, and give his orders with unerring promptitude in the heat of battle, than by his virtues and affections for the perfect enjoyment of tranquillity and domestic life. Considering him in all his relations, public and private, it may safely be asserted that Marlborough approaches, almost as nearly as human frailty will allow, to the perfect model of a good patriot, a true statesman, and a consummate general.

ART. II.—*Michael Howe, the last and worst of the Bush Rangers of Van Diemen's Land. Narrative of the Chief Atrocities committed by this Great Murderer and his Associates, during a Period of Six Years, in Van Diemen's Land. From authentic sources of information.* Hobart Town. Printed by Andrew Bent. 12mo. 1818.

THIS is the greatest literary curiosity that has yet come before us—the first child of the press of a state only fifteen years old! It will of course be reprinted here;—but our copy, the copy *penes nos*, is a genuine Caxton, *rarissimus*—nay more, it hath the title-page. Few impressions were thrown off at the Hobart Town Press, for the settlement does not greatly abound in readers; and we therefore recommend the Roxburghe Club to apply early for a copy, for this little book will assuredly be the ‘Reynarde the Foxe’ of Australian bibliomaniacs.

Van Diemen's Land (of which Hobart Town forms the capital) is an island nearly as large as Ireland, to the south of the colony of New South Wales, better known to our readers, perhaps, by the name of Botany Bay; but separated from the continent of New Holland by a strait of sixty miles in width, called after its enterprizing discoverer Mr. Bass,* and a dependency upon that colony, from which it was sub-colonized. The island was first visited by Lieutenant Flinders and Mr. Bass, at the close of the year 1798, in a small decked boat built at Norfolk Island, of the

* Surgeon of the *Reliance*. Captain Flinders's talents were appreciated by the Admiralty, and he lived to witness the fruit of his labours; but it is a melancholy reflection that his companion, Mr. Bass, left Port Jackson, in the year 1802, as master of a trading vessel, called the *Venus*, which has not since been heard of. She was bound to the coast of Peru; and there are reports that Mr. Bass is still living and settled in that country.

elegant fir of that country. The first European settlement was made at Risdon Cove, in the river Derwent, on the south-east side of the island, in 1803, by Captain John Bowen, of the Navy, who was sent from Port Jackson for that purpose by Governor King; but on the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Collins, the author of the 'Account of New South Wales,' it was removed to Sullivan Cove, where the rising town of Hobart now stands.

As this healthy and fertile island appears to us to be much more congenial than the sultry and unwholesome back woods of America, to such of our countrymen as possess the true feelings of Englishmen, but are nevertheless compelled to carry that name to a foreign land, we shall present them with an authentic and recent picture of its actual state.

The north coast is in latitude $40^{\circ} 41'$, and the southern promontory in $43^{\circ} 38'$ S. Its breadth may be taken at 150 miles, and its length at 170. The climate has some peculiarities which cause a milder winter and a warmer summer than might be expected from the latitude of the island, allowing for the estimated difference of temperature between the corresponding parallels of the two hemispheres. The southern part of it being hilly, and towards the extremity even mountainous, the climate of Hobart Town is variable. Gales and hurricanes often occur, but they are generally of short duration. During summer the ordinary course of the weather is the alternate land and sea breeze, the former commencing early in the morning and prevailing till noon, when it is succeeded by the latter, which usually lasts till after sun-set. Occasionally however a hot wind blows from the north or north-west, which, though resembling that of New South Wales, which there raises the thermometer to 106 degrees in the shade, is greatly mitigated in Van Diemen's Land by passing across Bass's Straits. The autumn is generally a serene and delightful season, and the weather continues fine and open to the middle or end of May. In June, rain, sleet and (in elevated situations) snow set in, with strong southerly gales; but even in winter fine weather intervenes, and neither wind nor rains can be said to be periodical. Slight frosts occur at night, but neither ice nor snow remains throughout the day in the vallies and plains. In September the spring rapidly advances, and in October the weather resembles the 'faithless April of an English May.' During the present summer (1818) the thermometer has not exceeded 70° , except one day, on which a hot wind raised it to 80° . The range during the months of December and January has been from 54° to 70° ; but this was a cool season, late rains having fallen at the beginning of it; so that the average may perhaps be taken four or five degrees higher. The mean summer mid-day

day range in the shade is about 65° or 66° . These remarks were made at Hobart Town: in the interior, the climate is more fixed and serene. With such a climate Van Diemen's Land must needs be healthy: no sickness belongs to the country; and the intermittent fever peculiar to new and uncleared lands is unknown here. Convicts, after a voyage from England, without touching at any port by the way, recover their health soon after they land. Hobart Town has been sixteen months together without a funeral; and in a detachment of troops varying from 70 to upwards of 100, no death occurred in three years.

Van Diemen's Land is known to possess only four principal ports.

1. At the upper end of the great Storm Bay running in from the southern ocean, and between thirty and forty miles from the southern capes, is the entrance of the river Derwent, which, besides its direct outlet into Storm Bay, has a lateral one into Storm Bay Passage, (Canal d'Entrecasteaux,) a strait about thirty miles long, dividing the large island Bruny from the main land, and continuing from two to five miles wide, till it opens to the southern ocean, at Tasman's Head. This large inlet presents every where bold shores and deep water, perfectly sheltered from all winds, and forming a magnificent port. The Derwent at its entrance is two miles broad, and takes a northerly course, which varies in breadth from one to two miles, expanding occasionally into large basins equally deep and safe, for the distance of twenty-five miles, to which point ships of 500 tons burthen can navigate with ease. Here the river begins to freshen, and continues hence for the distance of forty miles, narrowing gradually, but affording a safe passage for vessels of fifty tons as far as New Norfolk, where a ridge of rocks forms a rapid, and abruptly terminates the navigation.

About twelve miles up the Derwent, on the western bank, stands Hobart Town, picturesquely placed under a noble mountain called Table, from its shape, but more recently Wellington for its honour. Its height has been ascertained to be upwards of 4000 feet, and down its side trill several rivulets, one of the most considerable of which passes through the town, and discharges itself into Sullivan's Cove. The town is extensive, and the streets, eleven in number, are laid out with regularity and good taste. Several handsome brick houses appear in the principal one, which is sixty feet wide; but the majority of the buildings are of wood and plaster. There are very few that are not whitewashed (for lime abounds in the neighbourhood) and glazed; and each has a garden paled in. Several good public buildings are either completed or in progress
—a large

—a large church of brick and stone, a government-house, a county-gaol, a store and commissariat offices, a barrack for 100 men, and a small hospital fenced in together, a six-gun battery, with a guard-house and magazine, on the south point of the harbour, and a main guard-house in the town.

The plantations or farms of the settlers extend along the banks of the Derwent on both sides. Small farms appear even at the entrance of the river from Storm Bay Passage; for the shores of Van Diemen's Land are not sandy like those of New South Wales, but a rich black mould is often found close to the cliff's head. On the Hobart side the most considerable group of settlements is New Town, which stands about two miles from Hobart Town, and is watered by a fine stream from Mount Wellington. On the opposite bank, a little below Hobart Town, is the settlement of Clarence Plains, consisting of very fertile land; but watered only by lagoons, as is the district adjoining. Farther to the eastward, upon the north and east sides of an extensive salt-water inlet, communicating with what the settlers mistakenly call Frederik Hendrik's bay, is the more considerable settlement of Pittwater, the chief granary of the island. It is watered by two streams, and presents to view a vast extent of naturally cleared ground:—it is indeed one of the characteristics of this island (in which it has the advantage of New South Wales) that it contains extensive and fertile tracts free from timber, the inconvenience and plague of all new countries. On the road from Hobart Town to Port Dalrymple, there is a plain extending in one direction for twenty miles, and clear land is frequent on that side of the island. To the north-west of Pittwater is the Coal-river settlement. About twelve miles higher up, are several farms; midway stands Mount Direction, (a remarkably picturesque hill of vast height,) and gives an air of grandeur and sublimity to the surrounding scenery. There are several scattered farms in this quarter, and on the east bank of the Derwent, as far as New Norfolk. Above the falls at this place the Derwent receives many rivulets; and a most beautiful and fertile country lies idle on its banks. All these settlements form together a county, under the name of Buckinghamshire, comprising about half the island, the other half being called the County of Cornwall.

2. There is a second station at Port Dalrymple, on the river Tamar, which falls into Bass's Straits. Launceston, hitherto the seat of this establishment, is situated forty miles up the river, at the confluence of two small streams, called the North and South Esk, into which the Tamar divides itself. This town is about 120 miles across the island from Hobart Town. The Tamar not being practicable

practicable for large vessels farther than seven or eight miles, a new town is begun near its entrance, called George Town, to which the establishment of Launceston is now removing, a good brick gaol (the *sine qua non* of colonies like these) being already erected there. The distance between these towns is about forty miles.

3. On the western coast of the island are two ports, the one called Macquarie, extending in a south-east direction, and forming a basin of about forty miles long, and from seven to eight miles broad; but unfortunately it has a very narrow entrance. The channel inwards, which is formed between an island and the west-head of entrance, is very deep, but not more than thirty yards wide: the basin is navigable, but shoally for about eight miles, after which there is deep water in all parts. In its cliffs are veins of coal, and on its shores abundance of useful and valuable timber, particularly a sort of cedar called the Huon pine, much esteemed in the colony and in India for its peculiar property of repelling insects. These productions have attracted the attention of government; and it is intended to form an establishment here.

4. Port Davey, on the same coast, is more to the southward, and is a spacious port with an open entrance; but the country is rocky and barren, and the timber difficult of access.

Into these two ports fall several rivers; one of them, called Gordon's river, has been traced along its sinuosities for about fifty miles. Those to the westward descend from a vast range of mountains which extends north and south the whole length of the island, but nearer to the western than the eastern coast. Upon these mountains, which have terraces at various heights, there are numerous lakes—one said to be sixty miles in circumference, another thirty, a third twelve, and several two or three. Various rivers also run from them to the eastward; as Blackman's river, which divides the counties, and Lake river, which joins the South Esk, about fourteen miles above Launceston. Several others run northerly into Bass's Strait to the westward of the Tamar, of which one forms a shoal port; and there are some from the eastern mountains which fall into the strait to the eastward. It is in the south-east part of this range of mountains that the Derwent rises, as does the Huon, a considerable river to the southward, which falls into Storm Bay Passage near its entrance. Thus every part of the island is well watered.

Farming in an infant and remote colony is necessarily defective in many points; but the wheat of Van Diemen's land averages 60 lbs. to the bushel, and the general produce of an acre is thirty bushels. All the grain and pulse of Europe flourish here; but the climate

climate is not warm enough for maize. In return, that destructive insect, the weevil, will not live in Van Diemen's Land.

With all these advantages of soil and sun, no country appears to have been poorer in indigenous productions of all kinds than this island; in which respect, as in the botany and natural history of what it does produce, it resembles the neighbouring continent. Here also are the eucalyptus, (but by no means so large as that of New South Wales,) the casuarina and mimosa, the kangaroo, the opossum, the emu or cassowary, the ornithorynchus paradoxus, venomous snakes of various kinds, the black swan, parrots, parroquets, and cockatoos, pelicans, pigeons, quail, snipe and ducks. Peculiar to this island, but of rare occurrence, is the hyæna opossum, so called from its resemblance to the hyæna. It is the only beast of prey in the island; for the native dog, which is so destructive to the sheep of New South Wales, does not exist here.

Of exotic animals, horned cattle, horses, and particularly sheep, thrive and increase—the last, in a prodigious degree; the ewes lambing twice a year, and generally dropping twins. Goats and pigs run wild upon the islands in the Tamar and in the woods.

In the shape of fruit or vegetables nothing edible was found in Van Diemen's Land; but nearly all the fruits of Europe have been successfully introduced there. The grape requires a warm aspect, and the orange and lemon will not ripen except in very favourable situations.

Van Diemen's Land is not, as has been supposed, the Botany Bay of Botany Bay—

‘— in the lowest deep a lower deep;—

convicts are transported for further offences from Port Jackson to a settlement called Newcastle, on the coast of New South Wales, to the northward of Port Jackson; and it is intended to establish a new Botany Bay at the recently discovered Port of Macquarie on the eastern coast of New Holland. Van Diemen's Land has a lieutenant-governor and judge-advocate of its own, commissioned by his Majesty; but it has not yet obtained the benefit of a separate criminal jurisdiction, so that prisoners for trial, prosecutors and witnesses, are compelled to make the voyage to Port Jackson. Its civil jurisdiction is confined to causes of 50*l.* value; but the Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales has lately made a circuit to the island for the trial of causes of greater value. The colony is peopled by free settlers and convicts from England as well as from New South Wales; and, though the pamphlet before us gives a frightful picture of out-lawry and rapine, we understand that under the skilful administration

tration of the present lieutenant-governor (Sorell) the whole island is now quiet and orderly. The necessaries of life are cheap, and mere labour is paid at the rate of 7s. 6d. per day; but as there is little specie in the island, promissory notes form the currency, and, as in America, barter (too often of rum) liquidates the debt.

The following is an abstract statement of the population, land in cultivation, and stock, on Van Diemen's Land; taken from the books of the general muster in September, 1818:

At the Settlements on the DERWENT.				At PORT DALRYMPLE.			
POPULATION.				POPULATION.			
Free.		Convicts.		Free.		Convicts.	
Men	- - - 640	Men	- - - 1,114	Men	- - - 189	Men	- - - 267
Women	- - - 333	Women	- - - 185	Women	- - - 78	Women	- - - 55
Children	- - - 483	Children of do.	49	Children	- - - 150	Children of do.	14
<hr/> 1,456		<hr/> 1,348		<hr/> 417		<hr/> 336	
2,804				753			
<hr/>				<hr/>			
LAND.				LAND.			
On which are growing crops of Wheat 3,529				On which are growing crops of Wheat 1,520 $\frac{1}{2}$			
Barley - - - - - 135 $\frac{1}{2}$				Barley - - - - - 78 $\frac{1}{2}$			
Peas and Beans - - - - - 145				Peas and Beans - - - - - 3 $\frac{1}{2}$			
Potatoes - - - - - 247 $\frac{1}{2}$				Potatoes - - - - - 21 $\frac{1}{2}$			
<hr/> In cultivation besides gardens (acres) 4,057				<hr/> In cultivation besides gardens (acres) 1,624			
<hr/>				<hr/>			
STOCK.				STOCK.			
Horses	{ Male - - - 97			Horses	{ Male - - - 29		
	{ Female - - - 106	—203			{ Female - - - 32	—61	
Horned	{ Male - - - 4,668			Horned	{ Male - - - 1,398		
Cattle	{ Female - - - 7,019	—11,687		Cattle	{ Female - - - 2,271	—3,669	
Sheep	{ Male - - - 30,680			Sheep	{ Male - - - 13,193		
	{ Female - - - 62,909	—93,589			{ Female - - - 21,099	—34,294	
<hr/>				<hr/>			
TOTAL ON VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.							
Population (exclusive of the Civil				Horses - - - - - 264			
Officers and Military) - - - 3,337				Horned Cattle - - - - - 15,356			
Land in cultivation (acres) - - 5,681				Sheep - - - - - 127,883			

The trade of the island is principally with India and the Isle of France. The Derwent offers a convenient rendezvous for the whale fishery, and the oil would find a sure market in India. Salted meat might be sent in great quantities both to the Isle of France and Ceylon; and the wool might be improved, as that of New South Wales has been, for the British market. Wheat, which is grown in quantities considerably exceeding the consumption of the island, has hitherto supplied the deficiencies of the parent colony. Port Dalrymple affords the same assistance to the seal fishery of Bass's Straits as the Derwent does to the southern whale fishery.

The

The following statement will shew the imports and exports at Hobart Town for the years 1817 and 1818:

IMPORTS (exclusive of Government Stores, British Goods, and India Piece-Goods.)

	Spirits. (Gallons.)	Wine. (Gallons.)	Beer. (Casks.)	Sugar. (Tons.)	Soap. (Boxes.)	Tobacco. (Baskets.)	Tea. (Chests.)
1817.	10,313	2,291	47	83	156	370	278
1818.	13,537	4,982	152	100	172	203	311

EXPORTS (exclusive of 250 Tons of Oil taken home by the licensed whaler Anne.)

	Wheat. (Bushels.)	Meat.	Horned Cattle.	Sheep.	Seal and Kangaroo Skins.	Oil. (Tons.)	Potatoes. (Tons.)	Huon Pine. (Feet.)
1817.	24,000	20 tons	—	—	10,000	—	150	—
1818.	8,000	70 casks	92	1,200	10,000	90	—	17,500

The natives of Van Diemen's Land are few in number considering the extent of country which they yet hold free from European invasion. It is probable that their extreme wretchedness forbids their increase. They have been always hostilely inclined, and by no means avail themselves of the freedom of our streets and houses, like the natives of Port Jackson. This feeling is ascribed to a fatal quarrel at the first settling, in which several of them were killed, and the memory of which has been kept alive by occasional encounters in the interior between them and the solitary Europeans employed as stock-keepers. These are frequently assaulted by spears and stones, and are compelled to use fire-arms in their defence. The two parties live in mutual suspicion and dread; and time and conciliation towards such of the natives as afford opportunities of intercourse can alone obliterate the present impression of long cherished animosity. Some intercourse has lately been effected with those of the western coast, and they appear free from all oppression of the colonists. Hence it would seem that, on the other side of the island, the native hostility arises from some ancient grudge, particularly since, from the difficult if not wholly impracticable nature of the western range of mountains, it is very doubtful whether the tribes have any communication unless by the northern extremity of the island. The savages do not eat the cattle or sheep; but they often destroy them and burn the carcasses. They subsist chiefly on kangaroos, opossum, and 'such small deer,' down to the kangaroo-rat, migrating in times of scarcity to the coast for fish.

The great difference between the Indians of Van Diemen's Land and those of New Holland, though the countries are separated

rated by a strait not a hundred miles wide, and studded with islands by means of which canoes might safely pass, and though the rest of nature's productions are nearly the same in both lands, affords a subject of curious speculation. The islanders resemble the African negro in physiognomy much more than the natives of the continent; and the hair of the former is woolly, whereas that of the latter is coarse and straight. Both races are equally free from any tradition of origin, or acquaintance with each other, although their barbarism seems at the extreme pitch. Their languages are entirely different, and it is probable that they never had any connexion with each other.

A similar phenomenon occurs in the Great Andaman island, in the Bay of Bengal, whither the native Indian convicts are now transported. The barbarism of the few inhabitants of this island is said to be equal to that of the New Hollanders; and the following passages from Symes's Embassy to Ava might have been written of the natives of Van Diemen's Land.

'Their sole occupation is to rove along the margin of the sea in quest of a precarious meal of fish. In stature they seldom exceed five feet. Their limbs are disproportionately slender, their bellies protuberant, with high shoulders and large heads; and, strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of negroes with woolly hair, flat noses and thick lips. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure. Hunger may (but these instances are rare) induce them to put themselves in the power of strangers; but the moment that want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of trees are suspended: an opening is left on one side just large enough to admit of entrance: leaves compose their bed.

The reader is now prepared to enter into the little maiden pamphlet before us, if that epithet can, with any propriety, be applied to so monstrous a birth as the '*Life of Michael Howe.*' He was born at Pontefract in 1787, and was apprenticed to a merchant vessel at Hull; but he 'shewed his indentures a fair pair of heels,' (as Prince Henry says,) and entered on board a man of war, from which he got away as he could. He was tried at York in 1811 for a highway robbery, and sentenced to seven years transportation. He arrived in Van Diemen's Land in 1812, and was assigned by government as a servant to a settler; from this service he absconded into the woods, and joined a party of twenty-eight bush-rangers, as they are called. In this profession he lived

six years of plunder and cruelty, during which he appears to have twice surrendered himself to justice, under proclamations of pardon, but was both times unaccountably suffered to escape again to the woods. It is reproachful to the government of the colony to think that it was after the second of these flights from justice, or at least from confinement, that he committed the murder of the two men who had, as they thought, secured him. By this means he again escaped, to be shot at last by a private soldier of the 48th regiment and another man; for so desperate was this villain, that he was only to be taken dead, and by stratagem.

Howe was without a spark of even the honour of an outlaw; he betrayed his colleagues upon surrendering himself to government, and he fired upon the native girl, his companion, when she became an impediment to his flight. He was reduced at last to abandonment, even by his own gang; and 100 guineas, and (if a convict should take him) a free pardon and a passage to England, were set upon his head. He was now a wretched, conscience-haunted solitary, hiding in dingles, and only tracked by the sagacity of the native girl, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, and who was now employed by the police to revenge his cruelty to her. His arms, ammunition, dogs and knapsack were first taken from him; and in the last was found a little memorandum-book of kangaroo skin, written by himself in kangaroo blood. It contained a sort of journal of his dreams, which shewed strongly the wretched state of his mind, and some tincture of superstition. It appears that he frequently dreamt of being murdered by natives, of seeing his old companions, of being nearly taken by a soldier; and in one instance only, humanity asserts itself even in the breast of Michael Howe, for we find him recording that he dreamt of his sister. It also appears from this little book, that he had once an idea of settling in the woods; for it contains long lists of such seeds as he wished to have, vegetables, fruits, and even flowers!

We are happy to hear that these bush-rangers are at length exterminated. They were a heavy drawback upon the industry of a young colony; and settlers were fain to pay them black-mail as a composition for escape from worse plunder. It was more than conjectured in Van Diemen's Land that these freebooters could not have maintained themselves so long, had not they found abettors, concealers, and receivers of their spoils. They would *lift* a flock of sheep from one farmer and turn it into the pasture of another, marking the animals as his; and the destruction of this staple stock of the colony was immense, for the outlaws were often compelled to secrete themselves in recesses till a score of sheep (sometimes their only fare) was devoured or wasted by them.

We

We repeat our hope that this narrative (which by the way might have been drawn up with more plainness and simplicity) will be hereafter as merely a matter of curious history in Van Diemen's Land, as it is in this country; and we desire to see the next literary production of the Hobart Town press more pleasing in the manner, and less tragical in the matter. It is natural that the early literature of such a colony should consist of last dying speeches and confessions; but even such literature is better than none; and we understand that Hobart Town now publishes a weekly Gazette, and that the government, whose organ it is, is administered by a man of talent and reading.

ART. III.—*Voyage dans le Levant en 1817 et 1818.* Tome I. Large folio. Par le Comte de Forbin. Paris.

THE precise object of the Count de Forbin's '*Voyage dans le Levant*' is not quite apparent from its fruits.—It may have been undertaken with the view of enabling the 'Director General of Museums' to exhibit his talent as an artist in seventy or eighty indifferent specimens of lithography, of which half-a-dozen of the worst bear his name;—or to gratify his royal patron Louis XVIII., by presenting to him a volume equal at least in dimensions to the '*Grand Livre*' on Egypt, which the Savans of the Institute laid at the feet of Napoleon Buonaparte:—for the purpose of collecting information, it could hardly have been undertaken; for it literally contains none. It would be equally difficult to discover on what grounds an old and meritorious servant, who, like Denon, had distinguished himself by his knowledge of antiquities, by his taste and execution in the fine arts, and by his zeal for their promotion among his countrymen, was dismissed to make room for the present Apollo of the Museum, who has not the good fortune to be gifted with science, art, or taste, or even with the semblance of zeal or respect for any of them.

If we did not happen to know Count Forbin to be the most dapper and the best dressed gentleman in all Paris,—the very *dandy* of the Museum,—we should not have failed to suspect as much from a hint modestly conveyed to us in the opening of his work:—so greatly, it seems, is he *recherché* in Paris, that he was afraid to give the least intimation of 'the difficult and hazardous enterprize' he was about to undertake, lest he should find himself unable to resist the remonstrances of his friends, or to tear himself away from their embraces.

When the important day arrived on which our daring adventurer was 'to confide his destiny to chance,' he set off (secretly, of course) for Marseilles; and having collected into his train a skilful architect,

architect, a celebrated panoramist, an aspiring artist, and a clerical cousin, embarked with them on board the *Cleopatra* frigate, one of the squadron destined for the Levant. They left Toulon on the 21st of August, and fell in with the coast of Africa on the 25th. On the 2d September they reached Milo, where our traveller, for his coup d'essai, scrambled to the top of a mountain which he calls *Macrouticho*, (*Mauroteiché*, we presume,) and, from the door of a solitary monastery inhabited by one poor Greek priest, enjoyed, he says, a magnificent view of the *whole* Grecian archipelago,—‘*tout l’archipel de la Grèce*:’—and as extensive, we may add, as ‘magnificent,’ since it embraced a circuit of about 450 English miles!

He was now transferred to the *Hazard* brig, bound to Athens, where he arrived on the 5th September. We know not what portion of the fortnight which our author passed here, he dedicated to the examination of the remains of antiquity in the city of Minerva, as he terms it; nor to what specific description of them his attention was principally directed: but if he gives us little information on these points, we have at least no reason to complain of a want of vapid declamation and mawkish sentiment, or, as he is pleased to call it, ‘*rêverie*,’ of which the following may serve as a specimen.

‘It was my frequent custom to walk out at night, because the hour of darkness seemed to put me in communication with the past. It is then that the imagination without effort reaches the most splendid edifices; and the dubious light of the moon aids these magnificent resurrections. I peopled the porticoes and the public places with illustrious shades; I agitated the multitude by the uncertainty of a defeat or a triumph; the temples opened, and I fancied that I heard the warlike spirits of the citizens; the impassioned accents of the orators, and the tumult of a free people, jealous of their glory, devoting to the infernal deities all the enemies of their independence.’ (p. 14.)

He was not, however, so entirely engrossed by these sublime speculations, but that he found leisure (besides assisting at a number of weddings, dances, &c.) to fill his portfolio; and we have no doubt that, when the other elephantine volume (with which we are to be favoured) shall be launched, he will be ready to say, as one of his countrymen did to a gentleman about to set out on his travels into Egypt, ‘*Attendez, Monsieur*,’—laying his hand on the great book of the Savans of the Institute,—‘*il n’y a rien à faire, il n’y a rien à voir, soyez tranquille, ici vous trouverez tout*:’—there is nothing to see, nothing to do, make yourself easy, here you will find every thing!

Our readers already know that Lord Elgin (following the example of the French) removed several of the decaying metopes from the

the Temple of Minerva; leaving, as it appears, no more than twenty-eight behind him, one of which only was in a tolerable state of preservation. This was sufficiently vexatious.—But the Count has his revenge; and grows quite brilliant at his lordship's expense. 'A l'époque de l'expédition de Lord Elgin, on remplaça, par un pilier de maçonnerie, la Cariatide de l'angle de la Chapelle de Pandrose; cette statue qu'il emporta était la mieux conservée. On écrivit sur la plus voisine, *Opus Phidiæ*; et sur le pilier informe, *Opus Elgin*.' (p. 11.)

This would have been fair enough; but unluckily it is not true:—the inscription on the first pillar (which the Count could not read) is in Greek,—'Ελγιν ἐποίησε'; that on the other, (which the Count could not see,) is in Latin—

'Quod non fecerunt Goti
Hoc fecerunt Scoti.'

But though we may indulge a smile at this facetious sally on Lord Elgin, we cannot extend our complaisance quite so far as to humour the Director General of Museums in the effusion of his spleen against a most industrious and meritorious body of artists, to whose labours we are indebted for the best models in ancient art which time has spared to us.

'J'y trouvai aussi plusieurs artistes Anglais ou Allemands, dessinant, mesurant, depuis plusieurs années, avec l'exactitude minutieuse des commentateurs les plus scrupuleux, ces monumens, noble création du génie. Esclaves malheureux des règles, des moindres caprices des anciens, ils écrivent des volumes pour relever une erreur de trois lignes commise en 1680, sur la mesure d'une architrave; ils s'appesantissent, s'endorment, et demeurent huit ans à Athènes pour dessiner trois colonnes.' (p. 13.)

We can easily believe that this spruce Frenchman and his companions would have carried away in their portfolios, not only the 'three columns,' but all Athens, nay, all Greece, in one-third of the time that these 'unhappy slaves of rules' have been 'poring and dosing, and lingering over their labours:' but then, these labours will bear to be examined and compared with the originals; and when they come to be submitted to public inspection, it will not be found that the authors of them, whether English or German, have represented black for white, blue for yellow, red for green, round for square, a land tortoise for a river-horse, or the inverted heads of goats for cherubs on the wing to the abodes of bliss!* Nor will the members of the Institutes or Academies of their respective countries, who may have vouched for their accuracy, need to blush at having imposed on the world their idle conceits and misrepre-

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXVIII. page 240.

sentations, as 'faithful copies of ancient art, carefully traced and accurately coloured from the originals.'

The vanity and self-sufficiency of the Count are mortified beyond measure by the popularity of the English; and his imagination is perpetually haunted by the idea of their intruding themselves into every corner of the East. He is equally offended at the snail-paced diligence of one set of our countrymen, and at the rapidity with which another set are whirled round the world;—'des Anglais riches, dont l'affaire importante était de traverser la Grèce le plus promptement possible.' (p. 13.) We suspect however that it would be difficult to find any 'rich Englishman' travelling with greater celerity, or passing the most interesting objects with greater indifference, than the Count himself. It will hardly be credited that this virtuoso, who presides over the paintings, the statuary, and the vast collection of antiquities in the great city of Paris, who travelled with all the pomp and parade of artists and savans in his train, had not the curiosity to go a few miles out of his way to visit the plains of Marathon, the strait of Thermopylæ, or the ruins of Corinth!—that when he quitted 'the city of Minerva,' (to which his researches were confined,) for Constantinople, he blest the favourable south-west breeze which hurried him past the shores of the Troad!—and that he flew from Constantinople to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to St. Jean d'Acre, without attempting to land on a single island of that archipelago which his comprehensive vision had taken in at a glance, or without visiting one spot of classical renown, with the solitary exception of Ephesus!

It was a fine day (it is generally so in September) when the Count arrived at Constantinople, and his eyes were dazzled with the view; the passage-boats were skimming the surface of the water, the domes of the mosques and the gilded shafts of the minarets were illumined with the sun's rays; and no Englishman as yet had crossed his path to disturb his enjoyment of the grand prospect. His heart began to sink, however, when he heard that the plague was raging, and had found its way into the corps diplomatique; and the impossibility of passing the narrow and slippery streets of Constantinople 'without coming in contact with the end of a shawl, or the loose robe or caftan,' was not calculated to allay the agitation of his nerves.

Other troubles assailed him in this great city. Every where the Turks elbowed him, the Jews bowed the head to him, the Greeks grinned at him, the Armenians cheated him, (p. 46.) the dogs barked at him, the pigeons alighted on his shoulders, (this requires confirmation, as his countrymen say,) and while some light-beeled groups were dancing around him, others were dying in agonies; and thus he constantly found himself surrounded with mirth and mourning,

mourning, and peril of the plague. Still no Englishman 'scared his eye-balls,' though their traces were every where visible; and he took the favourable opportunity of speculating on the unaccountable duration of the Ottoman empire. At first, it struck him to be the title *alone* that supports the sultan on the most tottering throne of Europe;—no, not that alone; a moment's reflection told him it was the influence of Russia,—no, that would not do neither:—he reflects for another moment; and the truth bursts upon him in full radiance—'it was England that protected this tottering empire, the weakness of which is favourable to the commercial tyranny of that country!'—The 'commercial tyranny of England' is a cant phrase in the mouth of a Frenchman, which means—what he is always unwilling to express—superior skill, enterprize, punctuality, integrity, and honour.

Having for our own purpose explained what is meant by 'commercial tyranny,' we will, for the individual benefit of Count Forbin, tell him what we consider as an act of commercial meanness. Is the Count acquainted with a certain person, who, when he was sent officially to negociate an exchange of casts of the metopes and other works of art with the British Museum, took advantage of the circumstance, and endeavoured to make it a condition that two hundred copies of his huge volume should be admitted into England duty-free, which, at £2: 8s. 6d. a volume, (the duty on each,) would have put into his own pocket about five hundred pounds! This act, of which he may be assured no English gentleman would or could be guilty, comes under that description—the Count, perhaps, may give it another name; but its nature will remain unchanged.

At Ephesus, where we left our traveller, he saw several Greek inscriptions on the gate of the Stadium, which he did *not* copy, and two on an arcade in the theatre which he *would have* copied but could not, 'parce qu'elles avaient été laissées rempli de plâtre par des Anglais, amis des sciences et toujours soigneux des jouissances des autres.' The sneer against the hated English could scarcely by any possibility have been so ill applied as in this place; but it shows the utter ignorance of the 'man of art' in matters intimately connected with his profession. Had he really been able to copy Greek, no method could have assisted him so effectually as that of filling up the letters with plaster: this was first ingeniously practised by Colonel Squire while serving in Egypt under the command of Lord Hutchinson; and by it he was enabled to decypher an inscription which had hitherto baffled the efforts of every traveller, (including the whole of Buonaparte's corps of savans,) and to shew that the column vulgarly named after Pompey was in fact erected under the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian. We further

ther infer the Count's ignorance of Greek from his taking no notice of the 'several inscriptions on the gates of the Stadium' in that language; but contenting himself with placing before the eyes of his readers, one in large Roman capitals, (and it is the only one in his book,)—ACCENSO RENSI ET ASIÆ, which he tells us is *Latin*. We will take his word for it:—and as he modestly abstains from translating this precious morsel, lest, we suppose, he should appear to insult the understanding of his readers, we cannot do better than follow his example.

As the south-west wind had favoured the Count with a rapid passage through the Dardanelles, so a fresh breeze from the north-west now happily relieved him from the fatigue of landing on any of the islands usually visited by travellers,—Scio, Nacri, Lipso, Patmos, Lero, Colminé, Stanco, or even Rhodes itself,—and on the 6th November he was safely put on shore at St. Jean d'Acre.

Many years have not elapsed since a French army sat down before this city, and put in practice all the means that a ferocious soldiery, headed by a blood-thirsty commander, could devise, to destroy the unoffending inhabitants, and reduce their dwellings to heaps of ashes; and European travellers, as might be expected, have heard only curses loud and deep against the unprovoked aggression.—Not so, however, Count Forbin—his ear was soothed with the most enchanting panegyrics of his brave and humane countrymen—'Ils parlaient avec admiration des efforts de l'armée Française dans l'orient!' This is almost too much for the politicians of the Palais Royal to digest.—What! on the very spot distinguished (according to his own avowal) by the most sanguinary transactions of his countrymen—are the inhabitants so lost to every sense of feeling, that, ere the tear is dry upon the widow's cheek, they celebrate the achievements of the French? We should just as soon believe that 'the people of Jaffa, whose plains are still white with the bones of massacred prisoners,' are lavish in their praise and admiration of the prowess and bland humanity of Buonaparte.

It would be useless to follow the Count over various parts of Palestine, or to extract any of his 'reveries' in the Holy city; where, as in Athens, he enjoys a sort of second-sight, different however from that of our northern neighbours, and more safe, as it shews him the past instead of the future,—thus 'the most terrible scenes are presented to his view—the flames of the temple mount into the highest regions of the air, which they kindle into a blaze—the celestial hosts behold them with a holy terror, &c.' (p. 40.) If he enters into any particular remarks, they are generally trite, very often childish, and almost always calculated to give false impressions: they are the less likely to mislead, however, as he generally takes care to refute them himself.

‘ Dans

‘ Dans toute la Judée, quelques pluies seulement indiquent l’hiver ; l’automne n’apporte point de fruits, le printemps ne fait pas éclore une fleur, et cependant les ardeurs de l’été consomment Haceldama, et tarissent la source de Siloé ; on croiroit qu’il n’y a plus de saisons pour cette contrée malheureuse. ’—p. 32.

‘ In all Judæa a few showers *only* indicate winter,’ says Count Forbin. (p. 44.) ‘ The climate of Jerusalem is *frequently rigorous* during winter ; *snow* sometimes falls ; and the *cold* was somewhat *intense* when we prepared to leave it,’ says the Director General of Museums. (p. 45.) ‘ There are no longer any *seasons* for this unhappy country,’ says the Count ; ‘ it was *winter* at Jerusalem, and *spring* at Jaffa,’ says the Director. (p. 45.) ‘ There are no *fruits* in *autumn*, and no flowers in the *spring* in all Judæa.’ Yet he found great plenty of *fruit-trees*, and ate also of their fruits ! Had he condescended to open Hasselquist, or to look into the pages of any of the more recent travellers before he wrote, he might have learned that no country in the world possesses a greater profusion of wild flowers than the land of Judah ;—that it is peculiarly adapted for flocks and herds, and bees, and eminently entitled to be called, in the language of Scripture, ‘ a land flowing with milk and honey.’ But it is needless to dwell longer on the Director General’s perplexing description of ‘ this unhappy country,—which has no seasons—no flowers in the spring, and no fruits in the autumn’—when it appears, from his own account, that he never saw it either in spring, summer, or autumn, but only galloped through it at a prodigious rate in the month of November.

The Count left Jerusalem on the 2d December, and returned by Jaffa, where, he says, the Aga frequently spoke of the French armies ; but he prudently suppresses the nature of the conversation. He makes amends, however, for his silence on this subject by the following paragraph, which is in the very best style of sentimental gallimaufry. ‘ How often in this fine climate have I regretted the fogs and cloudy sky of France ! How often have my eyes been turned sorrowfully towards the west !—A young swallow was the companion of my chamber ; it settled every evening on a peg in the wall, and every morning at sun-rise I gave my little friend his liberty. It is not improbable that he came from France ; and he may have quitted a roof which sheltered the object of my tender solicitude.’ (p. 47.) How rural ! as Peter Pastoral says.

From Jaffa he proceeded by Ashdad, Gaza, and El Arish, across the desert, to Egypt. To shorten the tedious uniformity of the way, he listened to a melting tale of love and murder told by an Arab, which he has printed, as ‘ an interesting episode’ ; and embellished with a lithographic print, for the edification of the Parisian antiquaries.

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The unhappy Count seems doomed, wherever he turns his steps, to meet with nothing but grievances. To say nothing of the English; blind men and buffaloes, processions of marriages, executions and burials, fish-dealers and fellahs, perpetually impeded his way 'among the infectious canals and ruined houses of Damietta': nor was the passage over the plain of Massoura calculated to raise his spirits—for here, says he, the reflection crossed me that I was on the field where 'fortune proved treacherous to French valour.' He soon rallies his spirits, however, and magnanimously declares that, after all, when he recollected the trophies of Buonaparte, and traced the career of the French armies in Egypt, under the shade of the palms which embellished the heritage of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, 'he should have thought himself happy to have been one of the lowest ranks in the rear-guard.' It is not for us to dispute this point, nor to deny that our chivalrous traveller is better fitted for the situation of a corporal in Buonaparte's army than to preside over the arts and antiquities of the Royal Museum of Paris; but we cannot help thinking that he takes rather an ungracious manner of repaying the patronage of Louis XVIII. by such a declaration.

At Cairo, as might have been anticipated, our adventurer observed Turks, Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Jews, asses, mules, camels, pilgrims returning from Mecca, and hungry dogs howling after them, and all jostling and crowding together. 'To escape from the press, I entered,' he says, 'almost all the mosques of the city with bended knees; and protected by my Mussulman costume, mumbled over the formula of the faith, with my beard in close contact with the sacred stone.' (p. 72.) There are so many little oversights in the Count's narrative, so many petty sacrifices of accuracy to effect, that he will, we are quite sure, excuse us for doubting, whether, at his devotions, or on any other occasion, he adopted the 'Mussulman costume.' At Cairo, as in London, nobody cares much about the costume of a stranger: in travelling up the Nile, indeed, a Turkish dress is extremely convenient to prevent troublesome curiosity; yet at Thebes *we know* that the Count wore no such dress; while his flowing beard, instead of being long enough to touch 'la pierre sacrée,' had moulted; and

his chin new reaped,
Shewed like a stubble land at harvest home.'

But his beard was not the only thing that did not follow him to Thebes; he appears to have left his recollection also somewhere on the road. 'La chaleur (he says) était déjà insupportable à Thèbes dans les premiers jours de Mars.' Now we must remind him that he arrived at Luxor, a village on the site of ancient Thebes, on the 28th of January, and left it *the first week in February*; and consequently

quently could not have suffered from the insupportable heat there in the 'first days of March.' We do not know that the Count will thank us; but some of his fair countrywomen who have 'trembled at his desperate hardihood,' may perhaps feel relieved at being informed that at Thebes, (situated in about 26° of northern latitude,) where 'he found the very pebbles burning hot,' the heat is moderate, and the weather perfectly delightful both in February and March. Again—

'On éprouve souvent pendant le jour, dès qu'on s'éloigne du Nil, une fièvre presque inconnue en Europe, celle de la soif. Cette souffrance cruelle est au-dessus de toute expression; elle a son sommeil, son délire; on rêve douloureusement le souvenir des vallées les plus fraîches, des boissons glacées; et la mémoire devient le tourment le plus terrible de cette maladie Africaine.' (p. 94.)

This African malady, in which 'on rêve douloureusement,' is not, we suspect, confined to the banks of the Nile. Surely the Count cannot suppose that, after all the journeys which have been made through every corner of Egypt, it is not perfectly well known, that from Cairo to Assouan, about six hundred miles, the habitable part of the valley of the Nile extends not farther from the river on either side than its waters can be conveyed for the purposes of irrigation; that it is so conveyed in canals; that there is scarcely a mile without a village; and that for these reasons the last solicitude that any traveller need to feel, is about a supply of water.

It was not, however, the dread of a want of water which finally arrested the progress of the Count, and prevented him from treading the soil of Meroe, and of fifty other places, which he *would have* visited, and was the more desirous of visiting because unpolluted by the feet of any English traveller:—such an obstacle would have been nobly surmounted by that spirit of enterprize which had already carried him through so many other difficulties. No—it was a Gorgon, a chimæra more formidable than—but let him tell the dreadful tale in his own words:

'I had intended to visit Elephantine, Syene, Philæ, Ipsambul, and to penetrate as far as the island of Meroe, but there enters always more or less a spirit of adventure in these distant excursions; the desire of seeing places that are little known has a powerful tendency to support the fatigues and privations of a long voyage. If every body has been able to see that which we are in search of, disgust threatens us, and discouragement follows it very soon.'—'I no longer experienced a wish to ascend the Nile from the moment I observed an English family arrive at Thebes on their return from the Cataracts. Lord and Lady Belmour had visited a part of Nubia; they had travelled in the most splendid style; three or four large boats followed the one in which they sailed. Husbands, wives, children, chaplains, surgeons, nurses, cooks,—all babbling of Elphantine. From this moment the illusion vanished for me—
there

there was an end of the matter. I even set off from Thebes sooner than I had intended, finding it quite impossible to support the perpetual appearance among these venerable ruins of an English lady's-maid—une femme-de-chambre Anglaise en petit spencer couleur de rose!—

——— filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this?

‘Having no longer any desire to look at any thing, I departed that very night.’—p. 94.

A smart English waiting-maid in a rose-colour spencer! Well might the gallant spirit that was so desirous of serving in the very rumf of Buonaparte's army in Egypt be appalled.—We see him at this moment starting back in visible trepidation, and exclaiming to the unconscious damsel,

‘Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.’

If it were worth while to be serious upon so ridiculous a subject, we might ask the Count what, since the Anglophobia had such an effect on his delicate nerves, induced him to leave the purlieus of the Palais Royal? If he ever read at all, even the periodical journals of his own country, he must have known that every spot within his *intended* voyage had already been defiled, and rendered unworthy of his grand enterprize, by the presence of Englishmen, aye, and English women too. But here again we have what the lawyers call a lapse *de facto*: Count Forbin *neither did nor could* see Lord Belmore's family arrive at Thebes; for on the very day (the 13th of January) that his lordship reached Thebes, he was, by his own account, at Cairo. Two English servants, a lady's maid, two seamen belonging to his lordship's yacht, and an Arab procured at Esnè, composed the whole of Lord Belmore's suit; and two boats only made up his formidable fleet! That the Count should mistake *blue* for *rose-colour*, (after the example set him at home,) need not excite much surprize, especially when his situation is considered:—that he has done so, we can take upon us to affirm—*Et nos in Arcadia*.—We happen to know that this *rose-coloured spencer*, which had such important effects on the Count's destiny, and deprived France, and the world, of almost all that he ‘*would have seen*,’ is a *pale blue pelisse*, not much unlike the outer robe of a

* These ludicrous embarrassments of the poor Count have found a sympathising English critic, who bewails the practice of suffering nursery-maids and boarding-school misses to tread on classic ground, and to disturb the antiquary in his profound researches; and in a high strain of mawkish affectation repines that so many of his countrymen should record their names in ‘depositories of the effusions of travelling folly and egotism,’ or in ‘the police books of the continent.’

Turkish lady, and very well adapted to the purposes of oriental travelling.

But misfortunes never come alone.—To aggravate his distress in the fatal neighbourhood of Thebes, he discovered, on the leg of the colossal statue of Memnon, the name and London residence of an 'obscure English baronet,' close by the side of that of Cæsar; but *not* that of General Rapp,—'because' (as the Count opportunely assures us) 'a truly honest ambition is modest.'—Honesty and modesty associated with the name of Rapp!—But he is right—Rapp, as well as his master, employed his short leisure in Egypt in plundering and cutting the throats of the unoffending natives,—a matter far more to the taste of both than engraving their names on granite.

The 'unpardonable egotism of Mr. Salt,' whom the Count, with his usual accuracy, designates as a person employed 'to make discoveries for la Société des Antiquaires de Londres,' is the last of his tirades which we shall notice.* The specific crime laid to the charge of this gentleman is that of filling up the space round the lower part of the Sphinx, which, under his superintendence, had been opened by Caviglia; and not waiting for the arrival of our learned antiquary, that 'an active and vigorous investigation might have been entered upon, which could not fail to throw great light on the history of the arts in ancient days.' However well qualified the Director of Museums may be for assisting in such an investigation, he is completely ignorant of the nature of the undertaking. Had he thought proper to inquire, he would have learned that so difficult was it to keep out the sand, that the labours of the day were frequently frustrated by its falling in during the night, and that in a very few days it would have nearly acquired its former level. Before this took place, Mr. Salt caused accurate drawings to be made of the ground-plan, the temples, the paws, and the inscriptions upon them; (See our No. XXXVIII. p. 409. 416.) but having heard, on his return to Cairo, that the Arabs had, as usual, commenced the work of destruction, and that the women were breaking off fragments to wear as amulets or charms, he immediately dispatched, in concert with Caviglia, some workmen to

* We understand that Count Forbin is again pricked forth in quest of adventures in 'countries far away.' He has outstript our advice on the present occasion; but we hope to be in time to advise him, ere his next appearance, to take the opinion of some discreet friend, as he was prudent enough to do on a former occasion at Parma, where he intended to print his 'Travels in Sicily.' This friend, having attentively perused his manuscript, conjured him by no means to commit his character with the literary world, as something of history, science, or antiquity, would be expected from a man of his rank and station:—'But,' continued he, 'your work is light and amusing enough, and you need only add a few pretty prints, and change the title to that of "a Sicilian Romance," and it will do very well as a book for the ladies:'—and as a romance it was accordingly published; but we believe not much read even 'by the ladies.'

cover up, without delay, what the winds would have accomplished in the course of a week. Having thus preserved this ancient monument, after 'an active and vigorous investigation,' it remains for the French consul to uncover it again; if his countrymen are not satisfied with the account of it which we have already given.

The situation which Count Forbin fills ought to set him above those paltry feelings of jealousy which he every where discovers. He cannot possibly expect to gain any credit with the thinking part of mankind for his fretful calumnies against the English. We, however, are fully capable of defending ourselves; but we observe, in addition, an ungenerous and unmanly endeavour (for such we must think it) to depreciate the valuable labours of an unobtrusive foreigner, simply because he happens to be assisted by the British Consul. In this, indeed, the Count is not singular: others of his countrymen have manifested the same unworthy feeling, and one of their journalists, now before us, sobs out that 'it is quite *painful* to think that all the discoveries of Belzoni should go to the British Museum.'

But detraction, it would appear, is not all that Mr. Belzoni has had to sustain from this irrational jealousy. M. Drovetti, French consul, has, as Count Forbin informs us, two agents at Thebes; the one a Mameluke named Yousef, originally a drummer in the French army; the other a Marseillaise renegade of the name of Rizzo, 'small in stature, bold, enterprising, and choleric, beating the Arabs because they had neither time nor taste to understand the Provençal language.' These persons are more than suspected of being concerned in a plot against the life of Mr. Belzoni, who was recently fired at from behind a wall, while employed in his researches among the ruins of Carnac, where these two fellows were then known to be lurking. The affair has been brought before the Consular Court at Cairo, and we trust that M. Drovetti, for the sake of his own character, and that of his country, will not interfere with the judicial proceedings, nor attempt to shelter his agents from the punishment which awaits them.

But Mr. Belzoni had committed an unpardonable offence. A French mineralogist of the name of Caillaud had accompanied some Arab soldiers sent by the Pasha of Egypt in search of emeralds among the mountains between the Nile and the Red Sea. On their return, this person gave out (as we learn from an intelligent correspondent in the *Malta Gazette*) that, in this expedition, he had discovered the ancient city of the Ptolemies, the celebrated Berenice, the great emporium of Europe and the Indies, of which he gave a magnificent description. Mr. Belzoni, doubtful of the accuracy of the story, set out from Edfoo, with one of the former party, to visit the supposed Berenice, where, instead of the ruins of 800 houses

houses and three temples, as stated by M. Caillaud, he could find no more than 87 scattered houses, or rather cells, the greater number of which did not exceed *ten feet square*, built with unhewn stones, and without cement; and the only appearance of a temple was a niche in the rock, without inscription or sculpture of any kind: there was no land for cultivation, nor any water within twenty-four miles; no communication with the sea but by a rough road over the mountains of twenty-five miles, and the shore was so covered with projecting rocks for twenty or thirty miles on each side, that there was no security even for the smallest boats, much less for ships trading to India. These, therefore, he was quite certain, could not be the remains of Berenicè.

As, however, the site of this celebrated city had been fully described by the ancient writers, Mr. Belzoni determined to prosecute his researches; and at the end of twenty days, he discovered, close to the shore, the extensive ruins of an ancient city near the Cape *Lepte Extrema*, the Ras el Auf of the present day; the projection of which forms an ample bay, (now named Foul Bay,) having, at the bottom, an excellent harbour for vessels of small burden. These ruins, which are, beyond question, those of the celebrated emporium founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, were four days' journey from the rude cells of the quarrymen or miners, which M. Caillaud is stated to have so strangely mistaken for the magnificent vestiges of the ancient Berenicè. Several wells of bitter water were found among the ruins; and between them and the mountains was an extensive plain fit for cultivation. The remains of more than 3,000 houses were counted, about the centre of which were those of a temple with sculptured figures and hieroglyphics. The temple alone was built of calcareous stone; the materials of the houses consisting of coral rock and other beautiful petrifications; a mixture of Greek and Egyptian remains was observable both in the ruins of the temple and the houses.

Before we quit the subject of Mr. Belzoni, we shall just mention that, previously to his leaving Egypt, he made a tour to El Wah (the bushes), the northern Oasis. He found, as Hornemann had done, the tops of the hills of the desert encrusted with salt, and wells of sweet water rising out of a surface overspread with masses of salt; as Herodotus related two and twenty centuries ago. He found also the remains of what has been considered as the Temple of Jupiter Ammon; but the natives were as jealous and as unwilling to let him see this 'work of the infidels,' as Hornemann had found them to be. The fine rivulet of sweet water, whose source this traveller describes as being in a grove of date trees, and which Brown was told by the people 'was sometimes cold and sometimes warm,' was also visited by Mr. Belzoni; who says he proved the truth of
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what is stated by Herodotus, that this spring is warm in the mornings and evenings, much more so at midnight, and cold in the middle of the day. He procured some of the water, which he means to send to London to be analysed. Had Mr. Belzoni possessed a thermometer, he would have found that it was the temperature of the air which had changed, while that of the 'Fountain of the Sun' remained the same. The fact, however, of the great change of temperature in the twenty-four hours, which is always the case where beds of nitre are found, adds another to the many wonderful instances adduced of the minute attention and accurate observation of the most ancient and valuable writer of profane history.

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- ART. IV. 1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Highways of the Kingdom, together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before them.* pp. 58.
2. *A Practical Essay on the scientific Repair and Preservation of Public Roads*,—presented to the Board of Agriculture by John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. pp. 18.
3. *Remarks on the present System of Road Making, with Observations deduced from Practice and Experience, &c.* By John Loudon M'Adam, Esq. General Surveyor of the Roads in the Bristol District. pp. 47.
4. *An Essay on the Construction of Roads and Carriages.* By Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. M.R.I.A.
5. *A Practical Treatise on the making and upholding of Public Roads, with a few Remarks on forming Approaches to Gentlemen's Houses; and a Dissertation on the Utility of Broad Wheels and other Improvements.* By James Paterson, Road Surveyor, Montrose.

AMONG the various branches of rural economy which claim the attention of the public, the state of the roads is not one of the least important. All classes of his Majesty's subjects, from the driver of the barouche and four down to the humble cottager who, on the Saturday evening, trudges to the nearest market-town for her weekly supply of tea and sugar, are interested in performing their respective journeys with as much facility as possible.

The increased population and internal commerce of the country, of course occasion an increased wear of the roads, which, in a variety of instances, are still further deteriorated by circumstances of a local nature. Inclosures, paradoxical as at first sight it may appear, have, we believe, in some cases produced this effect. While the greater part of any given district was in a state of uncultivated nature, the inhabitants maintained one or two formed roads

roads in the most important lines of communication, and in other directions took what track they chose, as a Calmuck over his steppe, or a La Platan over his savanna; while the labour and money appropriated to such purposes were applied entirely to the more favoured routes. When, however, in lieu of these common tracks, the high powers of an Inclosure act substituted regularly constructed highways, the road-revenue of the district, as well as the attention of the surveyor, was divided between several lines of road, instead of being concentrated upon one or two. Of inclosures indeed we would speak respectfully, not only as an improvement in other points of view, but as usually facilitating the intercourse between place and place. Canals are an *improvement* (if we may be guilty of the solecism) of a more questionable nature. One of the advantages which we were taught to expect from them, was the preservation of the roads, by the substitution of water-carriage for all heavy commodities. That this has in some degree been the case, we by no means deny. In particular districts however the effect has been the reverse, as the carriage of corn to the several wharfs, and of coal, stone, and slate from them, has contributed much to destroy the roads in their neighbourhood. In the case of turnpike-roads indeed, the increase of toll may nearly compensate the increase of wear; but to individual parishes, the expense arising from this wharf-traffic has in some instances that have come to our knowledge been enormous.

After all, we would not be understood as contending that the roads of the kingdom are worse than they were ten or twenty years ago; on the whole, perhaps, they are better. It admits of no dispute, however, that they are, generally speaking, bad, and infinitely worse than they would be if the laws for their maintenance were carried into effectual execution; or if the reparations of them were conducted by men of skill and activity: we congratulate, therefore, all the advocates for 'safe and expeditious travelling,' on the increasing influence of the system of Mr. M'Adam. Mr. M'Adam indeed appears to us to be the very Dr. Bell of road-makers. In both gentlemen we see the same zeal for the promotion of a useful object, the same activity of mind and body, the same disregard of personal inconvenience and fatigue. We may add, as another feature of resemblance, that many of the practices of each of these gentlemen had been previously adopted in a variety of instances, but that it required zeal and perseverance like theirs to recommend the entire system to the attention of the public. Increased experience has, with both of them, had the effect of strengthening their conviction of the excellence of their respective systems in general; while it has rendered them more diffident upon some of the minor

details. Mr. M'Adam, in his memorial to the Board of Agriculture, says,

'Of that part of the system which relates to the construction of the roads and the appointment of general-surveyors of districts, the memorialist speaks with that confidence which is the result of experience ;—but he adds, that, 'having now felt the difficulties of a profession, requiring much statistical information and practical knowledge of country work, with the regular habits of business, the estimation of his own abilities as a road-maker has been much lowered.'—'Many things,' he says, 'which appeared proper in theory, were found unprofitable in practice; and others of obvious utility have been rendered difficult of execution from the obstacles of prejudice and ignorance.'

Dr. Bell has not, so far as we know, made a similar avowal in words, but he has in fact;—by the many changes, which, to the no small discomfiture of distant country schoolmasters, he has so rapidly introduced in his rules and instructions, which were once supposed to be as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians.

It is a fortunate coincidence that Mr. M'Adam's system has attracted so much notice, at a time when employment for the labouring classes is become an object of most anxious inquiry; as it is to be executed by the labour of men, rather than by that of horses; and its operations are to be carried on principally in the winter, when the deficiency of work for the agricultural poor is most pressing. We certainly are desirous of contributing our humble assistance to the promotion of such desirable objects. The treatises of Mr. M'Adam, (whom we must be permitted to consider as an adopted Englishman,) Mr. Edgeworth, and Mr. Paterson enable us to lay each part of the united kingdom under contribution for materials; while the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons gives us something like the collective wisdom of the empire.

We have before us two publications by Mr. M'Adam. The first, which was pretty widely circulated last summer by the Board of Agriculture, consists principally of Instructions for the repair of old roads; the second contains remarks on the mode of making roads; on commissioners and their officers, and on the care of the finances.

Mr. Paterson's is a neatly printed little volume, written in a style which the nature of the subject and the modest pretensions of the author preclude us from criticizing. Mr. Edgeworth's treatise has been long before the public. It is the work of a man of science, combined with much practical knowledge of his subject. The greater part of this volume consists of remarks on wheel carriages, accompanied with an account of some very ingenious and accurate experiments for ascertaining their relative facilities

lities of draught. The remarks on road-making, which were, we believe, first published eleven or twelve years ago, are sensible and judicious.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons (which confessedly originated in the improvements effected by Mr. M'Adam) is drawn up with much care, and attention to the interesting body of evidence on which it is grounded. From this evidence we shall make a few extracts; and then, from the mass of materials before us, endeavour to digest into one view some of the leading principles in the art of road-making.

The first witness examined is Charles Johnson, Esq., superintendent of mail-coaches under the Postmaster-General. He states that 'there is great want of skill in forming the road and keeping it in repair, particularly near London';—that 'the whole town of Egham had been covered with gravel unsifted, eight or nine inches deep from side to side; of which the consequence was, that the Exeter mail lost ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes every night.'—He adds, 'we were given afterwards to understand, that the commissioners had put this particular road under the care of Mr. M'Adam, and at this time I have no sort of occasion whatever to complain of it.'

He is followed by four of the principal coach proprietors in and near London. These gentlemen all concur in their opinion of the badness of the roads near the metropolis,—in complaining of their too great convexity, and of the unskilful manner in which the materials are applied. They all concur, too, in praising Mr. M'Adam. It may be interesting to that portion of our readers, who avail themselves occasionally of the facilities of locomotion furnished by these useful members of society, to give some of the facts detailed in their evidence.

Mr. Waterhouse, whose vehicular head-quarters are at the Swan with Two Necks, keeps 400 horses; those worked within 50 miles of London (which cost on the average £30 each) last about four years; those at a greater distance (costing £15 each) six years. He says that eight horses on the more distant roads would perform as many miles as ten nearer London; that three horses would draw the mail on Mr. Telford's roads in North Wales with as much ease as four on the road from London to Dunchurch;—the excellence of Mr. Telford's roads consisting principally in the smallness of their convexity. Mr. Horne of Charing Cross also keeps 400 horses: he buys 150 every year;—those worked near London last but three years; those at a greater distance double the time, in consequence of their work being lighter, their food better, and their lodging more airy. Mr. Eames (of the White Horse, Fetter Lane) keeps about 300 horses: he finds them last three years in post-coaches,

coaches, and as long again at a distance from London. He says that his drivers represent 'the crossing backwards and forwards through the gravel, heaped sometimes in the middle of the roads near London, as tearing the horses' hearts out.' He further states that the Surry Road is so much improved, that he can travel sixteen miles with more facility than he could formerly travel twelve. Mr. Botham, of Speen, (who keeps more than 100 horses,) and Mr. Fromont, both bear testimony to the improvement effected by Mr. M'Adam.

We now come to Mr. M'Adam himself. Of his *practical* directions we shall speak presently: of his qualifications for the task which he has undertaken, our readers may form some judgment from the following extracts from his evidence.

'On my first arriving from America in the year 1783, at the time the roads were making in Scotland, (their turnpike acts being in operation about twenty years at that time,) very many of their roads were made. I was then appointed a commissioner of the roads, and had occasion to see a great deal of road-work. This first led me to inquire into the general method of road-making, and the expense of it. Since that period I have been mostly in Bristol, where I was also appointed a commissioner of the roads; the very defective state of which could not fail to attract my attention. I was induced to offer myself to the commissioners to take charge of the roads as a surveyer; because I found it impossible for any individual commissioner to get the roads put into a situation of being mended with any prospect of success; and no individual could incur the expense of making experiments on a great scale. The roads of Bristol were accordingly put under my direction in the month of January, 1816.

'I have travelled various times during the last twenty years, to ascertain which are the best roads, and which the best means of road-making, over the whole kingdom, from Inverness in Scotland to Land's End in Cornwall. I have obtained all the information that an unauthorised person could expect to receive.'—'More pains and much more expense have been bestowed on the roads of late years, but without, in my opinion, producing any adequate effect, from want of skill in the executive department. I consider the roads in South Wales, in Monmouthshire, in Cornwall, in Devonshire, in Herefordshire, in part of Hampshire, in part of Oxfordshire, and some part of Gloucestershire, as managed with the least skill, and consequently, at the heaviest expense.'—'You asked me with respect to the spirit of improvement; I would wish to explain in what way I think that is proceeding. I have been sent for, and consulted by thirty-four different sets of commissioners, and as many different trusts, and thirteen counties to the extent of 637 miles, all of whom have been making improvements, and I have had many subsurveyors instructed and sent to distant parts of the country.

'The repairs of 148 miles round Bristol, and many expensive permanent

ment improvements and alterations have been made in the last three years, during which a floating debt of upwards 1400*l.* has been paid off, a considerable reduction of the principal debt has been made, and a balance of 2790*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* is remaining in the hands of the treasurer. The Bristol district has been under one trust for twenty years, and in that period the debt has increased to 43,000*l.*—pp. 18, 19.

In a subsequent part of his evidence, he states that, by improved management, the Epsom trust has been enabled to lower the toll on agricultural carriages; and that the road between Reading and Twyford has been made smooth and solid at an expense, including the Surveyor's salary, not exceeding fifteen pounds per week; while their former expenditure, exclusive of the Surveyor's salary, was twenty-two pounds per week. Mr. M'Adam estimates the yearly toll revenue at a million and a quarter from the circumstance of there being 25,000 miles of turnpike roads in England and Wales; and reminds us that the Committee of 1811 estimated the saving which would be made to the country by putting the roads in a proper state of repair, at five millions annually.

Mr. James M'Adam, who has been instructed by his father, mentions some flagrant instances of abuse in the appointment of surveyors. In one instance he found as surveyor, with 60*l.* per annum, a person who had been an underwriter at Lloyd's Coffee House; in another a bed-ridden old man, who employed to execute his office a carpenter to whom the commissioners allowed 20*l.* per annum; in another there were three surveyors, one a cripple, another a carpenter, and the third a coal merchant. To shew in how great a degree his father's system is carried into effect by manual labour, he states that at Reading during eight months, 500*l.* were laid out, 400*l.* of which were for human labour: at Cheshunt, 800*l.* in five months, only forty of which went for cartage: at Wadesmill, 600*l.*; at Royston, 500*l.*; and at Huntingdon 20*l.* per week were all spent in labour.

We next have several gentlemen who, from their experience as commissioners, bear testimony to the merits of Mr. M'Adam. Mr. Cripps, after speaking of the improvements effected near Epsom and the consequent diminution of tolls, says

'I had an opportunity of observing in Sweden, that the roads were more beautiful than any I ever beheld; they are formed in the same manner as by Mr. M'Adam, the materials broken extremely small. The material is the best in the world, as it is rock of granite; and so well do they understand the necessity of breaking them small, that you never behold throughout Sweden a fragment of granite larger than the size of a walnut, for the purposes of the roads.—What is the shape of these roads? To the eye they appear perfectly flat; but upon

trial by the spirit level, there is a slight degree of convexity.'—*Evidence*, p. 39.

The remaining evidence is that of some of the most experienced road-engineers and surveyors. From this we shall extract what we think most important to the remarks which we shall offer to our readers upon the laying out, the formation, and the maintaining of roads.

In the original laying out of roads, we are glad to find in favour of some degree of curvature, such good authority as that of Mr. Edgeworth.

'To follow the mathematical axiom, that a straight line is the shortest that can be drawn between two points; will not succeed in making the most commodious roads; hills must be avoided, towns must be resorted to, and the sudden bends of rivers must be shunned.'—
'It may perhaps appear surprising, that there is but little difference in length between a road that has a gentle bend, and one that is in a perfectly straight line. A road two miles long and perfectly straight can scarcely be found any where; but if such a road could be found, and if it were curved so as to prevent the eye from seeing farther than a quarter of a mile of it, in any one place, the whole road would not be lengthened more than one hundred and fifty yards. It is not proposed to make serpentine roads merely for the entertainment of travellers; but it is intended to point out that a strict adherence to a straight line is of much less consequence than is usually supposed.'—*Edgeworth*, p. 12.

We wish this observation could be impressed on those merciless annihilators of rural scenery, the Commissioners of Inclosures. We were perhaps a little disposed to smile at the following passages of Mr. Paterson, though we admit the justness both of his illustration and of his reasons.

'The difference between going over a hill, and round the bottom of it, is not, in point of distance, quite so much as is generally understood. Place, for instance, an egg upon a table: then, from the one end to the other, trace a line upon the shell exactly on the *horizontal* plane: between the same extreme points of the egg, trace a line over the top of it directly in the vertical plane; and the length of those two lines will be found to be exactly equal. The same observation will apply, in a greater or lesser degree, to the forming of roads over hilly ground.'—
'There is another remark in favour of the curved line in general, which it may be proper to attend to. Every traveller knows by experience, that in going but a mile or two of a road that is formed on a straight line, the sight of such a distance before him oppresses his mind with fatigue, and he thinks it long till he arrives at the end of his prospect. Or rather, the eye of the traveller taking in such a large prospect at once, the distance appears less than it really is, as is the case in looking over an expanse of water, or an extensive plain. So that in proportion as hope is encouraged by the deceiving prospect, in like proportion will

will he experience disappointment and fatigue as he becomes gradually undeceived by the real length of the road in travelling along it. But in going the same distance of a road that is diversified by several windings, his mind is diverted from the fatigue by the change of scenery that opens to his view, at every turn or winding of the road; so that while he moves along, if he is not amused, he feels it, at any rate, less tiresome than in the former case.'

Inspired, we presume, by the beautiful passage of his countryman on the '*tide of human time*,' Mr. Paterson goes on to moralize on the journey of life: we have neither time nor taste to follow him in his ambitious but desultory course, and must therefore be contented to jog on in more sober guise.

How much may be effected by science and skill in diminishing the obstruction occasioned by hills, is exemplified in the evidence of Mr. Telford, engineer of the Holyhead road, under the parliamentary commissioners.

'On the Welsh part of that road,' he says, 'the inclinations were formerly (in many instances) as much as one in six, seven, eight, nine and ten; the width at the same time frequently not exceeding twelve feet, without protection on the lower side.' Now 'the longitudinal inclinations are in general less than one in thirty; in one instance for a considerable distance there was no avoiding one in twenty-two, and in another for about two hundred yards, one in seventeen; but in these two cases, the surface of the roadway being made peculiarly smooth and hard, no inconvenience is experienced by wheel carriages.'

In the *formation of roads*, one of the most prevailing faults is that of giving them too great a convexity: a fall of three inches, Mr. M'Adam says, from the centre to the side, is sufficient for a road thirty feet wide. The inefficacy of the convexity for the purpose of draining the roads is pointed out by Mr. Edgeworth.

'In all these schemes for carrying off water from the roads by the inclination of the ground it seems to have escaped the attention of those who proposed them, that no lateral inclination of the ground, consistent with the safety of carriages, would empty a rut of three inches deep. So far from this being the case, whoever attends to the fact will find, that even down a moderate slope, where any dirt remains upon the roads, the water will be obstructed.'—'In fact,' he continues, 'roads become dry by evaporation; and where they are exposed to sun and wind, the effects of heat and ventilation are more powerful than any surface drainage that could be accomplished.'—p. 14.

All the materials, of which the surface of the road is formed, should be broken *small*. The reason for this is thus given by Mr. M'Adam.

'It seems an obvious proposition, that the materials of which a road is to be composed, should be reduced to such a size as shall enable carriages to pass over without striking against them, so that they may be

consolidated by a perpendicular pressure. The size of the stones must be proportioned to that part of the wheel, which will form the point of contact upon a smooth level surface; and this will be found to be about an inch square. When the stones of a road exceed the size of this bearing, the wheels of carriages will keep them in constant motion, and prevent their consolidating, because when a wheel rests only on one part of a stone, the other part rises; or if the stone be so large that the wheel does not pass over, but strikes against it, besides the impediment presented to the carriage, a great damage is done to the road. From this it appears that every stone above a specified size is a positive disadvantage in road-making. Upon a road made of well-ordered materials, wheel carriages will pass over without any jolt or shake; and consequently without that action and re-action between the wheels and the stones, *which is the real cause of the present bad state of the roads of Great Britain.* A rough road can only be a road made of large stones; and as neither use nor change of weather can produce them, the defect must be entirely the work of the road-maker.—*Mem.* p. 5.

Mr. Edgeworth agrees with him. (p. 20.) ‘No stones larger than an inch and a half diameter should be suffered to remain on the road; when much inaccuracy in this respect is suspected, an iron ring may be employed as a gauge.’ Mr. Paterson recommends a ring of a diameter of two inches, or two inches and a half. Mr. M’Adam has the stones broken to the weight of six ounces.

‘Do you find a measure or ring through which the stones will pass a good method of regulating their size?—That is a very good way; but I always make my surveyors carry a pair of scales, and a six ounce weight in their pockets, and when they come to a heap of stones, they weigh one or two of the largest, and if they are reasonably about that weight they will do; it is impossible to make them come exactly to it.’—*Report*, p. 24.

‘In breaking stones for roads,’ Mr. Edgeworth says, ‘the best method is to have them broken by a person *sitting*, and using small hammers.—A hard stone may serve for an anvil, and the stone to be broken may be advantageously held in a forked stick.’ (p. 20.) Mr. M’Adam recommends the employment of women and children in this operation, and adds that his recommendation applies to all materials *universally*. Round gravel and round pebbles never make a tolerable road: but broken stone will combine by its own angles into a smooth solid surface, that cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of weather.’

But though all our authorities agree in the necessity of forming the surface of the road of stone broken small, there is some discordance among them as to the foundation, especially in a swampy soil. ‘When the substratum of a road is *unsound*,’ says Mr. Edgeworth, (p. 18.) ‘it should be covered with faggots of brushwood, with the branches of fir trees, or with furze and heath.

heath. Flat stones, if they can be had, should then be laid over the faggots, and upon them stones of six or seven pounds weight, and lastly, a coat of eight or ten inches of pounded stone.' Mr. Paterson says, 'if the bottom be soft and wet, the *bottom metals* should be much larger than the top;' though he mentions cases in which the large stones will work their way to the surface. Several of the intelligent surveyors examined by the Committee agree in these opinions, and Mr. Telford recommends covering a foundation of clay with vegetable soil. Mr. M'Adam however appears to set this question at rest. In answer to the questions,

'What depth of solid materials would you think it right to put upon a road in order to repair it properly?'—He replies, 'I should think that ten inches of well consolidated materials is equal to carry any thing.'

'That is, provided the substratum is sound?—No;—I should not care whether the substratum was soft or hard; I should rather prefer a soft one to a hard one.'

'You don't mean you would prefer a bog?—If it was not such a bog as would not allow a man to walk over it, I should prefer it.'

'What advantage is derived from the substrata not being perfectly solid?—I think when a road is placed upon a hard substance, such as a rock, the road wears much sooner than when placed on a soft substance.—The road in Somersetshire between Bridgewater and Cross is mostly over a morass, which is so extremely soft that, when you ride in a carriage along the road, you see the water tremble in the ditches on each side; and after there has been a slight frost, the vibration of the water from the carriage on the road will be so great as to break the young ice. That road is partly in the Bristol district. I think there is about seven miles of it, and at the end of those seven miles, we come directly to the limestone rock. I think we have about five or six miles of this rocky road immediately succeeding the morass; and being curious to know what the wear was, I had a very exact account kept, not very lately, but I think the difference is as five to seven in the expenditure of the materials on the soft and hard;—though the hard road lies higher.

'But in forming a road over a morass, would you bottom the road with small or large stones?—I never use large stones on the bottom of a road; I would not put a large stone in any part of it.'

'In forming a road across a morass, would you not put some sort of intermediate material between the bog and the stone?—No, never.'

'Would you not put faggots?—No, no faggots.'

'How small would you have the stones?—Not to exceed six ounces in weight.'

'Have you not found, that a foundation of bog sinks?—No, not a bit of the road sinks: and we have the same thickness of materials on the one as on the other.'

'If a road be made smooth and solid, it will be one mass, and the effect of the substrata, whether clay or sand, can never be felt in effect by

by carriages going over the road; because a road well made unites itself into a body like a piece of timber or a board.'—*Report*, p. 23.

Having observed symptoms of incredulity in some members of the Committee, Mr. M'Adam, on a subsequent examination, corroborated the above statement by the testimonies of Edward Whitting, surveyor of the road alluded to, and by that of R. Phippen, Esq., the treasurer; the former of whom asserts that the general strength of the road is from seven inches to nine, and that he has always considered five tons of stones on the morass, equal to seven over the hills.

Where the road is carried through a wet or springy soil, Mr. Paterson's method of draining is simple, and not very expensive. 'Run,' says he, (page 24.) 'a drain along the middle of the road all the way, from two to three feet deep, as narrow as it can possibly be dug, filling it with stones up to the surface of the road, making those at the bottom of a pretty good size, probably from six to eight inches in diameter. From this leading drain make a branch here and there, to carry off the water to the canals on the sides of the road.'

Attention to these canals or ditches is obviously of considerable importance. In order to obviate the danger occasioned by them Mr. Walker recommends their being formed on the field side of the hedge. 'In a length of road over a marsh where the ditches were obliged to be wide and deep, I ordered,' says he, 'some cuttings of willow to be stuck into the road side of the ditch, which are now so thick and strong, as to be a complete security from all danger.'—We are acquainted with many formidable causeways, where we should rejoice to see this practice adopted.

When a road is well formed, and covered to the depth of eight or ten inches with well-broken materials, the next object is to maintain it in good repair. And here the whole art and mystery consists in constant scraping when the weather is wet and dirty; in continually filling the ruts, (that all the *metals*, as Mr. Paterson expresses it, *may be subjected to equal fatigue*,) and in giving free access to sun and air, by cutting the hedges and stripping the trees by the road side to a certain height; though not to such a degree as is too often practised to the destruction of the timber, and the utter annihilation of all picturesque beauty. When fresh materials are necessary, they should be laid on while the road is in a moist state, and immediately after it has been scraped.

After travelling in a sultry day through clouds of dust, we have often congratulated ourselves upon entering the region of *watered roads*. This, however, Mr. B. Farey, surveyor of Whitechapel Road, tells us is very injurious, if practised *before* May and *after* August, as the water separates the stones and makes the road
spongy

spongy and loose. *Winter-watering*, in heavy foggy weather, and after a frost, he recommends to prevent clogging. 'The traffic in twenty-four hours after watering forms such a sludge as can be easily raked off by wooden scrapers, which is performed as quickly as possible.'—The advantages of this occasional Winter-watering have been very great. (*Evidence*, p. 40.)

In the immediate neighbourhood of London, where the traffic of all descriptions is so considerable, the materials most easily procured, consisting of a clayey gravel, are particularly bad. For these roads, Mr. M'Adam recommends that facilities should be given to the importation of granite chippings from Cornwall, Guernsey and Scotland; and of beach pebbles from the coasts of Essex, Kent, and Sussex. After all, we are disposed to agree with Mr. Edgeworth, that for roads near the capital or great manufacturing towns, 'paving is the only certain method yet known that gives sufficient hardness, smoothness, and permanency.' A *partial paving*, of eleven or twelve feet wide from the foot path, is strongly recommended by all the surveyors examined by the Committee. Mr. Walker (surveyor of Commercial Road, &c.) says, (p. 46.) 'It is not, I am sure, overstating the advantage of the paving, but rather otherwise, to say that, taking the year through, two horses will do more work, with the same labour to themselves, upon a paved road, than three upon a good gravelled road, if the traffic upon the gravelled road is at all considerable.' This statement is abundantly confirmed by the accurate experiments of Mr. Edgeworth. In the Commercial Road the *centre* is paved and the *sides* gravelled. Mr. Walker, however, says,

'that considerable improvement would be found from paving the sides of a road, to the width of 11 or 12 feet, upon which the heavy traffic is great, in both directions, and leaving the middle for light carriages: the carmen, walking upon the footpaths or sides of the road, would then be close to their horses, without interrupting, or being in danger from light carriages, which is the case when they are driven upon the middle of the road; and the improved part being in the middle or higher part of the road, would be more easily kept in good repair.'

'The requisites for forming a good paving are, to have the stones properly squared and shaped, not as wedges, but nearly as octangular prisms; to sort them into classes according to their sizes, so as to prevent unequal sinking, which is always the effect of stones or rows of stones of unequal sizes being mixed together; to have a foundation properly consolidated before the road is begun to be paved; and to have the stones laid with a close joint; the courses being kept at right angles from the direction of the sides and in perfectly straight lines, the joints carefully broken, that is, so that the joint between two stones in any one course shall not be in a line with, or opposite to a joint in any of the two courses adjoining. After the stones are laid, they are to be well rammed,

rammed, and such of the stones as appear to ram loose, should be taken out and replaced by others; after this the joints are to be filled up with fine gravel, and if it can be done conveniently, the stability of the work will be increased by well watering at night the part that has been done during the day, and ramming it over again next morning. The surface of the pavement is then to be covered with an inch or so of fine gravel, that the joints may be always kept full, and that the wheels may not come in contact with the stones while they are at all loose in their places. I have found great advantage from filling up the joints with lime-water, or from mixing a little of the parings or chippings of iron, or small scraps of iron hoop, with the gravel used in filling up the joints of the paving. The water would very soon create an oxide of iron, and form the gravel into a species of rock.'—*Evidence*, p. 46.

To those who are frightened at the expense of paving, we would recommend the following passage.

'If the traffic upon the gravelled road (continues Mr. Walker) is at all considerable, the saving of the expense of carriage will be found to be very great, when compared with the cost of paving. If the annual tonnage upon the Commercial Road is taken at 250,000 tons, and at the rate of only 3s. per ton from the Docks, it could not be done under 4s. 6d.; say, however, 4s., or 1s. per ton difference, making a saving of £12,500, or nearly the whole expense of the paving in one year. I think I am under the mark in all these figures.'

We have insensibly allowed the *operative* part of our subject to occupy so many of our pages, that we have left but little space for the legislative enactments which may be deemed expedient. The Committee professes to have confined its attention to *turnpike* roads. Its principal suggestions are

- 1st. The appointment of county or district surveyors.
- 2d. The union of the several trusts within 10 miles of London.
- 3d. The combining into one general code or digest all the enactments relating to highways.

With respect to the first of these, the Committee recommends 'empowering the magistrates of every county, assembled at quarter-sessions, to appoint one or more surveyors-general, who shall have the superintendence and management of the turnpike roads within the county, under the authority and direction of the commissioners of the different trusts, to be paid 'by an uniform rate per mile upon all the roads within the county; to be fixed by the magistrates at quarter-sessions, and paid from the funds of their respective trusts.

In the next place, the Committee

'Express to the house their strong recommendation, that a special act of parliament be passed for uniting all the trusts within a distance of about ten miles round London under one set of commissioners. It is to these roads that the heaviest complaints made by the coachmasters

masters and the surveyor of mail-coaches principally apply; and whether an improvement is to be effected by the importation of flint, and other common materials, or by laying granite pavement in the centre or sides of the roads, it is evident that the measure, to be performed in an economical and efficient manner, must be done upon an extended scale; it must become one interest, directed by one select body of men, of weight, ability, and character.—*Report*, p. 9.

Upon the plan of endeavouring to embody in one act of parliament all that is valuable in the old laws with the addition of such new regulations as are acknowledged to be desirable, (as suggested by the Committee of 1811,) the Committee do not hesitate to avow their opinion, 'that, unless this task, however arduous, be accomplished, the law relating to roads must remain in an incomplete, uncertain, and inconvenient state; they cannot doubt (they say) that the House will agree with them that the promotion of such a measure is deserving of legal assistance on the part of his Majesty's government, to those who are desirous to apply their time and attention to the undertaking.' These suggestions have our unqualified approbation; and we shall rejoice to see them carried into effect.

'A general commutation for statute labour,' recommended by the Committee as well as by Messrs. M'Adam, Edgeworth, and Walker would, we think, be a desirable measure in itself. Mr. M'Adam says that if it were commuted for even half the real value, it would still be a great advantage to the public. We doubt, however, whether it would not be regarded by the majority of the farmers, who have so many claims upon their purses already, in the light of a new tax.

The Committee, as we have seen, have hitherto confined their attention to turnpike roads; we sincerely hope that they will extend it to public highways of every description. We have, it is true, often cause to complain of the unskilfulness and negligence of surveyors on *turnpike* roads, but it is in the nature of things that these faults should be found in a still greater degree in the surveyors of parishes. Indeed we have little hesitation in affirming that it is to such neglect that one-third at least of the turnpike acts owe their existence. Mr. Walker, whose evidence throughout evinces a perfect knowledge of every thing connected with his profession, observes very properly,

'The case of parish roads is still worse, where the inhabitants are, without much regard to their habits of life, obliged in their turns to serve the annual office of surveyor of the highways. If such persons mean to signalize themselves during their being in office, the first step is often to undo what their predecessor has done, or has not perfected; and the love of self and of friends determines them to make sure while they have it in their power, that some favoured roads or lanes are put

into

into proper order. If the surveyor is, on the contrary, an unwilling officer, or if the attention to his own affairs prevents him giving his time to the duties of the office, he avoids the fine by accepting the charge, pays the bills and wages without much knowledge of their nature and accuracy, and one of the labourers becomes in fact the road-surveyor; but in every case of annual nomination there is this evil, that, as soon as the surveyor has, by a year's apprenticeship, begun to know something of the nature of the business, his place is filled by another, who comes in for the same time to take lessons at the expense of the parish.—*Evidence*, p. 51.

The surveyor is not unfrequently a man who makes his sense of public duty subordinate to private advantage, or to feelings of good neighbourhood. Consequently when the weather is too wet to allow of the ordinary operations of husbandry, the farmer's teams are sent to ruin the roads under pretence of repairing them; much of the time is wasted, and not unfrequently some portion of the stones dug and carted at the expense of the parish is shot down in the gateways—perhaps in the farm-yard—of the reluctant performer of statute-duty. The surveyor now and then complains: but, if the culprit is his friend, his courtesy prevents him from remedying the abuse; and if a village rival, he will not do it lest he should appear to be actuated by vindictive motives. For the redress of grievances arising from the remissness of parish surveyors, the public look to the rural guardians of the laws. These gentlemen perhaps expostulate and threaten; but their expostulations and threats are received with civility and promises of amendment, and then treated with neglect. Perhaps the justice is fond of the sports of the field, and fears that any strictness of *regime* on the subject of roads might tend to the destruction of foxes, or to the diminution of his stock of hares and pheasants; animals against which the farmer has no light cause of quarrel on other scores. Or he is a quiet and peaceable man, who cannot bring himself to incur, however undeservedly, the imputation of being an *agitator*; a disturber of the stagnant tranquillity of the neighbourhood. For these and similar reasons, we anxiously wish to see all the parish highways placed under the superintendence of a district surveyor of skill and integrity, free from the influence of local interests and local feelings.*

In the event of any new highway legislation, we would humbly suggest that some protection ought to be given to *footways* in parish

* It might be desirable to empower any petty sessions, acting for a division consisting of two or three hundreds, in case of the roads being much neglected, to appoint a surveyor for such district; remunerating him by proportional payments from the several parishes included in it, and giving him either the sole management of the roads, or merely a controlling power over the parish surveyors. An act to this effect was, we believe, all but passed in 1816. We trust that the promoters of the measure will not be discouraged.

roads. Many such have been recently formed either by the public spirit of individuals, or by parishes at a loss for employment for their poor; but they are out of the protection of the law, and at the mercy of every mischievous wight who thinks proper, in the insolence of his heart, to drive or ride upon them. Those by the side of turnpike roads are protected by pecuniary penalties; and we know not why a similar protection is not also extended to the parish footways.

ART. V.—1. *Proceedings in Parga, and the Ionian Islands, with a Series of Correspondence and other justificatory Documents.—By Lieut. Colonel C. P. de Bosset. 1819.*

2. *Exposé des Faits qui ont précédé et suivi la Cession de Parga; Ouvrage écrit originairement en Grec par un Purganote, et traduit en Français par un de ses Compatriotes; publié par Amaury Duval, Membre de l'Institut Royal de France.—Paris. 1820.*

OF all the people on earth the English feel most sensibly any act of outrage or injustice committed, or supposed to be committed, by the government or its agents; and no other nation has so many facilities of giving scope to those feelings, and of making its indignation heard in every corner of the globe. The speeches in Parliament, the reports of them (not always correct) in the daily newspapers, and the comments of their editors, heightening or palliating the subjects, as may suit their own party-views, or the state of the public mind, rarely permit any act of the government to pass unnoticed. This is as it should be in a free state, and what a generous and highminded people have a right to expect; but it is *not* as it should be, to abuse the public feeling by garbled and incorrect statements, by misrepresenting facts, ascribing false motives, and, above all, by letting out part only of the truth, and suppressing the rest.

Few questions of minor importance have been more generally misrepresented and more completely misunderstood than that which relates to the measures adopted by the British government, in regard to the restoration of Parga to the Sublime Porte. That there should prevail on the part of our countrymen a strong feeling of regret at the necessity of a measure, which made the inhabitants of a little state abandon for ever their native place, is no more than might be looked for from them, in favour of the weak and unfortunate, without any knowledge of the particular merits of the case: but this amiable bias, however laudable in itself, has in the present instance been most grossly abused by a strange perversion of circumstances, from sheer malevolence on the one hand, (at least we

we can devise no other motives,) and political hostility on the other. The effect has been precisely that which was intended; and that conduct, which really was, and ought to have been viewed as a striking instance of the extent of British liberality, humanity and consideration for the unfortunate, has, with a singular degree of mischievous industry, both at home and abroad, been tortured into a breach of national faith, a dereliction of the true and established maxims of policy, and a wanton or thoughtless sacrifice of an innocent and meritorious people, to whom we were bound by every tie of justice and humanity.

A plain statement of the proceedings respecting Parga, collected from those officers on the spot, on whose honour and character we can fully rely, and from such official documents as have been made public, will, we are confident, convince every unprejudiced mind, that a feeling of kindness for the inhabitants of Parga influenced every measure of the British government; and that the same principle invariably guided the conduct of Sir Thomas Maitland, on whom devolved the difficult and delicate task of carrying these measures into execution.

When Sir Charles Monck opened that furious battery in the House of Commons, which had been charged and pointed for him by a foreigner resident in London,* or, as it is more delicately expressed below, by 'a person who was not a British subject,' the name of Parga vibrated for the first time perhaps on the ears of the greater part of the members of that august assembly.—In vain did they consult their Guthries and their Pinkertons—these geographers were profoundly silent on the subject of this barren rock, which had swollen at once into such importance.—But we must hasten to our subject. To bring the facts of the case under a clear and ample view, we shall first state the nature and origin of our connexion with Parga.

The present town of Parga had no existence before the irruption of the Mahommedans into Greece, which happened about the end of the fourteenth century, though it is pretended that its name was taken from some former town called *Hypargos*, on account of its dependance on Argos. According to Miletius, Paleo-Parga, or *old Parga*, contained a greater number of inhabitants than any other in the Thesprotian division of Epirus; but of this—*etiam*

* 'The Pargiots, who were now reduced to the greatest distress, sent over a statement of their case, with the necessary documents, to be laid before the British Parliament; but having addressed them to a person who was not a British subject, he did not think himself entitled to make any formal application in their name, though we have reason to believe, that the notice which has been taken of their case in Parliament originated in this communication.'—*Edinburgh Review*.

periere ruina. The history of the present Parganotes, however, can be traced only to the period of the invasion of Greece by Mahomet II., when the inhabitants of this part of the coast and the neighbouring villages fortified themselves, in the strongest position which their country afforded, against the Turks; and after the immediate danger had passed away, built the town on the rock where the fort now stands, and surrounded it with a wall. This rock juts into the Ionian sea, opposite the southern end of Corfu, or the northern extremity of Paxo, and is about 240 feet in height; on its summit stands a building which is usually called the citadel. The town consists of one street, and a few narrow lanes; the houses are extremely poor, but have a pretty appearance, from being perched on the sloping side of a hill.

The extent of the territory of Parga is about six miles along the coast, and generally about two in depth; the landscape is beautiful, and affords every where the most picturesque scenery. With the exception of the rock it may almost be said to consist of one continued olive grove, interspersed, however, with gardens, orchards of orange and lime-trees, and little cottages, which, with here and there a tall cypress towering above the rest, give a lively variety and a pleasing animation to the picture. The sides of the hills are planted with vineyards, and the open spaces produce a little wheat and Indian corn, sufficient for about four months consumption of the population; the remainder of their grain being partly purchased with the little returns of their oil, oranges, &c. from the Adriatic, and partly from the territories of Ali Pasha.

At the time above mentioned, the Lion of St. Mark defended the coast and islands of the Adriatic and Archipelago; and the Parganotes, to ensure their escape from the bondage of the Turks, placed themselves, in 1401, under the protection of the Venetians, by whose powerful aid they were enabled by degrees to extend their territory to its present boundary. This tract was, at that time, and till very lately, surrounded by hordes of marauders, held under no rule but that of adventitious circumstances, though nominally subject to Turkey. They were generally joined by parties from Parga, and, when closely pursued, found protection within its walls. This disturbed state of the district of Epirus, along the shores of the Ionian sea, suited the policy of the Venetian government. In fact, it could not possibly have held Parga and its other three principal stations, Butrinto, Vonitza, and Previsa, on the same coast, under any established government; it therefore cherished a system which placed a barrier between its continental possessions and the regular forces of the Turkish dominions. On the fall of that power, however, these rival sons of rapine, who infested every part of Albania, were

gradually extirpated, or reduced to a state of obedience, by the ruling Pasha of that country.

In 1797, the French, after breaking up the Venetian republic, took possession of the Ionian Islands, and, at the same time, of the four positions above-mentioned; but in the following year, when a coalition was formed against France by England, Russia, and the Ottoman Porte, the Ionian Islands surrendered to the allied fleets of Russia and Turkey, under the command of Admirals Oksakoff and Katu Bey; and Butrinto, Vonitza and Previsa fell into the hands of Ali Pasha, who is said to have committed dreadful slaughter on the French, and on those Greeks and Albanians who had taken up arms, and joined the enemies of the Porte.* Parga, however, supported from without by the Sulliot robbers, and within by a French garrison, held out against the Pasha, until the inhabitants found an opportunity of throwing themselves into the power of the Russians, who sent a garrison for their protection.

In 1800 a treaty was concluded at Constantinople between Russia and the Sublime Porte, by which the Seven Islands were erected into an independent republic, under the sovereign protection of Russia; and Butrinto, Parga, Previsa and Vonitza, ceded to the Porte in sovereignty for ever, on certain conditions favourable to these four places, and guaranteed to them by Russia.† In consequence of this treaty Abdullah Bey was sent from Constantinople to govern them, and Previsa was immediately evacuated by Ali Pasha. The Parganotes, however, stubbornly refused submission to the Ottoman power, until the end of 1800, when, by the persuasion of the Russian ambassador at the Ionian Islands, they consented to receive the Bey, and continued, in quiet possession of all their privileges, under the Turkish dominion, for nearly six years.

In 1806 the war broke out between Russia and the Porte, and Veli Pasha, the son of Ali, seized upon Previsa, Vonitza and Butrinto by express orders from the Porte; confiscated the possessions of the Russians; planted there several Ottoman families; and drove the Christian inhabitants into the interior. The Parganotes complain that this was contrary to the stipulation of the treaty—and so indeed it was; but they choose to forget that the people of Previsa had, on a former occasion, joined their arms to the French, with

* If the details of cruelties, whether true or false, were not always disgusting, it would be curious to compare the accounts given on this occasion by Hobhouse, Pouqueville, Duval, and the Edinburgh Review; all so different in their nature and degree, as to raise considerable doubts of the truth of any one of them: those stated by Dr. Holland are entitled to credit.

† These were principally the free exercise of the laws, religion and usages of the country; the inhabitants were to be governed by a Mahomedan Bey, who alone should reside in the territory; and to be subject only to moderate taxes, such as they were accustomed to pay to the ex-Venetian republic.

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whom the Sultan was then at war, and bade him defiance. Parga, however, again escaped by calling from Corfu a Russian force for its protection; and when, by the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, the Ionian Islands were delivered up to France, and Berthier was sent as the Governor-General of Corfu, he threw into the place a garrison of three hundred Frenchmen. Ali Pasha, however, having information that the secret instructions of Berthier directed him to occupy the Ionian Islands *alone*, dispatched his effendi to Corfu, to insist on the French troops being withdrawn from Parga; and the general, satisfied of the justice of his demand, informed the Parganotes that he was about to cede the place to the Turkish government, to whom of right it belonged.

Had this determination been carried into effect, the Parganotes were aware, from their previous conduct, that they had little mercy to expect. The Primates therefore repaired in a body to Corfu, and throwing themselves at the general's feet, implored his compassion for their unfortunate countrymen, and besought him not to surrender them to certain destruction. Overcome by their earnest entreaties, the general recalled his orders, and permitted the garrison to remain for the protection of the place, which the French continued to hold as an appendage to the Ionian Islands.

In 1814 the star of Napoleon was visibly declining; and Ali, whom the circumstance did not escape, marched an army to the confines of Parga, and took possession of Aja, a village within the limits. A favourite nephew of the Pasha was shot, at the head of his troops, by a Parganote lying in ambush. No other person was killed on either side, yet the Parganotes boasted of a great victory, and even succeeded in persuading Lieutenant-Colonel De Bosset 'that they had fought desperately in their own defence, and repulsed the Turks;' and that 'the bey had fallen in the action with a great number of his men.*' It is amusing to observe how completely these people duped M. de Bosset, who for a time commanded the garrison, with stories of their warlike achievements.

In the month of March, 1814, when all the Ionian Islands had fallen into the possession of the English, except Corfu, between which and Parga, (then in possession of the French,) all intercourse had become not only difficult but nearly impracticable; and when the relief of the former place by French reinforcements was rendered almost impossible by the closeness of the blockade—the Parganotes, ever on the watch to avail themselves of passing events, and apprehensive that it was the intention of the French to deliver the fortress to Ali, (who, as we mentioned above, had taken possession of Aja,) sent a deputation to the English commandant of

* Proceedings in Parga, &c.

the island of Paxo, requesting the assistance of the British troops; and promising to give up the fortress to them. There was no summons on the part of the British for a surrender of the fort, as stated by the writer of the *Exposé*; the officer in command refused even to send a force to take possession of it, until a written declaration was brought from the principal inhabitants to shew there was no treachery. Two frigates, the *Bacchante* and the *Havannah*, then took on board a detachment of troops to form the garrison, and, on their landing with a party of marines, the French made little or no resistance; and the British troops occupied Parga.

The bravery of the Parganotes has been much vaunted on this occasion, and one of their agents ('who is not a British subject') has supplied the northern critics with a very pretty episode of an old woman smuggling the British flag under her petticoat into the fortress: unluckily, however, for the moral beauty and effect of this story, the flag was carried in by four stout fellows disguised in women's clothes, who overpowered the sentinel, killed a French commissary, and hoisted the English colours. This was the extent of their gallant bearing—but the act afforded them an opportunity of giving a practical commentary on their boasted good faith.*

To return, however, to our subject—no stipulations whatever were entered into by, or in behalf of, the British government with the Parganotes; no other promises made—no other assurances given, than such as held out to them generally a continuance of security and protection so long as the British flag should fly on their fort: and so far was General Campbell from accepting the offer 'to follow the fate of the Seven Islands,' with which they concluded their declaration,† or from giving any encouragement to the deputation of primates, who subsequently went to Corfu to implore him

* When Ali Pasha had got possession of Previsa, as above stated, he warned the Parganotes of the fate of that place, told them he had no desire to make war on them, and only asked a conference to settle the terms on which they should become fellow-subjects of his sovereign—'whatever form of government you wish for,' he added, 'I will grant to you.' The Parganotes, having a strong French garrison, treated this proposal with contempt, and returned no answer. He then wrote to desire they would send away or destroy the French garrison. To this they replied, very properly, that they neither could nor would do so,—'our country,' said they, 'has boasted her good faith for four centuries past, and in that time often vindicated it with her blood. How then shall we now sully that glory?—Never.' This *never* was not of long duration.—In less than eight years afterwards, finding the English the stronger party, they sent the deputation above-mentioned, betrayed the French into our hands, murdered a poor commissary, and would not, we incline to think, have greatly scrupled to destroy them all if we had been atrocious enough to ask it.

† 'We, the undersigned Primates of Parga, engage, on behalf of the population, that at the moment when the frigates of his Britannic Majesty shall appear before our fortress, we will subject our country and territories to the protection of the invincible arms of Great Britain, and will plant on the walls of our fortress her glorious flag; it being the determination of our country to follow the fate of the Ionian Islands, as we have always been under the same jurisdiction.' (Signed, &c.)

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'that the fate of Parga might be united for ever to that of the Ionian Islands,' (a condition which would not have been conclusive; even if he had accepted it,) that he told them in plain terms, (as Sir James Gordon had done before him,) that he could accede to no such condition; but that they might rely on the protection of the British flag, until their fate should be decided at a general peace. It is indeed perfectly obvious that no stipulation of this kind could be made, for Corfu was at the time in full possession of France; and no man would or could, under those circumstances, have been absurd enough to determine by implication that the revival of the Septinsular Republic would form a part of the ultimate arrangements of the allied powers.

General Sir James Campbell reported to his government the step which he had taken, and in which he had been guided by the double motive of humanity and policy;—of saving these unfortunate people from an unconditional surrender to Ali, and of obtaining a temporary possession of a spot which might assist in the effectual blockade of Corfu. The British government approved of his conduct, and directed him to continue to hold Parga *provisionally* in possession, as he already did several of the Ionian Islands, *until their final destination should be arranged at the conclusion of a general peace.* In these instructions from home no assurances whatever were held out to the Parganotes as to their future destination, nor, we repeat it, did General Campbell or any other officer, either at the first voluntary overture of this people, or at the time of surrender, or at any subsequent period, give them any other assurances than those we have mentioned.

It has been falsely asserted that Sir James Campbell verbally confirmed the wishes of the Parganote deputation. Sir James Campbell is dead—but we have before us a letter dictated by him, a few days before his death, in answer to a question put to him by a brother officer, in which he says, 'I can assure you most distinctly, that no officers were at any time authorized by me, *either verbally or otherwise*, to enter into any engagement on the part of the British government, or to give any assurances to the Parganotes, with respect to Parga remaining permanently under the protection of Great Britain.' We wish to direct the reader's attention particularly to this point, because it forms, in fact, the whole gist of the case, and because M. de Bosset has asserted what he had not the means of knowing, and what we know to be directly contrary to truth,—that Captain Hoste (now Sir William) promised the deputies 'they should be considered under the protection of Great Britain, and follow the fate of the Ionian Islands.*'

* *Proceedings in Parga, &c.*

The Parganotes, in reality, were so well aware that no agreement, either written or verbal, had been acceded to, which could unite 'their fate with that of the Ionian Islands;' and that, as a matter of right, they were subjects of the Ottoman Porte, that, having failed with General Campbell, they beset Sir Thomas Maitland, immediately after his arrival, with applications for a more intimate connection, pressing for answers, which of course he constantly resisted.

At the Congress of Vienna, and at Paris in 1815, the governments of Russia, Austria and Prussia, after much deliberation, offered to Great Britain the sovereign protection of the Ionian Republic; and in November of the same year, a treaty was signed, by which the Ionian Islands and their dependencies, *as described in the Treaty of 1800 between Russia and the Ottoman Porte*, were placed under the protection of England. The Parganotes, or their officious agents, affect to be surprized that Parga was not mentioned in the Treaty of Paris, though they cannot but know that every arrangement which related to Parga was comprehended in the Treaty between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, which was still in full force; and that it was only referred to in that of Paris for the sake of description.

By this treaty of 1800, the continental possessions of Parga, Previsa, Vonitza and Butrinto, were restored in full sovereignty to the Porte, and were no longer to form a part of the Ionian Republic, then placed under the sovereignty of Russia. In reference to it, the islands of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo and Paxo, with their dependencies, (but to the exclusion *by name* of the four places above-mentioned,) were erected into a free and independent state under the immediate protection of Great Britain. In the discussion that took place, the Treaty of 1800, which had been renewed and confirmed in 1812 by that of Bucharest, between Russia and the Porte, made it incumbent on the allied powers to respect the territorial rights of the Porte to the continental possessions of the late Venetian Republic; and they were excluded from the Septinsular Republic, of which, in fact, they had never constituted a part. Thus, when Great Britain was called, in 1815, to the protection of the Ionian Republic, *Parga formed no part of that Republic*. Parga, of course, followed the fate of the other three ex-Venetian states, and became, like them, united to the Turkish empire.

It does not follow that because, in the Treaty of Great Britain with the other powers of Europe in 1815, a reference is made to the Treaty between Russia and the Porte of 1800, for the purpose (and for no other) of determining the limits of the Ionian Republic, and because Parga had fallen by other means, and
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by the seeking of the inhabitants, with a view to their own safety, into her provisional occupation;—it does not therefore follow, we say, that Great Britain was bound in the most distant manner to interfere, or to see that the conditions which had been stipulated by the Porte with Russia, and which are detailed in the Treaty of 1800, should be fulfilled towards the Parganotes. There is no article in the British Treaty of 1815 which confirms, or by which she takes upon herself, the conditions of 1800; they were perfectly foreign to her; they could not have been listened to for a moment; and that treaty was referred to, as we said before, merely as the means of defining the limits of the new territory to be placed under her protection. As far, therefore, as treaties, or engagements, or promises are concerned, Great Britain might have withdrawn her troops from Parga, and left it open at any time she pleased to the re-occupation of the Ottoman Porte.

But, to be more explicit.—There were three ways in which Great Britain might have acted with regard to Parga. 1st. She might (as we have just said) at once have withdrawn the garrison, and left the Parganotes to themselves. 2dly, She might have taken upon herself the Russian guarantee of 1800. 3dly, She might have kept possession of Parga as an appendage to the Seven Islands. The first would have been inhuman. The second equally so, if we may judge from what took place at Previsa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, under the immediate guarantee of Russia:—that guarantee had proved utterly unavailing to secure the inhabitants from every species of oppression and inhumanity, or against the infraction of every stipulation on the part of the Turks; how then could it be hoped, that Parga, which had given an equal or greater degree of offence than any of them, would escape the vengeance of an unfeeling and exasperated tyrant,—for so they themselves represented Ali Pasha, under whose immediate government they were to be placed?—How could it be hoped that those conditions would be better respected in the case of Parga, than in those of the three places abovementioned, which were equally included in the same treaty? On the contrary, the very act of their having called in a British garrison at the moment when Ali Pasha had made himself certain of obtaining possession of the town, would naturally add to that thirst of vengeance with which the Parganotes supposed him to be actuated against them for former disappointments which their intrigues had occasioned. To stipulate, therefore, with the Ottoman Porte for the fulfilment of these conditions, would have been, in fact, to deliver over the Parganotes to the unlimited fury of Ali Pasha; in whose territories they are situated, and who is supposed to manage the internal concerns of his government, without much consulting the pleasure of his master.

As to the third point;—on what possible pretence we could have kept possession of Parga, as an appendage to the Ionian Islands, (which was the first and only object of the Parganotes,) we confess our lack of ingenuity to discover. We have yet to learn on what principle of justice and good faith we could presume to hold forcible possession of an integral part of the continental dominions of a sovereign which had been restored to him by a solemn treaty concluded by the allied powers of Europe, and while we were holding out the most unequivocal professions of conciliation and amity.

The only real security then, which appeared possible to be found for the Parganotes, was precisely that which was insisted on by Great Britain, namely:—that an option should be given to such of the inhabitants as might wish to withdraw from the continent, with ample time to remove, and compensation from the Porte for the full value of the property which all, thus withdrawing themselves, might leave behind. These conditions, it will readily be supposed, were not obtained without much labour and difficulty; we had, in fact, no right to insist upon them. But it appears that we not only did insist, but uniformly refused to evacuate Parga until they were procured, and until the amount of the compensation should actually be paid into the hands of the British authorities. Nor did we stop here—the officer in command at Corfu was instructed generously to offer to the emigrating Parganotes a settlement in the Ionian Islands, by which they would be united with the people and government, with and under whom they had constantly expressed so eager a desire to live.

Unfortunately for the Parganotes, it happened that, during the delay unavoidably incurred by these gratuitous negotiations in their favour with the Ottoman Porte, certain officious agents in London and Paris, instigated by a few turbulent characters in Parga, found means to infect the minds of the rest of the community with a distrust of the intentions of the British government; as if that government could possibly have any other view than the interests of the Parganotes themselves; or any object to answer besides their advantage, in endeavouring to make for them the best terms that could be obtained. Great pains were taken to persuade them that as, by the treaty of 1815, Great Britain could have no pretensions to the territory of Parga, and as she did not choose to consider herself bound to see the stipulations of the treaty of 1800 fulfilled, she had nothing to do but to evacuate the place:—that she ought therefore to be desired to do so, and leave the Parganotes to defend their fortress—their miserable fortress, against the whole power of Ali Pasha backed by that of the Porte! We will do the Parganotes the justice to believe that they are neither so grossly ignorant, nor so credulous as not to perceive the absurdity of the impudent assertion
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‘that a handful of men is sufficient to keep the place; and that, on the land side, thousands of troops would attempt in vain to take it by force.’* These pernicious advisers knew well enough, that the mere attempt at resistance would have been nothing short of devoting the whole people of Parga to inevitable destruction, to be accomplished under every feeling of revenge which their obstinacy would have provoked in the breasts of their enemies;—for the contest could not have been long, nor the issue of it doubtful. But their atrocious counsel was calculated to answer one of two base ends; to bring indelible disgrace on the British nation, if it had been followed; or, to afford the Parganotes an argument (though a bad one) in urging their unfounded claims on Great Britain.

To obviate so dreadful a catastrophe the British ambassador was authorized to announce to the Porte, that the British garrison would be withdrawn from Parga so soon as the Sultan should give his accession to the new settlement of the Ionian Islands, which circumstances, arising out of the war with France, had compelled the allied sovereigns to determine upon; but not until he had further consented to provide a suitable indemnity for such of the Parganotes as might resolve, from motives of personal security, to remove. We pretend not to be acquainted with all the considerations which may have rendered this latter condition a preliminary of indispensable justice and generosity, as it appears to have been regarded, on the part of the British government; but we are quite certain we shall be borne out in stating that we had not the shadow of a claim to demand such a concession.—We presume however that the conduct of the Parganotes in assisting to expel the enemy from the place, and the painful events that had previously occurred, in direct violation of every condition of the treaty of 1800, at Previsa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, were deemed to render this humane interference in favour of the inhabitants an imperative act of duty on the part of Great Britain.

But those inhabitants of Parga who might be disposed to remain were equally the objects of British solicitude. As the treaty was still in force between Russia and the Porte, (which the special conditions thus obtained in favour of such of the Parganotes as chose to withdraw, could not be considered as abrogating in any respect,) it was considered that the rights to be claimed under that treaty, by those who should stay behind, ought to be secured to them by the Ottoman Porte. To those rights they were clearly and unequivocally entitled, and to all the privileges thereby granted to them; and it was competent for Russia at any time to claim the same for them. The British government, however, not being a di-

* *Exposé des Faits, &c.*

rect party to the treaty of 1800, had no such right of interference; she might endeavour to prevail on the Porte to grant them, without being considered as bound by any obligation to watch over their fulfilment:—and this step she appears to have taken. Having succeeded Russia in the character of protector of the Ionian Islands, and the immediate countenance of a Russian force being thus lost to the Parganotes, His Majesty's minister at the Congress, instead of being ignorant of the state of Parga, or forgetful of the Parganotes, as has been with equal ignorance and impertinence insinuated,* appears to have taken the deepest interest in the security of this little community: this is fully proved by the instructions given to the ambassador at Constantinople, to employ his good offices, in concert with the Russian minister, if necessary, to secure to those who might remain all the privileges to which they were solemnly entitled by the treaty in question.

But let us examine a little closer what would have been our situation with regard to the Ottoman Porte, and what the result, had we insisted on keeping possession of Parga as an appendage of the Ionian Islands, or taken upon us the Russian guarantee for the fulfilment of the conditions in favour, not of Parga alone, but of Previsa, Butrinto and Vonitza, every one of which had an equal claim on our protection in that character. We could have no right to separate the one from the other; for we are at a loss to discover on what principle we are left at liberty to fulfil only such parts of a treaty as may suit our purpose, and reject or violate the rest.

In the first case, we should have held it in direct breach of a solemn treaty concluded with the allied sovereigns of Europe; and contrary to every principle of justice towards its real sovereign; and as far as the political advantage of such a proceeding was concerned, all that was thus unjustly withheld would have amounted to a barren rock on the Ottoman territory,—without the means of resistance,—without funds to create such means,—without the possibility of its ever being of the smallest utility to us,—and with the certainty of generating a spirit of hostility and disgust on the part of our ally, the Porte.

That we might have been able to hold Parga against a Turkish force, is not meant to be denied; but we could have held it only as a military place,—as we hold Gibraltar. It must have been strongly fortified and garrisoned—it must have been held at the enormous expense of £60,000 or £80,000 a-year, besides an immediate outlay of double or triple that sum, to put it into a state of defence;—and even then, we could not have maintained a foot of ground

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXIV.

beyond the walls; for there is no natural boundary to the territory of Parga, which lies open on all sides for the entry of the Turk whenever he pleases. The fort is commanded on three sides by hills higher than itself, the nearest not more than 800 yards, and the farthest 1600 yards from it. Within the fort two small tanks of bad water afford a scanty supply for the garrison and about half of the population. The springs are all on the outside—the principal one a mile from the town—and might at any time be completely cut off by the Turks. What then becomes of the vapouring about ‘the brave Parganotes defending themselves!’—eight hundred undisciplined men, with a few honey-combed guns mounted on rotten carriages, and without a single article of provisions but what must be received from the enemy’s territory, or by sea, and without the means of purchasing any!—And yet we are told, with that ignorant confidence which ceases to surprize by frequent repetition, that to surrender it was most impolitic and injurious to our own interests, as possessors of the Ionian Islands; because—‘Parga was almost the only remaining channel *through which they could be supplied with provisions.*’*—‘Supplied!’—from a territory which scarcely affords *four months’* provisions even to its own inhabitants! Had our garrison depended on the Parganotes for provisions, it must very soon have been starved out. Every necessary of life was in fact received from the territories of Ali Pasha; and even the straw for the soldiers’ palissades was sent from Santa Maura.

But there is another view of the subject which ought not to be lost sight of. We have taken upon ourselves, at the express desire of the Allied Sovereigns, the office of Protectors of the Ionian Republic. Now, though the occupation of Parga could have no political bearing on those islands, it must have had an intimate connexion with the British forces employed in the protection of them; and looking at it in this point of view, the occupation of Parga would not only have been not desirable, but attended with evils of the greatest magnitude—evils which would materially have interfered with the observance of the duties devolved on us as protectors of the Ionian people. We shall mention only the universal quarantine under which those islands have suffered most heavily, principally in consequence of communication with that useless ap-

* ‘We think it by no means unlikely that the noble lord (Castlereagh) was actually ignorant of the compact made between our officers and the Pargiots, and are almost certain that he was not at all aware of the vast importance of that *place*’ (the Pargiots!) ‘for the victualling of the Islands which we were to retain.’—*Edin. Rev.* No. LXIV. p. 286.

The Northern Seers have for once opined rightly—the noble lord was equally ignorant of any such ‘compact,’ and of the ‘victualling resources’ of Parga.

pendage. To relieve 200,000 Ionians from this penalty, is one of the most desirable circumstances that could possibly take place.

The circumstances of the case would be very little different, except in point of expense, had Great Britain adopted the alternative of taking upon herself the guarantee given by Russia in her treaty of 1800 with the Turks. Considering the temper and disposition of the two parties, scenes of irritation, if not of bloodshed, would perpetually have occurred; and, instead of being the friend and ally of the Porte, as it is our interest to be, we should have been transformed at once into its natural and dreaded enemy. In such a state of things, can any one, who reflects on the fate of Previsa, doubt for a moment what would have been that of Parga? and what the disgrace, which, by such a catastrophe, its nominal protectors would have incurred?

In either case, had our negociators been carried away by the romantic feelings of some, or the morbid humanity of others, Great Britain would have been placed, in respect to the Mahomedan government of Turkey, pretty much in the situation in which we formerly stood in regard to the Mahomedan powers in India; and one in which we could scarcely hope, with all imaginable caution and moderation, not to put to hazard the preservation of peace on the continent of Europe,—a peace which it is certainly neither our interest nor our policy to disturb.

And for whom were these sacrifices to be made?—for the Parganotes, it will be answered,—‘for the independent and virtuous Parganotes, whose men are all brave, and whose women are all chaste and unwatched.’ The inhabitants of Parga, like those of the other Venetian colonies, were a mixture of Greeks, Albanians, and Italians, and, like them too, once possessed, in an eminent degree, all the rude virtues and all the gross vices of these several people. The love of independence, courage, and hospitality, might then be reckoned among the best qualities of a horde of depredators, subject to no regular government: a restless and intriguing disposition, a proneness to quarrel and revenge, a spirit of lawless enterprize and plunder were among their bad ones; and these the Parganotes possessed in common with the rest of the Epirotes, whose character seems to have been justly estimated by Pyrrhus of old, when he bequeathed them to that son of his who ‘wore the sharpest sword.’ It is true, the system of plunder and robbery, so common among most of the Grecian states, and which by some has been softened down under the name of petty warfare, was not considered in any part of Greece in that criminal light in which it is viewed in the more established governments of Europe; but the Epirotes were proverbially ferocious. Though we are not altogether prepared to assert with Mr. Hobhouse, that ‘the character of the Parganotes is
amongst

amongst the *worst* of the Albanians,' we see no reason to conclude that it was at all better, at least while the country behind it remained unsettled: for some years past, indeed, the tranquil state of the neighbouring territory has necessarily kept them at home.

The character of a people is long preserved in their national songs. All that were sung by those Albanians of the coast, who accompanied Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, 'were relations of some robbing exploits;' and 'one of them,' says Mr. Hobhouse, began thus:—"When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us," and the burden was—

Κλαίει τοὶ Πάργα.

Κλαίει τοὶ Πάργα.

'Robbers all at Parga,

Robbers all at Parga.'

Much stress has been laid on these people being Christians; as if all the Albanian robbers were not Christians, and had not their *papas*, as well as the Parganotes and the rest of the Greeks;—these are said to be not more strict in their conduct than enlightened in their understandings. 'In most of the crimes committed,' says an intelligent traveller, 'during my stay at Athens, a *papas* was discovered as an accessory; and a gang of robbers, or a boat of pirates, is seldom without its chaplain.*' The *papas* of the Parganotes are of the very lowest kind. With respect to the Christianity of either priests or people, it consists merely of a few external ceremonies more senseless than those of the Roman Catholics, and the observance of superstitions more childish and absurd.

The boasted independence and magnanimity of the Parganotes may be estimated from the single circumstance of Parga being held as a Venetian colony and garrisoned with Venetian troops for several centuries. It never defended nor even attempted to defend itself, after the fall of that power; but was always ready to supplicate support from every nation in succession whom it thought the strongest, and to place its feeble fortress in their hands. To the Venetians it merely served as a link in the chain of their continental possessions, now swallowed up in the territory of the Ottoman Porte; in other respects, so conscious were they of its imbecility, and so satisfied of its total want of importance, either in a military or commercial point of view, that they endeavoured from time to time to keep down the population, by withdrawing its inhabitants from the place, and encouraging them to settle in Corfu.

With regard to the superior virtues of the Parganotes, none of our officers, who, from long residence, ought to know them best, discovered any of them except Lieut. Colonel de Bosset. Insulated

* Douglas's *Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greeks*.

indeed,

indeed, as they were, they could not be expected to display either virtues or vices to any remarkable extent; in whatever degree of either they might once have excelled, their scope during the existing generation has been extremely limited. The priests seemed to possess not only the same degree of influence over them that the Romish priests exercise over the peasantry of Ireland, but they were generally (as we have seen) at the bottom of every intrigue. About thirty families of the primates had acquired nearly all the property of the place, by taking advantage of the distresses of the rest, and lending them money at an exorbitant interest. The greatest proportion of the people were wretchedly poor, and obtained their subsistence by labouring in the vineyards and olive groves, in boat-building, and in fishing, at which they were notoriously inexpert. The most respectable part of the population of the town were petty shopkeepers; but the very best of these did not scruple to cheat a soldier out of a penny whenever an opportunity occurred. Money is the soul of a Parganote; and matters of the most trifling amount are the objects of vexatious and clamorous disputes:—their petty courts were thronged with perpetual litigants; and to obtain a dollar a Parganote pleader would harangue through half the day.

For acuteness, low cunning and intrigue, they are quite ‘as notorious as the Turks of Negropont, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens;’—in a word, like the *Græculus esuriens* of the satirist, they are

‘A flattering, cringing, treacherous, artful race,
Of torrent tongue and never-blushing face;
A Protean tribe, one knows not what to call,
Which shifts to every form, and shines in all.’

But this and more, say the advocates of the Parganotes, is redeemed by the ‘bravery of the men and the chastity of the women.’ All robbers must be brave; but since there has been little to do *on the road*, and less in the way of piracy *on the water*, the only instances which we have been able to discover of the bravery of the Parganotes are the two exploits already noticed. We are not disposed to bear hard on the frailties of the fair sex, and are willing to admit that the women of Parga may be chaste, when they have few opportunities, though ‘unwatched,’ of being otherwise: we think too that the awkward custom, mentioned by Colonel de Bosset, of their being lent out on trial before marriage, is an impeachment rather of their parents’ delicacy than of their own. Had M. de Bosset, however, been disposed to tell the whole truth, he might have related, from his own knowledge, that any young Parganote girl was to be purchased *for time*; and he might also have informed his readers, that the daughter of one of the first families in Parga, so beautiful as to be known by the name of the ‘Queen of Parga,’

Parga', was literally transferred by her own father to an officer, who, after a certain period, returned her to his care with the sum of 500 dollars for the usufruct.

The women of Parga are 'handsome,' and, as far as the bust goes, finely shaped; but the whole figure is short, clumsy and ill put together; the men are well made, active, but not 'industrious.' Both sexes are good-humoured and have a winning address. When our troops first entered the town, men, women, and children turned out to greet them; but the story of the inhabitants receiving them 'under arms' is untrue.

We have not made these observations for the sake of detraction, but in the spirit of truth, and for the detection of imposture. The vices of the Parganotes are no more necessary to be held forth than their virtues, in vindication of the measures which have been pursued with regard to them; but they require to be mentioned in order to expose that system of deception which has been practised with such successful assiduity, not only in England, but over the whole continent of Europe, to the prejudice of the honour and character of the British nation; and which M. Duval has the audacity to quote and enforce as 'a proof, which must be added to so many others, of its Machiavelism, avarice, and perfidy.' Had the English officers adopted the same atrocious means of getting rid of the Parganotes, which an infamous French colonel did with regard to the unfortunate Albanians, who had fled for protection to the island of Cerigo, then under his command, *by poisoning the wells*,* M. Duval might have transferred a share of French 'perfidy' to Englishmen:—but the libel to which this 'Member of the Royal Institute' has lent his name is every way worthy of its patron.

But the person to whom the Parganotes were to be delivered affords to their advocates so grand a display of eloquence on crosses and crescents, Christianity and Mahomedanism, that one would think nothing short of another crusade was on the eve of being undertaken against the infidel Albanians for the restoration of 'Christian Parga.' Ali Pasha, under whose immediate government Parga is situated, whom the Parganotes have frequently insulted and irritated, and of whom, therefore, they stand naturally in awe, has been described as a monster of cruelty. We have no desire or intention to come forward as his champions; but be the means what they may, which he has employed to acquire the ascendancy that he now enjoys, he has certainly succeeded in bringing into

* 'I was under the necessity,' says this wretch, whose name was *Pocris*, 'of poisoning their wells, which destroyed numbers of them; this alarming and unexpected event obliged the remainder to fly'—and for what did he resort to this horrible deed? because 'their abode in this island is likely to produce some discussions with our neighbours of European Turkey.'—*Quart. Rev.* No. VI.

complete order a very important tract of country, which was little more than one vast den of robbers; and, as Gibbon remarks, 'though within sight of Italy, less known than the interior of America:'—a country which, before the pashalic of Ali, no traveller could pass through with the slightest probability of escaping from robbery or murder, or both; but in which there is now more facility, and a greater safety in travelling, with better accommodation, than in any other part of the Mahomedan empire. We are told by a traveller, who is not sparing in the exhibition of the Pasha's numerous crimes, that, by his vigorous measures, he has rendered those parts of the country perfectly accessible that were before overrun by robbers, and bettered the condition of his subjects; that 'he has built bridges over the rivers, raised causeways across the marshes, laid out frequent roads, adorned the country and the towns with new buildings, and by many wholesome regulations has acted the part of a good and great prince.'* To the same effect we have the testimony of Doctor Holland, who resided at his court for some time, and attended him in a medical capacity; from him we learn that Ioannina is the residence of the most valuable part of the population of Greece, the wealthiest of their merchants, the most respectable of their tradesmen; there (he says) are to be found the best society, the men of learning and science—in short, it appears that the capital of Ali Pasha is as much superior to modern Athens, as London is to Dublin or Edinburgh. Whether the Greeks bear any affection to their Turkish ruler we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but they are always glad to betake themselves to his dominions, as being more certain of protection there than elsewhere; and why the Parganotes do not choose to trust to that protection is best known to themselves.

But however indefensible the conduct of this chief may have been on many occasions, we are not sure that it is either advantageous to our interests, or (what is more important) to those of the people whom he rules by delegation, that we, in England, should invidiously inquire into all the circumstances of his life, and exhibit his character in the most odious colours, while most of his accusers have been supplied with all their knowledge, and gained all their information, from the extended civilization which he has effected, and from the personal civility which they have received at his hands. To this reprehensible conduct Lord Byron is no party. 'I have,' says his lordship, 'no complaint to make, but am indebted for many civilities, (I might almost say for friendship,) and much hospitality, to Ali Pasha.'

* Hobhouse—*Journey through Albania.*

It was not, however, *with* Ali Pasha that the negotiations respecting Parga were conducted, nor *to* Ali Pasha that it was to be surrendered. The whole arrangement was made, as we have already stated, by our ambassador at Constantinople. The compensation was to be paid by, and the place delivered up to, the Ottoman Porte;—nor was Ali Pasha even consulted until regularly deputed by the Sultan to take possession of the place and to pay the stipulated indemnity.

But the mode in which this arrangement was carried into execution is made another ground of complaint: we shall shew, however, that it was marked throughout by a spirit of justice and fair dealing towards both parties, and of humane consideration towards the unfortunate Parganotes, (for so they may be deemed, though the alternative so much deplored was of their own choice,) such as became the character of a powerful and generous nation.

As soon as the negotiations for giving up Parga were concluded at Constantinople, the Sultan appointed Hadji Khan Hamed Bey his commissioner to take possession of the place, and at the same time to deliver his accession to the treaty, relative to the Ionian Islands. To meet this commissioner, and to arrange matters respecting the valuation of the property, General Maitland nominated Mr. Cartwright, (then British consul at Patras and now consul-general at Constantinople,) as a person who, from his habits of business and his official situation, appeared to be the best qualified for the delicate and difficult task of steering between two conflicting and dissatisfied parties. Mr. Cartwright proceeded to Ioannina, whence Hamed Bey had written to announce his arrival. To give confidence to the Parganotes, on the approach of the commissioners, the Commander in Chief of the Ionian Islands thought fit to reinforce the garrison to three hundred men, and to appoint at the same time Lieutenant-Colonel de Bosset commandant of the place;—a most unfortunate appointment! as it proved the immediate source of all the clamour which has been excited against Great Britain. The weakness of this officer's intellects, which is abundantly conspicuous in every part of his silly book, is a poor excuse for the mischief it occasioned; and a still poorer one for the libel which a sense of decency should have prevented him from publishing on the British government and his brother-officers. That he should give vent to his spleen against Sir Thomas Maitland does not surprise us, as the general soon found it absolutely necessary to remove him from his command. But leaving this; we must observe that Colonel de Bosset's statement with regard to Parga, and especially the share which he assigns (whether through malice, or ignorance, we care not) to Ali Pasha, is utterly

destitute of foundation, and at variance with all the facts of the case.

Without entering into a detailed refutation of this blundering foreigner's representation, and his total misconception of the relation in which Parga stood with regard to Great Britain, it may be sufficient to observe on his conduct that, from the moment he entered Parga, he seems to have kept the inhabitants in a constant state of ferment by encouraging the idea of their being unconditionally given up to Ali Pasha; and while Sir Thomas Maitland, through Commissioner Cartwright, had definitively arranged with Hamed Bey, the Commissioner of the Porte at Ioannina, that the place should not be ceded on any consideration, until the full indemnity for every one's property had actually been received, Colonel de Bosset appears to have countenanced the most idle and absurd reports,—one day taking depositions of certain Parganotes that Ali Pasha was on the frontier; another, that he was assembling an army; another, collecting gunpowder, &c.; while he was quietly residing at Ioannina: so haunted indeed was this officer with the idea of the Pasha's atrocities, that he took it at last into his head that he had formed a plan to poison the bread and water destined for the use of the garrison! While these unfounded alarms were perpetually renewed by his credulity among the poor people of Parga, it could surprise no one but Lieut. Colonel de Bosset that they ceased from following their usual occupations. In fact, he appears to have shared the alarm which he had created, so far that, when the two commissioners arrived on the frontier of Parga, though he had upwards of 300 English soldiers under his command, besides 'the brave Parganotes, who,' according to his own statement, 'were able to defend themselves against the whole power of Ali Pasha,' he was actually so terrified at the idea of Hamed Bey and his *forty unarmed followers*, that he first refused to admit them, and afterwards endeavoured to throw every impediment in the way of their proceeding to the business on which they were specially sent. His officious and unauthorized interference, hampering them in the execution of their duties, produced on the minds of both the commissioners so strong a feeling of disgust, that General Maitland was compelled, as we have seen, to supersede him in the command of the place. Hamed Bey, indeed, distinctly stated that, on calling the inhabitants before him, he found the determination of the *whole* of them to remove had been brought about by the efforts and intrigues of this officer. The cession was thus delayed for a whole year, as Hamed Bey, not prepared for such an event, had to send for fresh instructions to Constantinople.

Displeased as we understand the Sultan was with this unnecessary waste of time, he was at length persuaded to let the whole property
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of Parga be valued, and to consent to pay the compensation:—but here again a source of mischief was discovered arising out of the imbecility and indiscretion of Lieut. Colonel de Bosset. Mr. Cartwright, while at Ioannina, had written to this officer (of whom he knew nothing but his rank) to give him privately some idea of what might be the whole value of the fixed property of Parga; and how did the colonel set about this confidential and delicate commission?—Just as might be expected: he employed the Parganotes themselves to draw up an estimate of the amount of their own property! which, as might have been foretold, was nearly thrice as much as it was worth. Can it then occasion any surprise that, on finding the real valuation fall so far short of that which they themselves had given in, the Parganotes should feel or affect considerable dissatisfaction, and raise an outcry against the proceedings of the commissioners?

The persons appointed by the General to make the valuation on the part of the Parganotes were four gentlemen of respectability on the island of Corfu. With singular care, and after long and continued labour, they took an accurate schedule of the property of every individual within the territory, on which they put the same value that a similar property would be worth on that island. They found the number of houses and cottages to amount to 852, and the number of inhabitants, men, women and children, to 2700, of which 200 were Albanians;* the number of olive-trees was 80,447; of wild olives, 9,486; of orange and citron-trees, 23,082; of other fruit trees, 13,012; and of Valonia oaks, 513; besides vineyards and cultivable grounds, all of which were measured. The value of this property, which the Parganotes had stated at 500,000*l.*, was estimated by the Corfu commissioners at 280,000*l.*; but by those on the part of the Sultan at 56,756*l.* only.

Here then the two parties were again at issue, though not so much as might appear at first sight; the Corfu commissioners having fixed the value as if the property had been at Corfu, and without any deduction for prompt cash payment; the first of which, it seems, admits of an abatement of one-third part by the rule in force even under the Venetian government, and the latter, of one-fourth. These deductions therefore would reduce their valuation to about 140,000*l.*

Still, however, the difference was so great between the two valuations as to leave little hopes of coming to any speedy adjustment; but the perseverance of Sir Thomas Maitland finally succeeded in obtaining for the Parganotes 150,000*l.* (666,000 dollars.)

* Parga contained a population of about five thousand souls!—*Edinburgh Review*. This is of a piece with all the rest.

nearly three times the sum estimated by the officers of the Porte. But here again a difficulty occurred. Hamed Bey had provided the payment in Turkish piastres, a miserably debased coin. Had these been accepted, so vast a sum carried into the Ionian Islands would at once have so depreciated the value, as to cause a very considerable loss to the Parganotes, and detriment to the money circulation of the Ionian republic. The voluntary liberality of Hamed Bey, however, smoothed this point of difficulty, and at the expense of 33,000 dollars he procured from Constantinople Spanish and Imperial dollars to the whole amount.

The moment this indemnity was received, the result was publicly proclaimed in specific terms; every inhabitant was explicitly informed of the sum he was to receive, of the amount of the valuation originally made of his respective property, and the diminution in consequence of the subsequent arrangements: and every one was again distinctly told that it was entirely at his own option either to remove or stay. To prevent any mistake, each received a ticket, stating the amount of his individual share; and the result of the whole proceeding was, that, instead of making any objections to the fairness of the valuation, the Parganotes all expressed their satisfaction at what had been done for them, in the strongest and most unequivocal manner; as that excellent officer, Lieut. Colonel Gubbins, their civil governor, who had no small share of trouble on the occasion, will, we are quite sure, be ready to testify.

We should have added that, on the delivery of the tickets, each individual was again informed, that he was still perfectly at liberty to remain, or to accept what had been considered as a fair equivalent for the property which he was about to leave.* They had all, however, made up their minds to quit the place, except one family; and they quitted it accordingly: one of the primates returned the following day, and was kindly received by Hamed Bey, and also by Ali Pasha, who visited the place three days after its evacuation.

On the arrival of the Parganotes at Corfu, it was settled with the Ionian government, that they should be at once, by an act of the legislature, acknowledged as naturalized subjects, and indulged in their anxious wish 'to follow the fate of the Ionian Islands;' giving them, at the same time, permission to settle in any of the Seven without the least restriction on their free agency, other than the obligation imposed on each individual, that, having once made his

* Hamed Bey made known by public proclamation the sentiments of the Porte on this occasion. 'I engage,' says he, 'on behalf of the Sublime Porte, that all those, who from attachment to their beloved country, may remain behind, shall enjoy liberty of every kind, and every thing which regards their religion, without hindrance or molestation, together with every security, and in the most profound tranquility in all that concerns their condition, their honour, and the respect due to each.'

choice,

choice; he should declare it to the local government of that island on which he had resolved to reside.

Every disposition was manifested on the part of the general (now Lord High Commissioner) to make the situation of the Parganotes comfortable. He offered them lands; to build them a church, a market-place, a court-house, and such other public buildings as might be necessary; to grant the lands on one spot, if they chose it, on which they might erect a *Parga nova*; and he endeavoured, by many other kind offices, to convince them of the deep interest which His Majesty's government had invariably felt for their present comfort, and their ultimate and permanent advantage. The large sums of money, which many of the families had received, enabled them to enter on a more extensive scale of trade than they had hitherto been able to exercise while cooped up in Parga: some fixed themselves in small shops; others had recourse to the carrying trade and to fishing, and few or no complaints were heard among them.

The mischief however, that had been hatching, shortly manifested itself. An account of the speech of Sir Charles Monck, in which all their grievances were stated, with many others of which they had never dreamt, reached Corfu; and we need hardly observe that, however satisfied people in their situation might be, it would be too much to expect they should remain so, or continue to think themselves well treated, when they found persons of distinction in the parliament of Great Britain roundly asserting the contrary, and not only deprecating their lot, but wantonly abusing the government for its cruelty and injustice towards them.*

Without affecting the puling cant of humanity, (so fashionable at the present day,) we can feel what it is for a whole people to abandon a spot to which they had long been riveted by habit, by affection, by the recollection of pleasures and enjoyments of which they are called upon for ever to take leave—to fly from a country endeared by those early ties, and numerous associations which every hill and rock and rivulet has power to awaken—and to leave behind those roofs which have been the scene of the strongest passions which agitate the human mind—these, in truth, are no slight evils; but when imperious necessity demands the sacrifice, and when

* When publications in England and in France teem with misrepresentations in their behalf, tending to persuade them of the bad conduct of the British government and of its officers, it can be no matter of surprize that so shrewd a people should be tempted to fabricate new claims and to set up the most exaggerated pretensions. It would be well, however, for the Parganotes, to consider whether the officious meddling of their hot-headed partizans is likely to dispose those, who alone can benefit them, to continue to act in their favour. At all events we are quite sure that the arrogant and bullying tone assumed by M. Duval is not likely to produce that end. Every page of this rancorous pamphlet (which we have reason to believe was manufactured in London) contains a falsehood which the next page frequently detects,

every possible assistance is given to alleviate the less, and to ward off the greater calamity, generosity as well as justice should prevent them from calumniating their benefactors. In justice to the Parganotes, however, it must be added that they were at least resigned to their fate, until they learned the clamour that was raised in their behalf.

After all that has happened, it must be confessed that we are a singular people. The mist through which we look at distant objects has often a wonderful effect in distorting their shape and enlarging their dimensions; and the same things which occur at home without creating an unusual sensation, may fill us with horror if the Atlantic or the Indian ocean chance to roll between. Recent events might furnish more than one striking example of this anomaly, had we leisure to pursue the subject; but we are straitened for time, and our decreasing limits warn us to hasten to a conclusion.

At any rate the degree of compassion which has been excited for the Parganotes is extravagant. If we compare the full and prompt indemnity procured for them, with the slow and scanty pittance granted to that numerous body of American loyalists, to whom we were pledged by every tie that ancient connection and recent devotion and attachment could enforce, we shall find that the balance, we will not say of justice, but of liberality, will preponderate considerably in favour of the former. Of the Americans, many of those, we fear, whose small properties were swept away by the issue of that disastrous contest, received no compensation for their losses, while the very meanest of the Parganotes received the full value of all that he possessed.

What indemnification was granted, we would ask, or what stipulations were made in favour of the great proprietors of any of the French West India islands ceded at the treaty of Amiens? In what way did we interfere to secure either the persons or properties of the numerous French landholders who adhered to their sovereign or his cause, from the tyranny of Buonaparte? But leaving this,—we would gladly learn in what Treaty, for a cession of territory, made by any of the powers of Europe, was any other favourable condition ever granted to the inhabitants of that territory, except that of settling a term, within which those who either belonged to it or were attached to the power who ceded it, should have a right to dispose of their property in the best manner they were able.

Parga alone offers an honourable exemption from this rule; and the paying to the inhabitants the absolute value of the property which they voluntarily relinquished, within the short space of four months, in which all their litigations, conflicting titles, and numerous claims of great variety and complexity were adjusted, does no less

less credit to the active and impartial interference of the British government, than to its disinterested consideration for those who confided in its justice and power.

Here then we pause—happy in being enabled, at the close, for the gratification of those ex-official agents who profess to have the interests of the Parganotes so deeply at heart, to lay before them the concluding paragraph of a letter which we have just received from Corfu:—

‘ We perceive, by Sir Charles Monck’s speech, that there are 4,000 Parganotes (*high-minded* Parganotes, but, in truth, very great rogues), actually starving in some of those islands: there never were more than 2700 of these people, and they are almost all here, very fat, well fed, and rich. They own that their property has been disposed of most advantageously; and their ready money, in a country where it is very scarce, enables them to strut and domineer, and to take a very considerable share of the little trade, which the Corfiotes enjoyed, out of their hands; the latter, of course, are discontented, but the Parganotes laugh at every body, and absolutely chuckle at the labours of their zealous advocates in England.’

We cannot dismiss the subject, however, without exhibiting one brief specimen of that extraordinary system of delusion with which the public feelings have been abused on this occasion. We quote the moving *spectacle* entire from the Edinburgh Review.—‘ Mark now, how I will raise the waters!’—*Launcelot*.

‘ As soon as this notice was given, every family marched solemnly out of its dwelling, without tears or lamentations; and the men, preceded by their priests, and followed by their sons, proceeded to the sepulchres of their fathers, and silently unearthed and collected their remains,—which they placed upon a huge pile of wood which they had previously erected before one of their churches. They then took their arms in their hands, and, setting fire to the pile, stood motionless and silent around it, till the whole was consumed. During this melancholy ceremony, some of Ali’s troops, impatient for possession, approached the gates of the town; upon which a deputation of the citizens was sent to inform our governor, that if a single infidel was admitted before the remains of their ancestors were secured from profanation, and they themselves, with their families, fairly embarked, they would all instantly put to death their wives and children,—and die with their arms in their hands,—and not without a bloody revenge on those who had bought and sold their country. Such a remonstrance, at such a moment, was felt and respected, as it ought by those to whom it was addressed. General Adam succeeded in stopping the march of the Mussulmans. The pile burnt out—and the people embarked in silence;—and Free and Christian Parga is now a stronghold of ruffians, renegadoes, and slaves!’—No. LXIV. p. 293.

Such is the affecting and heart-rending scene, which is represented to have closed what the writer is pleased to call ‘ the tragedy
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of Parga!—with what deep pathos it is expressed! how appropriate the machinery! how admirable the grouping!—and if one circumstance had not been wanting, the drama would have been quite perfect:—To M. Duval, to the ex-official agents of the Parganotes, and to those who have been concerned in getting up this afflicting catastrophe, the circumstance we allude to may not be considered of much importance—it is simply this: THAT THERE IS NOT ONE WORD OF TRUTH IN IT FROM BEGINNING TO END, AND THAT THE WHOLE IS A FABRICATION. Yes, gentle reader! The families marching out—the priests preceding—the sons following—the procession to the sepulchres—the disinterment of the bones—the *huge* pyre of wood—the firing of it in solemn silence—the troops of Ali, and the deputation of the citizens—the threat of putting to death their wives and children, and dying with arms in their hands—the success of General Adam in stopping the march of the Mussulmans—the burning out of the pile—and the silent embarkation—ALL, ALL THIS MACHINERY AND EVERY PART OF IT, we most positively and unequivocally assert,—and pledge ourselves for the truth of the assertion,—to be an absolute and positive falsehood: and we do not hesitate to appeal, for the truth of our statement, to Major General Sir Frederick Adam, and to Lieut. Colonel Gubbins, who delivered up the place; the latter of whom had been eight months commandant of the garrison and civil governor of the town, and remained in Parga three days after its occupation by the Turkish troops.

Nothing but a determined and premeditated spirit of malevolence could have fabricated a story so utterly destitute of truth. Whether it was wholly imagined, or built on some trifling circumstance, is not material to inquire; but, in either case, it furnishes a criterion by which we may estimate the value of all the other calumnies which have gone forth on this subject. In the statement now submitted to our readers, we are not aware that we have omitted any part of the case, suppressed any fact, or misrepresented any circumstance respecting the restoration of a place, which has been so unworthily raised into importance, and so mischievously thrust forward into public notice.

ART. VI.—'Ελληνική Βιβλιοθήκη. *With Observations relating to the modern Greek Language.* By M. Coray. 8 vols. 8vo. 1819. Paris.

IN comparing the languages of Ancient and Modern Greece, we observe that a very large class of words belonging to the former, is to be found also in the Romaic tongue; and in pursuing our investigation, we discover that various terms and phrases which have been

been generally considered as of recent introduction, occur in writers who preceded the Christian era, or lived in the centuries immediately following it. The Byzantines, by continued study of the works of their predecessors, must, without question, have preserved, to a late period, the knowledge and use of many words of the ancient language: they composed in it, we find, with facility and purity; they collected and transcribed manuscripts, and illustrated the productions of the best authors with *Scholia* and *Commentaries*. The dispute relating to the comparative merits of Aristotle and Plato, in which Bessario, Pletho, Gennadius, Theodore Gaza, George of Trebizond, and other Greeks were engaged, is a proof of the popularity of the works of those philosophers in the fifteenth century. Constantinople continued, until its capture by the Turks, to be frequented by the Latins, who were distinguished for their love of literature. 'The same reputation,' says *Aeneas Sylvius*, 'which Athens had in the days of ancient Rome, does Constantinople appear to possess in our time.'

But the language, in the course of succession, had sustained various alterations in its syntax, in the termination of nouns, in the loss of tenses and cases, in orthography, and accentuation. Two questions, therefore, arise which offer a subject of curious and not uninteresting inquiry: First—to what circumstances the preservation of the Greek tongue, for so long a period, are to be attributed? Secondly, what were the causes which led to the corruption of the modern idiom, and of what nature were the changes introduced, either by the ignorance and barbarism of the Greeks themselves, or by their intercourse with other nations? The discussion of these points will, we conceive, throw considerable light on the history and formation of the *Romaic* tongue.

The Macedonians, by their conquests, carried the language of Greece to the most remote districts of the East. Many cities in Lesser and Upper Asia were founded by them; among which we may mention *Synnada* in Phrygia, *Stratonice* in Caria, and *Thyatira* in Mysia. They built also towns in the vicinity of Sardes; and various parts of Armenia and Mesopotamia were peopled by them. The terms *Syro-Macedones* and *Syro-Hellenes* prove the establishment of their language in Syria; and some of the coins of the sovereigns of the Macedonian dynasty in this country bear Phœnician and Greek characters. The influence of the Greeks, their commercial activity, and their numbers, contributed to preserve the use of the language throughout the East: it is seen on the coins of *Daretas* and the *Abgari*, on those of the Parthian monarchs; it is united with the Samaritan on the money of the *Asmonean* princes; and it occurs in the inscriptions of *Palmyra*.

Under the reign of some of the kings of Pergamus and Alexandria,

dria, valuable libraries were formed in those cities; they rivalled one another, says Bentley, in the magnificence and copiousness of them; and the protection afforded to literature by the Ptolemies is without example in the history of the world. In the civil wars which followed the death of Alexander, and in the revolutions of Greece and Asia during the progress of the Roman arms, Alexandria was frequented by men of letters from all parts of Greece; they were liberally entertained by the Ptolemies, from whom many of them received annual pensions; and in the *Museum* they were able to prosecute their studies without obstruction. These princes spared no expense in procuring the most valuable copies of the writers of Greece; and the varied erudition which so strongly characterizes the works of some of the poets of the times was in a great measure derived from the valuable library preserved at Bruchion. The sciences of physic, mathematics, astronomy, were cultivated with great ardour by the Greeks of Alexandria; and to the same school belong the grammarians and glossographi. The Ptolemies themselves were authors; the son of Lagus wrote the life of Alexander; Euergetes II. left twenty-four books of Commentaries. The language of Egypt was not neglected; but the Greek tongue seems to have been predominant: it was used in matters of business and commerce, and it is found in the public monuments of the country, sometimes by itself, sometimes associated with that of Egypt.*

The study of the Greek language formed a necessary part of the education of the children of the Romans. After they had received some instruction from a Greek rhetorician, they were sent to complete their studies at Rhodes, Mitylene, Apollonia (ad mare), and at Athens. Every well-educated Roman was conversant with the Greek language, and wrote in it with facility. On the other hand, Rome was crowded with physicians and artists, who came from the states of Magna Græcia, or the neighbouring continent. Philosophers, sophists, grammarians, received the protection of many of the Emperors, who had themselves been instructed by Greeks. Athenodorus of Tarsus and Apollodorus of Pergamus were two of the preceptors of Augustus; Theodore of Gadara, who wrote on the Dialects, was the tutor of Tiberius; Herodian, the son of Apollonius Dyscolus, was patronized by Marcus Antoninus, and dedicated to him his *προσῳδία καθολική*.

The New Testament, as Jortin observes, being written in Greek, 'caused Christians to apply themselves to the study of that most copious and beautiful language.' In consequence of the various readings and alterations in the text introduced by the negligence

* See the Rosetta stone, and the Ptolemaic inscriptions in Hamilton's *Egyptiaca*.

or ignorance of transcribers, a critical examination of the different copies became necessary; and without a considerable acquaintance with pagan literature, the Greek fathers would have been unable to defend themselves against the attacks of their adversaries. Origen, Eusebius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory of Nazianzum had diligently perused the authors of ancient Greece, and marks of imitation are frequently discernible in their works; the writings of Plato in particular were familiar to the Greek fathers: the lofty speculations of that philosopher relating to the Deity and to the immortality of the soul had excited their admiration; and many of them had belonged to the Academy before they came into the church of Christ.

In fact, no author of ancient Greece was more studied by the Greeks who wrote in the decline of the Roman, and in the first periods of the Byzantine empire, than Plato; and Ruhnken has remarked, as a singular proof of it, that many passages in Plutarch, Maximus Tyrius, Synesius, Libanius, may be still corrected after the labours of learned commentators by a reference to his works. The pupils of the different sophists also derived from him many expressions to ornament their *ἑθοποιίαι*, and *Μελέται*, or Declamations; though it must be confessed that, in their imitations, either from want of judgment in the selection of their words, or from an abuse of Attic phraseology, they frequently exposed themselves to ridicule. The letters of Alciphron are an example of the mode adopted by the sophists in teaching Greek: these epistles were probably composed for the sake of shewing his scholars how the language might be written with purity and facility; hence 'his ploughmen and fishermen are made to talk as correctly as Demosthenes and Lysias.' The knowledge of the ancient language enabled the sophists to practise their literary forgeries with some success; and they probably made those additions which are occasionally met with in Greek writers. A great part of the Myriobiblon of Photius did not come from the pen of that patriarch; and Heyne discovered in a cursory reading of Manetho more than fifty insidious verses.

The compilation of Dictionaries and Glossaries, and the collection of different Scholia, and of observations relating to the Dialects, assisted the Greeks of the Roman and Byzantine empires in their study of the ancient authors. Some valuable explanatory works had been written by the Alexandrian critics; and from these, succeeding grammarians drew many of their best remarks. In consequence of the change of the language, it became impossible to understand some parts of the Attic writers without consulting them. 'The *γλῶσσαι* of Plato,' says Timæus* in his address to

* *Lexicon*, p. 3.

Gentianus, 'are not only obscure to you Romans, but also to most of the Greeks.'

From the first to the fifth century many cities in the East were crowded with students who attended the lessons of professors in rhetoric and theology. Tarsus, Berytus, and Antioch were celebrated places of instruction. The anniversary of the birth-day of Plato was commemorated at Athens, where a school, supported by rents* from land bequeathed by different persons, long flourished under the superintendence of some of the Platonists. Philosophers and sophists travelled through the provinces, and delivered, publicly, essays or declamations. Various specimens of their ingenuity have reached us; and though, in their extemporaneous discourses, they appear inaccurate in their quotations and inconclusive in their arguments, yet they may be considered as having contributed to preserve and diffuse the knowledge of the language.

After the schools of Athens were suppressed by order of Justinian, and Alexandria was taken by the Saracens, in the seventh century, Thessalonica and Constantinople were the only cities in which any attention was paid to literary pursuits. In the former, according to the testimony of John Cameniates, law, music, eloquence, and the liberal arts were taught in the tenth century. The Byzantine emperors afforded occasionally some protection to letters; this praise is particularly due to Bardas, Leo the philosopher, Constantine Porphyrogenetus, the Comneni, and Manuel Palæologus. Under their patronage, and in the quiet retreat of the monasteries, many copies of the most valuable works of ancient Greece were transcribed. It might be supposed that ecclesiastical writings would particularly engage the attention of the later Greeks; and accordingly we find that the manuscripts of Chrysostom are very numerous; the prose and metrical works of Gregory of Nazianzum were also exceedingly popular; and his namesake, the Bishop of Corinth, in speaking of the Attic dialect, cites, to our surprise, the testimony of that Father; but there is no reason to believe that the poets, orators, and philosophers of antiquity were neglected. From the colophon of the copy of Plato brought to England by Dr. Clarke, we learn that it was written in the ninth century; the Scholia on the *Iliad*, edited by Villoison, were transcribed in the tenth; in the twelfth, Eustathius wrote his commentaries on Pindar and Homer; and in the fifteenth, Arsenius, Archbishop of Monembasía, collected Scholia on the plays of Euripides.

In addition to the circumstances already mentioned, which contributed to promote a knowledge of the Greek tongue, we must not omit to point out the assistance derived from innumerable in-

* Habebat hæc schola redditus annuos non mediocres. Vales. in Euseb. H. E. x. 142.
 scriptions

scriptions which might be found in all parts of Greece, in Asia Minor, and the Greek islands. Many of these preserved remarkable forms of the ancient language, and idioms peculiar to the dialects of different provinces; some were seen in Italy so late as the time of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Pliny; others at Byzantium in the sixth century; and the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius had probably perused the characters on the Sigean stone.

Having stated the causes which preserved the language for so many centuries, we proceed to point out some of the changes introduced between the period when it began to decline in Greece, and received its last corruption under the Byzantines.

The first alteration was effected by the Macedonians about the time of Alexander. The expressions, phrases, and idioms of that people became *nationalized* at Athens.* They were used by Menander and other writers; and perhaps some of the vulgarisms which were remarked in the style of Epicurus may be attributed to the mixture of Attic and Macedonic. The different states of Greece, after their subjection to the Macedonians, were blended into one large community; and the idiotisms and peculiarities hitherto employed in separate provinces yielded to the *communis lingua* which began gradually to prevail, and continued to be the language in general use. The Attic writers were indeed still read and studied with great attention; Ionic and Doric idioms were employed also to a late period; Philopomen uses his native language; and Mandricidas answers Pyrrhus in Laconian. We learn from Strabo that Doric with a mixture of Æolic was spoken in Peloponnesus during the reign of Augustus; a passage in the Scholia of Diomed on Dionysius Thrax mentions the use of $\Sigma\Delta$ for Z by the Dorians of his time; in the age of Pausanias the purest Doric of the Peloponnesus was used by the Messenians, and this idiom was preserved so late as the days of Eustathius. To these, other examples might be added, to shew the local prevalence of the dialects; but the general language of composition in use from the time of Alexander was the *Communis Lingua*.†

The highest degree of purity and correctness of style, as Salmasius has observed, is to be found in writers who preceded the age of Demosthenes, or were contemporary with him. After that time, the alteration in the language is very perceptible. In the works of the Alexandrian scholars, we meet with a polished and beautiful diction; but there are also idioms and innovations ori-

* *Μακεδνίζοντας οὐκ πολλοὺς τῶν Ἀττικῶν διὰ τὴν ἐπιμειλίαν.* Athenæus, p. 122. A.

† That general manner of speech, says Bentley, called *κοινὴ διάλεκτος*, the common dialect, which the writers after Alexander's time commonly used, was never, at any time or in any place, the popular idiom; but perfectly a language of the learned, almost as the Latin is now. Phalaris, 406.

ginating in their own refinements, and deriving no authority from the better ages of Greek literature.* The Septuagint version and various inscriptions discovered in Syria and Egypt present us with singular forms of speech. 'Επολέμησα χώρας, 'I subdued countries,' (where *πολέμω* is followed by an accusative case in an unusual manner,) is found in the Adulitan monument of the time of Euergetes; and in Isaiah xxxvi. Psalm cxxviii. Jeremiah xlviii.† Cilician words are also found in the Septuagint: and the common speech of the inhabitants of that city seem to have been a mixture of Macedonic, Jewish, and Ægyptian.

In explaining the phraseology of the Septuagint and the New Testament, critics have frequently drawn their examples from Greek writers who lived under the Lagidæ and Seleucidæ; and as some of these monarchs had invited the Jews to settle in the cities which they built, and others had encouraged them to reside in Egypt, the intercourse between the Jews and Greeks was very great in all commercial towns, and many of the latter became acquainted with the Hebrew idioms. 'Dudum est (says Ernesti) cum docti quidam viri observarunt, Polybium, imprimis, multa habere cum oratione sacrorum scriptorum convenientia.'

The language of the Romans was introduced with their conquests, and corrupted the Greek in many countries where the latter was the vernacular idiom. A remarkable passage in Valerius Maximus‡ shews the attention which the Romans paid to the preservation of their own tongue; and the general diffusion of it in the time of Plutarch is evident from the words used by that writer, *Ρωμαίων λόγῳ νῦν ὁμοῦ τι πάντες ἄνθρωποι χρῶνται*. Roman colonists and merchants were established in Greece and Asia Minor; and many inscriptions found in those countries prove the common use of the two idioms. Latin was familiar to the people of Syria; for, in different parts of the New Testament, we not only meet with words of that language, but also with Latin phraseology. When the seat of empire was removed by Constantine, Latin was more commonly spoken at his court than Greek, as French was preferred to English under the Norman conquerors. The speeches of Constantine were composed in that tongue, and then translated into Greek. The coins of the empire, until the reign of Basil the Macedonian, bear Latin legends; and as the language was used by those who were in authority, Libanius expresses some apprehensions lest the Greek tongue should be entirely forgotten.

* See Knight, *Proleg. ad Homerum*, sec. 172. and Elmsley, ad *Aristoph. Acharn. Museum Criticum*, ii. p. 205.

† There is a correspondence between some of the expressions in the Sigeian decree of the year 278 B. C. and those which occur in the Maccabees. Hebraisms have been observed in the Rosetta and Adulitan inscriptions.

‡ L. ii. c. 2.

The Alexandrian dialect had a great influence on the language of the Greeks of the East. The termination of verbs in *αν*, as *ειπαν*, *παρήλθοσαν*, and other similar forms, is common in neoteric Greek; and *ἤρσαν*, *ἐκρίνονσαν*, *ἐλαμβάνονσαν*, *ἐφαίνονσαν*, *ἐφίρονσαν*, *ἠγάγονσαν*, *κατέειλονσαν*, *ἠμάργονσαν*, *ἴδονσαν*, *ἐπεβάνονσαν*, *ἐλάβονσαν*, occur in the Septuagint version. No work was more familiar to the Christians of the different provinces than this translation; it was read in the churches of Syria; it was studied throughout the empire in the copies of Hesychius, Origen, and the Martyr Lucian; and was quoted by those who expounded the Scriptures to the lower order of the people.* The influence of this version upon the language of the Greeks was, as Villosion has remarked, similar to that which was produced on the writings of the middle ages by the Latin Vulgate, and on the German tongue by the translation of Luther. The other part of the volume of the sacred Scriptures was equally studied by all the Christians of the empire; and we find some of the Fathers admitting that the purity of their language was affected by their familiarity with the plain and unpolished idiom of the Greek of the New Testament.

The impossibility of rendering some of the Hebrew forms by any corresponding one in Greek, introduced new words into the Septuagint; and the doctrines, rites and usages of Christianity affixed new meanings to those already in use. *Πίστις*, *Δικαιοῦσα*, *Ἐπίστασις*, *Σάξ*, *Δαιμονιζόμενος*, *Ἀνάθεμα*, and many other phrases have a meaning very different from that which they bear in the writings of ancient Greece. *Θυσιαστήριον*, says Mede, is an expression not known to any pagan writer; it is an ecclesiastical term first employed by the Septuagint writers, as we learn from Philo, to denote a Hebrew word, and to distinguish the altar of the God of Israel from the altars of the idol gods of the Gentiles. *Ἀκοινωνσία* occurs in Aristotle, Pol. l. ii. but in ecclesiastical Greek it means a suspension of the Holy Sacraments; it is found in this sense in the 29th canon of the African church. Compound words of a new form are used by Dionysius the Areopagite, as *ἐξουσιοπιδίς*, *ἐξουσιαρχία*, *ὑπεράρχιος*, and the Saviour is called *Θιαρχικώτατος Νους*.

The grammarians who lived in the first ages of the Christian era have noticed some of the alterations introduced in their time. Words used in various senses by the classical writers of Greece were confounded in the second century; obsolete and antiquated modes of speech were employed by some authors who thus became almost unintelligible to their contemporaries. The style of Aelian is full of antiptoses, pleonasm, and an idle use of *ἀλλά γὰρ*, *ἀλλὰ γάρ*, *καὶ*

* Euseb. E. H. Vales. 115.

οὖν καί, καὶ γὰρ οὖν. Expressions of declining Hellenism have been observed in Strabo; and ἀχοίτης, a poetical word, is used in prose in the time of Diocletian. In the age of Lucian, the language was scarcely to be found any where in its purity; that author himself is not free from affectation, one of the faults of his contemporaries. The ignorance of Nonnus has been exposed by Heinsius; in the reign of Justinian many words appear with new meanings; αἰρεσις signifying *conditio*, and ἀπειθής, *dissidens*, are peculiar to the Theodosian age. In Epiphanius, ἀφανταῦσθαι is used for ἀφαντος γιγνέσθαι; πατρίς for *regio*; φορετοῦν for *texare*, ἤκιναι, for *venisse*, ἀνείκαστος for *non congruens*; and the plural feminine is joined with a verb singular, ὅρῃς πῶς ἔχει αἱ τῆς ἀληθείας φράσεις. As we advance, the alteration of the language and the decline of good taste become more evident; words of a plebeian stamp, used sparingly by the ancients, occur in Libanius, Themistius, Theodoret, Agathias, and Theophylact. Between the sixth and ninth centuries, we find the following changes in the meaning of words; Ἀθλησις is *monasterium*; ἀμιξία *pugna, tumultus*; ἀναγινώσκω, *literis erudior*; ἀνθρωποι, *milites*; ἄρμα, *exercitus*; ἀσπεράγαλος, *manus digitus*; ἀξίωσιν ποιεῖν, *actionem contra aliquem intendere*; διαφέρειν τινι, *opponi alicui*, and ἑμιλία, *concio*. Forced metaphors, absurd comparisons, hybridous, and semibarbarous words vitiate the compositions of writers of the sixth and following centuries. Solœcisms, neglect of the laws of metre and rules of accentuation, ignorance of the ancient forms of the language, occur in the poets, lexicographers, and grammarians; while Greek and Latin words are mixed together in a work containing phrases borrowed from Herodotus and Thucydides.

As many expressions occurred in the ancient writers which were difficult to be understood, because they were not in common use, or were peculiar to the dialects, they were changed for others. Eutocius has discarded the Dorisms from Archimedes; the Ionisms of Anacreon have been altered; in some of the odes of Pindar, words of a more recent date are substituted for those of the poet: this is the reason, according to Vizzanius and Bentley, why Ocellus Lucanus, though by birth a Dorian, and though Stobæus quotes some passages of his writings in the Doric dialect, now appears, from his book *De Natura Universi* which is still extant, to have composed it in Attic. Plato had written διανεκεῖ λόγῳ in the Hippias; the first word has been changed into διηνεκεῖ; in the same writer ἀνιδροῦν has been substituted for ἰδίειν, διώκω for διακάζω, ὑπείκω for ὑπεικάζω, and the old form ἐγγρίει has given place to ἐγγρίμπτει. In Thucydides, (l. vi. c. 22.) instead of the original word κάγχρυσ, we now read the explanation χρίται πεφρυγμέναι; and the glosses in the margin

gin of Hippocrates have often passed into the text. As the ignorance of the ancient language increased, a more popular and simple form of composition was necessary for the generality of readers; the *Alexiads* of Anna Comnena were translated into the *vulgar* speech; and the same idiom was adopted by Nicetas, who had written his history at first in ancient Greek.*

The intercourse with those nations which at different times invaded the empire, or settled in parts of it, introduced many new words and expressions, and changed the form of the Greek tongue. In the seventh century the Saracens established themselves in Asia Minor, and Iconium became the capital of their new kingdom; they also subdued Syria, and both Syriac and Greek yielded to the language of the conquerors. In the ninth century, the Venetians traded with the Byzantines, and in the reign of Alexius Comnenus they settled in the city and intermarried with some of the noble families. From the ninth to the eleventh centuries, the Bulgarians were engaged in commerce with the Greeks; and the Hungarians succeeded them in the countries which lie between Constantinople and Germany. In the tenth century the Turks extended their conquests from Persia to the Hellespont; and in the eleventh the empire was attacked in the west by Roger the Norman.

Vulgarisms of various kinds had infected the Greek tongue before the sixth century; but as many manuscripts have been destroyed, we are not able to trace the progress of this corruption. Some of the volumes contained what Photius calls *λέξεις πεπατημένας, ἀγοραῖους, ἐκ τριόδου*. The Romans brought with them many new words and peculiarities of sound and idiom; but the changes were chiefly derived from the neglect and inattention of the Greeks themselves. In some districts of the empire, as we learn from an epigram of Palladas, a practice prevailed of *clipping*, or shortening the final syllables of words.

Τὸν θώ, καὶ τὰς κνή, τὰν τ' ἄσπιδα καὶ δόρυ, καὶ κρὰ,
Γορδιοπριλάριος ἀνθιτο Τιμοθίου.†

The compositions of the vulgar poets, in the later ages of the Byzantine empire, influenced the pronunciation of their countrymen; for, according to the measures of their verses, they used, ἔλεγον or ἐλέγασιν, λέγεις or λές, λέγει or λέ, λέγομεν or λέμεν, λέγετε or λέτε, λέγουσιν or λέγουν.

The origin of different *Italian* idioms, the use of auxiliaries, and the termination of various words have been traced by Maffei to Latin modes of speech. *Tantum de cartis for tanta carta* occurs

* Gronovii Observ. Liber Novus. Salmas. F. L. H. 208.

† The words are *θήρακα, κνημίδας, κράνος*. See Anthol. Pal. t. iii. part 1. p. 142. Notes.

in Vopiscus; the vulgar, as Salmasius has remarked, were accustomed to say *caput de aquila*, 'the head of the eagle.' Volusiano and Gallo are found on coins, as *nominatives*, instead of Volusianus and Gallus; Satis jam dictum habeo (*ho già detto abbastanza*); de Cæsare habeo dictum; habere cognitum Scævola (*aver cognosciuto*); cognitum habeo insulas; habere notata; conductos haberet; are cited by Maffei from Plautus, Cicero, Pliny. De Davo audiui (*l'ho inteso da Davo*), de nocte abiit (*partì di notte*), are in Plautus and Terence. *Hunc* Theatrum, *hunc* prodigium,* and other solœcisms were introduced before the invasion of Italy by the Goths; and a singular document of the time of Justinian proves the corruption which had already taken place.† The *Romaic* language likewise contains many forms of ancient date; some, as Coray has shewn, are remains of the dialects. The changes and the omission of letters were probably frequent at an early period among the lower orders; καλό, κακό, for καλόν, κακόν, were familiar at least to the contemporaries of Aristophanes, though not perhaps adopted by them; as, in one of his Comedies, a Scythian uses, καλό, γλυκερό, πανουργό. (Thesm. 1112, 1187.)

This mode of terminating similar adjectives in ο instead of ον may have been common with the barbarian settlers in the empire; and from them, perhaps, the natives derived this vicious pronunciation. With respect, however, to the word ἔχω, so frequently employed as an auxiliary in *Romaic*, it is not necessary to adopt the opinion of those who think it was particularly used by the ignorant invaders of the empire unable to follow the Greek inflections of the verbs; when we find the Greeks themselves acquainted with such forms as θαυμάσας ἔχω, ἔχεις δουλώσας, ἀτιμάσας ἔχει, γήμας ἔχει, οὐτήσας ἔχεις, βεβουλεύκως ἔχει.‡ Among other idioms which may be traced back to a distant time, we may mention the practice of adding ἵνα to the subjunctive, instead of using the infinitive. We read in Plutarch, Πείθωμεν τὴν Τελεσίππαν ἵνα μὲν μεθ' ἡμῶν, where, says his last learned editor, ἵνα μὲν is used for μένειν; and in Leo, the author of an epigram in the Anthologia, we meet with the same form, Εἰπὲ κασιγνήτῃ κρατερῶς ἵνα θήρας ἐγείρῃ, ut excitet, excitare. It deserves to be remarked that the same mode of expression is in use among the inhabitants of part of France. Jamais en Anjou dans le Craonnais et dans les autres districts de cette province on ne dit *je voudrais faire, je voudrais aller*, mais, comme le Grec moderne, *je voudrais que je ferois, je voudrais que j'irois*.§

* Barthii Adversaria, l. iii.

† Quoted in Morhof. de Pat. Liviana.

‡ Herod. i. 27. Eusip. Med. 33. Soph. Ed. T. 577. ib. 699. Ed. C. 701. This form, as Mr. Knight observes, is not found in Homer: 'et Atticorum venia dixerim, recentiorum magis barbariem, quam veterum elegantiam sapit,' Prol. sec. 148.

§ Zalikoglu, Dict. Grec. et François.

The use of 'Ας in the sense of 'let' so common in Romaic, occurs in Theophanes, a writer of the ninth century, and in Constantine Porphyrogennetus who lived in the tenth.* Other Romaic words and expressions are found in the same work of Theophanes; as, σάραντα, 'forty,' πιάνω 'I take,' καλοκαίριον, 'summer,' σημείου for ἡμισείας, εὐφήμεον for εὐφημοῦσι, and the termination in ιν, for ιον, as μανδύλιν, παιδίν, θυσιαστήριν. In Constantine we find the Romaic ἦτον for ἦν, βασιλέα the accusative used instead of the nominative βασιλεύς, σικάνειν, ferre, ἀρχοντόπουλοι filii archontum, καινουργεῖν, novum facere.

It appears, therefore, from these instances that the barbarisms of the language were not confined to the lower orders; but were employed in writing even by persons of rank and education. The treatise 'De Administrando Imperio,' from which some of the preceding vulgarisms are selected, was addressed by Constantine, one of the most learned of the Greek emperors, to his son. The two best scholars of the last days of the Byzantine monarchy, Constantine Lascaris and Bessario used the same depraved idiom; the epistle of the latter to the preceptor of the sons of Thomas Palæologus is written entirely in modern Greek. Philolphus, indeed, assures us, that the courtiers and ladies of rank at Byzantium spoke the ancient language with purity and elegance; but we also know that they likewise employed the vulgar idiom of their times, differing very little from that which is still in use.

It is, however, owing to the cultivation of the language, which was continued to the late period mentioned by Philolphus, that the affinity of the Romaic to the Hellenic is much greater than that of the Italian to the Latin. Amidst the corruptions of the neoteric Greek, we observe in almost every sentence words strictly Hellenic, many of which are recognised by every reader as in use among the best writers of the language, and still retaining their form unaltered; there are also others of frequent occurrence in later Greek writers and in Romaic, the date of which is more ancient than is commonly supposed. This part of the subject might be illustrated by many curious examples: a few are subjoined.

Νερό, Νηρό, 'water.' No other word is ever used in Romaic to denote 'water.' 'Εν νηροῖς μυχοῖς, 'in humidis recessibus,' occurs in Lycophron; and Νηρεύς, Νηρόν, Νηρηΐδες, Νηρηΐτης, have

* See the work, De Administrando Imperio, edited by Meursius. From one of the Prefaces of Coray now before us, we select the following instances, shewing how ἵνα, θίλω, ἔχω, 'Ας are used in Romaic. 'Ελπίζω ἔτι θίλει εὐρεθῆ ὅστις μίλλει τὰ καθαρίσθω. 'I hope that some one will be found, who is about to cleanse.'—'Ὅταν ἡ γλῶσσα παρῆμαζεν, ἡ ἔχον ἴδη παρῆμαστι. 'When the language was declining, or had already declined.' 'Ας με συγχωρήσῃ ὁ φίλος Γαζὶς τὰ σημείωσιν. 'Let Gazi allow me to remark.' 'Ας or 'Αφς is corrupted from 'Αφς. 'Αφς ἰδομεν in St. Matthew, would be Ἀς ἰδομεν in Romaic.

all significations referring to the same thing. Salmasius and Hemsterhuys assign a great antiquity to the word. 'In vulgari profecto lingua,' says the latter, 'non pauca sunt ab ultima retro antiquitate repetenda; sicuti cum *aquam* appellant Nepō: de qua voce vide sis Hesychium.'

'Ἄλογο, 'a horse.' It is found in Diogenes Laertius, a writer of the third century, applied to a 'beast of burthen.' In the Scholiast on the Ajax Mastigophorus of Sophocles, it bears the signification of 'horse.'

Πολλὰ τὰ ἔτη, is the ordinary salutation in the present day in Greece. It was used in the acclamations of the Greek councils; and ἔτη πολλά, 'Ιουστινιανέ, is the cry of one of the factions at Byzantium. In convoking the ecclesiastical synods, the emperors employed the phrases τὴν ἡμετέραν Θεϊότητα, τῇ ἡμετέρᾳ ἡμερότητι. Similar formulæ occur in neoteric Greek.

Διάλογμα in Romaic signifies 'Ἐκλογή, *selectio*. It was used in the same sense, thirteen centuries ago, by Stephanus Byzantinus.

Ῥύρος, 'circle,' in Romaic: employed also with the same meaning by Menander and the Alexandrians.

Ἄσπροι, 'money,' a word derived by the Byzantines from the Latin. Good money was called 'probum et asperum.' In probō et aspero solvere, occurs in Seneca.

Πορνοκόπος is used by Menander; and many words, according to Coray, are formed in Romaic in a similar manner, as Μεθοκόπος, Χαροκόπος, Στενοκόπος, Σταυροκοπῶ.

Ὀροφιαῖος was lately discovered by Hase in a writer of the twelfth century; it is, he remarks, *insolita vox*; but it occurs in an Athenian inscription published by Chandler and Wilkins, the date of which precedes the archonship of Euclid.

Γάμος is used by the Byzantines and modern Greeks in the sense of συνουσία. It bore a similar meaning in ancient times. (Villoison, Proleg. ad Hom. xxxviii.)

Σκόροδα. This word is always written and pronounced in Romaic Σκόρδα. It occurs in the same form in the Septuagint, Num. x. 15. and in the Geoponica: and in the compounds, ἐφίσκορδον σκορδόπρασον in Dioscorides.

Κατέχω is used in Athenæus in the sense of 'I know.' Hodiernis Græcis, maxime Cretensibus, κατέχω est plane synonymum verborum οἶδα, γινώσκω. (Coray, in Athen.)

Ἰδίωμα, 'dignity, gravity, respectability of appearance,' in modern Greek. In the poem of Erotocritus,* we read,

Πεζοὶ μὲ ζάλα μνηστῆρ' καὶ δῶμα πορπατοῦσαν,

'Pedestres pedetentim et cum gravitate incedeabant.' The word

* This poem, as Col. Leake says, is one of the most esteemed in Romaic. It is certainly one of the longest: it consists of 10,000 lines.

ἰδίωμα, according to Coray, was used also in a similar sense by Theopompus.

Ψάρι, 'fish,' in Romaic. Ὀψάριον, 'a small fish,' is found in St. John's Gospel, vi. v. 9.

Πάντα is used now for πάντοτε; it occurs in Lucian in this sense twice.

The ancient Greeks applied χειρομάχαν πληθὺν to those who obtained their living by their own hands. The Greeks now use χειρομάχος.

Ψάμι, the common word for 'bread' in Romaic. In the Septuagint version of Job, ψωμός has the same meaning.—c. xxii. v. 7.

Ἀσήμι, 'silver,' in Romaic. The word occurs in Eusebius, E. H. l. 1. καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα προσέταξε δοῖναι αὐτῷ χρυσὸν καὶ ἄσημον.

Χρόνος, 'a year,' in modern Greek. The use of it, instead of ἐνιαυτός, is found also in the same work of Eusebius.

Κρασί, 'wine,' in Romaic. Κράμα, a word of the same meaning, was used in the time of Justin Martyr for 'wine.' Ὑδατος καὶ κράματος, 'Aquæ et vini.' Apol. 2. 'et Græci recentiores κρασί, et κράσιον pro vino simpliciter dicunt.' Gataker Adv. Post. c. v. p. 452.

Ἀναστροφή, in ancient Greek, has the sense of the French word *cercle*, and the Italian, *conversazione*. 'Neo-Græci,' says Coray, 'συναναστροφὴν eodem usurpant sensu.'

Ἀλύπητα has the signification in modern Greek of ἀφειδῶς. In the passage of Æschylus,

Ἐψον' μηδὲ λυπηθῆς πέρι,

μηδὲ λυπηθῆς declarandum est ex Neogræcorum lingua, *Ne parce*. (Coray in Athen. l. ix. c. 17.)

Σπάθη is the usual word to express a sword in Romaic. Σπάθη autem vox pura Græca est. (See Jul. Pollux. 10, 31. Fabroti, Gloss. Cedreni.)

Καράβι, the common term in Romaic to denote a ship or vessel. 'Scaphæ a Græcis jurisconsulti κάραβοι dicuntur.' (Heinsii Ex. Sacræ in Act. Apos. 320.)

There are two subjects connected with the present inquiry, namely, the pronunciation of the letters of the language, and the accentual mode of reading and speaking, on which we shall beg leave to offer a few concluding remarks.

I. AI and E are pronounced alike by the modern Greeks; Villoison has shewn that they were confounded in the time of Augustus; and, in an epigram of Callimachus, εἴχει answers in echo to ναίχει. The similarity of sound prevailed at a much earlier period; we find ΑΛΚΜΕΩΝΙΔΗΣ on the Sandwich marble; and in an an-

cient inscription copied by Spon; and the following line is quoted from Timocles in Athenæus,

Ὁ τοῦτον δὲ μαικῆς Ἀλαμίν' ἰσκήφατο.

The same sound is given to EI and I by the modern Greeks. These letters were frequently confounded in former times. ANAKTEI occurs in a very ancient inscription found by Colonel Leake in Asia Minor; ΕΙΔΙΑΝ on the Heracleian Tables; ΔΙΕΙΤΡΕΦΕΣ on a marble of Attica of remote date. EI and I, as Valckenaer has remarked, were pronounced alike in the time of Ammonius, or in the beginning of the second century: and τίμην, πολίτην, γινώσκόμενος are written with ει in the letter of Mark Anthony to the Aphrodisians, A. U. 720.

Λ is pronounced in some words in Romaic instead of Π, as ἀχλάδια for ἀχράδια. One of the most learned of the ancient commentators, the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius says, συγγενές τὸ Λ τῷ Π; and adds, Ἀχράδας was sounded as Ἀχλάδας; and we find from another grammarian, that the Greeks said ὕδρηλοι, ἐμπολός, Δάμαλις, instead of ὕδρηροί, ἐμπορός, Δάμαρις.

T is now pronounced in Romaic, in some words, as Δ. This is not a modern innovation; it appears from an inscription, published by Gruter, that διὰ πάντων was written in Latin, DIA PAN-DON. (Scalig. Anim. in Euseb. Chron. p. 118.)

EI and H have the same sound in modern Greek. 'Singularis locus est apud Aristophanem in Vespis, de confusa et valde affini jam tum permutatione τῶν εἰ et ἡ, ubi ait Poëta

ἦν ἰξίχῃ
εἶλη κατ' ἑξῆς: ἡλιάσει πρὸς ἥλιον. v. 771.

ludit in similitudine vocum εἶλη, et ἥλιος et ἡλιάξειν.'—*Casauboniana*, p. 49.

The sound of no letter has been so much the subject of debate as that of B. It is pronounced in Romaic like the English V. The following illustration of the power of this letter by Chishull will lead us to doubt whether it had always that sound. In the third century before Christ, we find, he says, the letter N changed into M as often as it precedes a word beginning with either of the labials B or Π, or M: as τὴν βασιλείαν, τῶν πραγμάτων, τὴν μὲν. ἱερίαν; in the compounds we read, ἐμβάλλω, ἐμπίπτω, ἐμμένω; in Latin, imbibo, impono, immuto. This mode was introduced on account of the easier prolation of the sound; the two cognate letters being expressed by one motion of the mouth. 'Hinc vera illa et antiqua elementi B, compressis labris, pronuntiatio, hoc saltem loco et tempore demonstratur.' (*Ant. Asiat.* p. 54.)

The same sound is now given to T and I, that of our English ee. But Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in his treatise De Com-
is,

is,' he says, 'a considerable contraction of the lips in sounding Υ ; but the lips give no effect to the sound of I ; the breath is driven against the teeth, and the mouth is open a little.' From the representation of the note of the cuckoo, in the Birds of Aristophanes, we cannot suppose that the letter Υ had the modern sound of *ee*. $\chi\acute{\omega}\pi\omicron\varsigma\ \delta\ \kappa\acute{\omicron}\kappa\kappa\upsilon\zeta\ \epsilon\acute{\iota}\pi\omicron\iota\ \text{Κοκκú.}$ —v. 505.

Υ is sometimes pronounced soft as ι ; thus $\gamma\upsilon\upsilon\alpha\iota\kappa\alpha$ becomes *Yeenaka*. At what period this practice was first introduced, we have not been able to ascertain; but the copyist of Ammonius must have given to γ the sound of ι , as he writes ἔργου for ἐρίου . *Id ex pronuntiandi ratione ortum*, says Valckenaer.

OI and I have been confounded in pronunciation for many centuries. In the inscriptions relating to the Christian martyrs of Nubia, we find FENITO , ΚΟΠΗΣ , for FENOITO , ΚΟΠΗΙΣ . They also give ι for ϵ , as ἐτελειώθη for ἐτελειώθη —'he suffered martyrdom.'

It is easy to imagine that innumerable errors must have arisen in consequence of the same sound being given to AI and E , to OI , H , Υ , I ,* EI . In transcribing manuscripts the copyist often wrote from dictation, and, misled by the sound, substituted one word for another. The mistakes originating in this confusion were so great, that Theognotus, a grammarian of the ninth century, delivered a number of rules pointing out in what cases AI and E should be written, and in what OI and Υ .

II. In the common practice of reading the Greek language the accent is disregarded, because it is found almost impossible to apply it, and to give at the same time to different words their proper quantity; though it does not always happen that the latter is preserved according to this mode. With the modern Greeks the accent is employed; but the syllable over which it is placed has, in consequence, a *lengthened* sound. The pronunciation of Οὐλομένην , as Mr. Knight has remarked, will exemplify the faults of the two systems; in Romaic the word evidently becomes Ὀυλομένην ; and, according to the common practice, Ὀυλόμμενην .

This misapplication of the acute accent, according to the mode practised by the modern Greeks, is of early date. Φαίδραμος is a dactyl in Plautus; and the middle syllable of Φίλιππος is shortened in the same writer. The three last syllables of Orionis (Ὠρίωνος) form a dactyl instead of an anti-bacchius in Ovid; *strictumque Orionis ense*. The unaccented syllables in these instances seem to have been pronounced rapidly, while a stress was laid on those

* While this article is going through the press, we observe in some inscriptions copied in Nubia, apparently with great accuracy, by Mr. Burckhardt, a curious instance of the change of H for Υ ; it is also of considerable antiquity. ΜΗΡΟΝΗΜΟΤ ΚΙΔΑΟΣ , p. 124, is ΜΥΡΕΝΗΜΟΤ 1. In another, p. 101, we have $\text{ΤΗΝ} \dots \text{ΠΙΝΤΜΟΝ ΕΙCΙΝ}$.

which are accented. The Asiatic Greeks committed similar errors; Philostratus mentions a Cappadocian sophist, Pausanias, who, when he spoke, 'lengthened short syllables, and shortened long ones.' Αἶγνα, the name of the island Ægina, and Μάχρινα are dactyls in the Anthologia. In the age of Ausonius, Prudentius and Sidonius we find the accent used with a power similar to that which it had among the vulgar in the days of Plautus; εἰδωλα is *idōla*, and Ἀράτος, the middle syllable of which is long, becomes Ἀράτος; the ω in τρίγωνος is shortened by Ausonius; Ἐυριπίδης has the penultimate long in Sidonius; the second syllables of ἔρημος and ποίησις are shortened by Prudentius. It has been contended that these Latin writers would not have employed the accent with a lengthening power, unless a similar mode of speaking had been familiar to the Greeks of their own time. It probably prevailed at first among the lower orders of Romans; and the more they mixed with the Greeks in their conquests of different countries of the east, the wider the corruption would be diffused. According to the neoteric Greeks the acute had a lengthening power; the scholiast on Hephæstion* says that the ο in δειν, in Homer, is long from the position of this accent; and Eustathius thinks the acute is the *θεράπεια*, or 'restorative medicine,' in the following verse of the same poet.

Βῆ' εἰς Αἰόλου κλυτὰ δώματα.

If we find in the poems of Gregory of Nazianzum, a violation of the rules of metre, and a prolongation of short syllables bearing the acute accent, we may properly conclude that the same errors were general in his time, or at least were committed by those less learned than himself. In different parts of the works of this Father the following lines have occurred to us, each of which contains a false quantity.

Καὶ σὺ Γεωργίῳ φίλοι δέμας.

*Ὡ φοβεραὶ ψυχῶν μάστιγις οὐχ ὀσίω.

Ἄκρα φέροντα πάσης Καισάρει σοφίης.

Τὸ τρίτον αὐ σκίπτισσι ἄηρ καὶ γαῖα καλύφθη.

Ἐνθάδε Βασιλείῳ Βασιλεῖσι ἀρχιερεῖα.

We have in our own language verses written in the 13th century with the same cadence as the Στίχοι Πολιτικοὶ of the Greeks; and Heinsius has observed that a measure of a similar kind was employed by the ancient Hebrews. It was used by the Byzantines at an earlier period than is generally supposed; and we find it regularly formed in Simeon Metaphrastes, a writer of the ninth or tenth century.

Ἀναλογίζου ταπεινὴ ψυχὴ μου παναθλία.

* See Gaisford's Hephæstio, p. 181.

In the eleventh, the same measure is employed by Michael Psel-lus, in some lines addressed to the Emperor Constantine Mono-machus, and by Philippus Solitarius in his *Dioptra*; in the twelfth, Constantine Manasses composed his *Chronicle*, and the *Loves of Aristander* and *Callithea* in Political verses: they were used about the same time by Theodorus Prodrumus and Nicetas Eugenianus.

The verses written in this measure are thought by Heinsius to have been formed from the iambic tetrameter catalectic; but Leo Allatius describes them as trochaic; and if we read the following line of Aristophanes with the accentual cadence alone, we have a complete 'Versus Politicus.'

Εἰ δὲ τυγχάν τις ἡμῶν δραπέτης ἐστιγμένος.

It is unnecessary to pursue the changes of the language any farther. The capture of Byzantium drove the scholars of Greece into Italy, and interrupted the study of the ancient language; but no alterations have been made since that time in the neoteric idiom, except such as have arisen from the introduction of Turkish and Italian words. The works which appeared in the three centuries following the capture of Constantinople, possess little or no interest; they consist of homilies,* romances, and bad translations.

Before that event took place, the copying of manuscripts afforded employment to numerous scribes. Many of these volumes were fortunately carried into Italy by the exiles; and the liberal exertions of princes and private individuals have since removed others, from the obscurity in which they were buried, to the different libraries of Europe. When Villoison was in Patmos, he was informed by the monks, that they had been obliged to burn a great number of manuscripts in consequence of the injury they had received from worms, and the damp situation in which they had been placed. We do not think that a similar instance of neglect and barbarism will again occur. Enlightened and opulent Greeks are diffusing among their countrymen the advantages of education; and they will be taught to attach a proper value to the literary treasures which may be still in their possession.

In closing these remarks, we cannot help adverting to the different fate of the two languages which have arisen on the ruins of those of Greece and Rome. The Italians who wrote as early as the year 1300 are considered at this moment by their countrymen as models in respect of purity and correctness of diction. But the

* We take this opportunity of noticing an error of a somewhat ludicrous kind in War-ton's *History of English Poetry*, i. 350. 'The story of Arthur,' he says, 'was also re-duced into modern Greek. M. Crusius relates that his friends who studied at Padua sent him in the year 1565, together with Homer's *Iliad*, Διδυχαί Regis Arthuri.' The words in Crusius are 'Διδυχαί Rarthuri.' The homilies of this writer are well known to the modern Greeks.

Romaic has now been spoken for many centuries, and cannot yet boast of any work of genius, or original production, which can be referred to as a standard of taste or style. It is not difficult to explain the causes of this difference. The continued study of the writings of ancient Greece by the learned Byzantines, and their habits of composition in Hellenic, prevented them from paying any attention to the formation of the vulgar language. They were obliged indeed to use it occasionally in the common intercourse of life; but they always considered it as a depraved and vitiated idiom. And since the establishment of the Ottoman power, it is not easy to name a country, removed in any degree from barbarism, where the great body of the people is placed in a situation more unfavourable to the development of intellect, more hostile to improvement of every kind, than the Christian part of European Turkey. On the other hand, the literature of Italy was advanced at an early period by a concurrence of very remarkable circumstances. The immediate causes were—the conquest of Constantinople, the arrival of the scholars of Greece, the recent discovery of printing, the formation of libraries, the establishment of academies, and, above all, the protection which men of letters received from the Dukes of Milan and Ferrara, the houses of Medici and Sforza, the Kings of Naples, and the Republic of Venice.

ART. VII.—*Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet, pendant un Séjour de Six Mois à Cirey, par l'Auteur des Lettres Péruviennes—Suivie de cinquante Lettres inédites en vers et en prose de Voltaire.*—Paris, 1820. pp. 460.

FROM the catchpenny style of this title-page, one might almost be led to suppose that an author of some reputation had undertaken to write a formal history of six months of the private life of this celebrated pair. The simple fact, however, is, that a certain Madame de Graigny passed about two months, in 1733, at Cirey, the joint residence of M. and Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire: in the first three weeks she wrote ten letters to a friend at Nancy, giving a gossiping account of the modes of life at Cirey; and a few more, relating to herself, in the last month of her stay.

But though these letters do not fulfil the pompous promise of the title, they are still an amusing and, we may even say, an interesting work. They give, at least, a sketch of the private life of these celebrated people, and they give somewhat more than a sketch of their hearts; and it will not be uninteresting to observe how the apparent amiability and good taste of their society, concealed, under a very thin varnish, the profligacy, the cruelty, the miseries which they inflicted on their dependants, and on each other.

other. They carry on too a kind of connected story, exciting in its progress a lively degree of curiosity which is, at last, satisfied by a natural, but very striking denouement.

The editor presumes, we suppose, that the author of the *Peruvian Letters* is so well known all over Europe, that he not only omits her name in the title, but has not taken the pains of making the most ordinary communications as to her history; indeed his whole biography consists in a short note (p. 129.) copied verbatim from the first lines of a brief mention of Madame de Grafigny in one of the most common and compendious biographical indexes.

Frances d'Issimbourg d'Happoncourt was born at Nanci, in Lorraine, about the year 1694; she was the daughter of a Major in the Duke of Lorraine's troops, by a grand-niece of the famous Callot. She was married, or, as her indulgent friends used to say, *sacrificed* to Francis Count de Grafigny, chamberlain of the ducal court. He certainly was of a brutal temper; for, after many years of suffering, his wife was juridically separated from him, and he himself died afterwards in a prison, to which, it is said, his own violence of temper had conducted him. It must, however, be confessed that M. de Grafigny appears to have had some grounds for his ill-humour, though they were of a nature which the society in which he mixed would not admit to be any excuse whatsoever. Madame, it would seem, found consolation for the brutality of her husband in the tenderness of, at least, one lover, and though we have not sought to pierce into the obscurity that involves the family quarrels of this couple, (now a century gone by,) enough has met our view to create a suspicion that, even if the husband gave the *first* provocation, the lady eventually took the *last* revenge. The lord of her heart at the time of this visit was a lieutenant of cavalry, of the name of Desmarests, the son of a celebrated musician; and, in addition to some other miseries which she suffered at Cirey, we learn that she had the mortification to hear from the lips of the inconstant himself, who had followed her thither, 'le tendre aveu qu'il ne m'aime plus, et qu'il ne veut plus m'aimer.' (p. 281.) This candour, of course, 'desoles' the lady, but she makes up her mind to bear it with an equanimity and courage which would be more touching, if the deserted nymph had not attained the mature and reflecting age of forty-four.

It seems to have been just after her legal separation from her husband that Madame de Grafigny, now reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon the hospitality of her friends, arrived at Cirey on the 4th of December, 1738; on what invitation does not clearly appear: but it would seem as if her friendship with St. Lambert, Desmarests, and a Monsieur Devaux, reader to King Stanislaus,

Stanislaus, and a worshipper of Voltaire, had recommended her to the notice of him and Madame de Châtelet. They certainly did not know much of her history; for in one of her early letters she describes the affectionate and melting sympathy in which these compassionate and virtuous souls heard her tale of woe. Nor does it appear that Madame du Grafigny had predetermined how long her visit was to last. It was brought to a termination by a circumstance which she had not anticipated.

The ménage at Cirey was one which, to the antiquated ideas of an Englishman, must seem extraordinary, and it would in this country have been thought the last place where a woman of feeling and character would have sought refuge—but Madame de Grafigny had no such troublesome inmates.

As Madame du Châtelet plays so distinguished a part in Madame de Grafigny's drama, we shall be forgiven for recalling to our reader's recollection Voltaire's own account of his *liaison* with that lady:—

'I was tired of the idle and turbulent life of Paris, the crowd of fools, the shoals of bad books, all published "avec approbation et privilège du roi," the cabals and jealousies of literary men, and the base tricks of scribblers, who disgraced the name of literature. I became acquainted, in 1733, with a young lady who thought pretty much as I did, and who resolved to retire for several years into the country, to avoid the world and cultivate her understanding. It was the Marchioness du Châtelet, the woman in France who had the greatest disposition for scientific pursuits.

'Her father, the Baron of Breteuil, had taught her Latin, which she knew as well as Madame Dacier, but her predominant taste was for mathematics. She united in a high degree good sense and good taste, with a great desire of improvement, but she did not the less enjoy the pleasures of society, and the amusements of her age and sex. Nevertheless she abandoned all to go and bury herself in an old half-ruined chateau, on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, in a detestable part of the country. She however improved, I might say embellished this residence with tolerably agreeable grounds. I built a gallery and made a very fine collection of philosophical instruments, &c. We had an extensive library. Some learned men used to come and philosophize in our retreat: for two years we had the celebrated Kenig: Maupertuis, and John Bernoulli came afterwards, and from that hour Maupertuis, the man in the world most prone to *envy*, selected me as the object of this agreeable passion.

'I taught Madame du Châtelet English, and in three months she knew it as well as I did,' (*we believe it*) 'and read with me Locke, Newton, and Pope; she learnt Italian quite as quick, and we read together the whole of Tasso and Ariosto.

'We thought of nothing but mutual instruction in this delicious retirement, and never even inquired what the rest of the world were about! Our greatest

greatest business was to decide between Leibnitz and Newton. Madame du Châtelet at first declared for Leibnitz, and wrote a dissertation to explain his system. She did not attempt to enliven this philosophical work with the extraneous graces of style; her masculine and candid character was above this kind of affectation: clearness, precision, and elegance, were the marks of her style. If it were possible to make any thing of Leibnitz and his system, this book would have done it; but we begin now-a-days to care mighty little about Leibnitz and his theories.

'Born for truth, she soon cast away all these systems and gave herself up to the discoveries of the great Newton. She translated his great work of the *Principia* into French, and subsequently, as she improved her mathematical knowledge, she added to this work, which few people are in a condition to understand, an algebraical commentary still more abstruse.

'After we had passed six years in this retirement, we were obliged to go to Brussels, on account of an old and eternal law-suit which the family of Du Châtelet had with the house of Honsbrouk. I had the rare satisfaction of reconciling the parties who had been for sixty years ruining one another in costs; and I procured for Madame du Châtelet's husband 220,000 livres in full of all his claims.'

Such is Voltaire's sketch of his life and his companion—for though the poor husband lived in the house, he was taken as little notice of by his guests as by Voltaire in this extract; indeed, he is never seen but by accident, nor ever mentioned, except '*par parenthèse*.' Let us now hear Madame de Grafigny's account; and first of her reception—

'At last I arrived; the nymph (Madame du Châtelet) received me very well. I staid a moment in her apartment and then hastened to rest myself in my own; when lo, who comes—your *idol* (Voltaire) with a little taper in his hand, like a monk. He was overjoyed, transported to see me; kissed my hands ten times over, and inquired about me with the tenderest interest; his next question was after you, then he spoke of Desmarets and St. Lambert, and then he retired and left me to write to you.

'You are surprised that I say so drily that the nymph received me well—why, 'tis all I have to say. No, I forget; the first thing she did was to talk to me of her law-suit, sans cérémonie; her *clack* is astonishing; I had forgotten it; she speaks extremely fast, and as I do when I take off a "*Française*"—You see I have corrected this word, it would be high treason here to spell it with an *o*. She talks like an angel; *that* I confess; she had on a chintz gown, and an apron of black taffety; her hair is of deep black and very long, it is gathered up behind to the crown of her head and curled like a child's, which becomes her very much. As I have as yet seen nothing but her dress, I can tell

* Voltaire introduced this natural and sensible system of orthography, which, however, even yet is not universally established.

you of nothing but her dress. As for your *idol*, I know not whether he powdered himself in honour of me, but he is as fine as he could be in Paris. The *good-man* (the husband) sets off to-morrow for Brussels; so that we shall be a trio, and nobody sorry for it—this is mutual secret which we have already told one another.—p. 5.

The next letter gives us some description of the house, and particularly of Voltaire's gallery.

'Voltaire's apartment is in a wing attached to the old house, he has a little anti-room the size of one's hand; next comes his bed-chamber, which is small, low, and hung with crimson velvet, the **niche* the same velvet with gold fringe: this is the winter furniture. There is little tapestry, but a great deal of wainscot, with delightful pictures; great glasses; corner tables of admirable Boule—China—mandarins; a clock, supported on strange Indian figures;—in short, an infinity of things of this kind—*dear, recherchées*—and above all, every thing so neat that one might kiss the floor; an open case with a complete service in silver of all those *superfluities* which are so absolutely *necessary*,—such silver,—such workmanship! there is one case with twelve rings of intaglio, besides two of diamond. Thence we go into his little gallery, which is from 30 to 40 feet long. Between the windows are two very pretty little statues on pedestals of japan varnish, one is the Venus Farnese, and the other the Hercules; beyond the windows are two cases, the one for books, the other for philosophical instruments, between them a stove in the wall which gives the room the temperature of spring; in front of it is a large pedestal, with a statue, of considerable size, of Cupid† discharging an arrow, but this is not yet complete. They are now making a niche for the Cupid, who is to conceal all appearance of the stove. The gallery is wainscoted, and painted in light yellow: clock, tables, desks, nothing is wanting. Two rooms beyond are still unfinished, one of which is for the instruments, which are therefore at present in the gallery. There is but one sofa, and no easy chairs; that is to say, what are there are good of their kind, but they are not comfortable; bodily ease is, it seems, not Voltaire's luxury. The pannels of the wainscoting are of the most beautiful Indian paper; the skreens of the same; there are writing-tables and China in all corners, and every thing indeed, and all in the best taste: there is a door in the middle which opens to the garden.'—p. 16.

Such was the gentleman's apartment; and making allowances for Madame de Grafigny's provincial wonderment (she had not been yet at Paris,) the scene appears to be more splendid, and in a higher style than we should have expected, either from the situation, the times, or the *pecuniary means* of the parties: in truth,

* French beds stand generally in niches in the bed-rooms.

† This was the Cupid under which Voltaire wrote the well-known inscription—

Qui que tu sois, tu vois ton maître!

Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être!

Who'er thou art, thy master see!

He is, or was, or soon shall be!

we may here observe, en passant, that Voltaire's early, and ever-increasing affluence, appears to us an enigma which none of his biographers have satisfactorily explained.

The lady's apartment, *comme de raison*, is still finer:—

'Her own room is wainscoted, and painted in a pale yellow varnish, with mouldings of light blue; the niche has the same mouldings, but is lined with the most beautiful Indian paper; the bed itself is of watered blue silk, and the whole is so matched that every thing, chairs, desks, writing-tables, stands, down to the basket for her little dog, is pale yellow and light blue; the mirrors are in silver frames, and of dazzling splendour: a great glass door—of plate glass, observe—leads to the library, which is not yet finished: it is carved like a snuff-box, nothing is so handsome; there are to be large glasses, pictures by Paul Veronese, &c. On one side of the niche is a little boudoir, where one is ready to kneel down and worship; the walls are blue, and the ceiling painted by a pupil of Mantins; on the pannels are eight pictures by Watteau; ah, such pictures, &c.'—p. 20.

'After having visited her apartment, we sat chatting; she told me the whole history of her law-suit, from its origin, eighty years ago, down to the present day. This little talk lasted an hour and a half, yet, wonderful to tell, did not tire me. She talks so well that ennui has not time to get in. She shewed me her jewel box; it is more magnificent than the Duchess of Richelieu's. I cannot recover from my astonishment; for when I knew her at Craon, not long ago, she had not even a tortoiseshell snuff box, and now she has twenty of plain gold, or with jewels, or lacquered, or enamelled, which latter is a new and very costly fashion; shuttles* of the same material each richer than the other; watches set round with diamonds; rings upon rings of all the precious stones in the world, and trinkets without end and of all kinds.—In short I do not comprehend it, for they never were rich.'—pp. 19, 20.

Here the editor interferes, and gravely asks, in a note, whether it is not possible that all this *étalage* was the result of Voltaire's gallantry?—Who doubts it?—but we would have thanked him if he had told us whence Voltaire was enabled to meet these boundless expenses. He had little or no patrimony—no visible means of gain but his writings, and even about them he was always, *it is said*, singularly generous; but even supposing that he did at last grow rich by authorship, he had at this time not published the most popular and profitable of his works:—like Madame de Grafigny, we do not comprehend it.

But while the hosts themselves were so splendidly lodged and equipped, their guests saw the other side of the picture.

'My room,' says Madame de Grafigny, shivering with cold, 'my room is for height a perfect hall, through which all the winds of heaven

* For knotting. A fashionable apology for employment among the ladies of those days.

disport themselves, finding entrance from a thousand cracks round the window, which however, if heaven spares me life, I shall surely stop. This wilderness of a room has but one window, divided into three in the old fashion, without either curtain or blind, but instead of these conveniencies three pair of bare shutters. The ceiling is fortunately whitewashed, which contributes a little to light the room which is almost masked by the approach of a rocky hill to the window. The tapestry represents, doubtless, some great personages, to me unknown and not worth inquiring after. The niche is adorned with the trimmings of old clothes, very magnificent no doubt, but ill-matched and rather out of place. A chimney so wide that you could turn a coach and six—It devours I know not what quantities of wood, but never thinks of giving the least little heat in return. The furniture is of a piece with the room itself: some old arm-chairs; a commode; one night table, the only thing like a table, by the way, in the room—nothing more; a closet and a dressing-room, (through the walls of which I can see the sky,) to match the rest. To all this you climb by a very fine looking staircase, which however is, on account of its antiquity, not easy of ascent; and, finally, every thing that does not belong to the lady's own apartment, or Voltaire's, is of the most disgusting filth.'—p. 23.

Now for a view of their occupations.

'About half-past ten or eleven o'clock we are summoned to coffee, (breakfast, which is always served in Voltaire's gallery; that lasts till twelve or one, according as we have assembled earlier or later. At noon precisely, the *coachmen*, to use their own phrase, go to dinner. These coachmen are the Lord of the castle, the fat lady, (*Madame de Chambonin, a cousin and spy of Voltaire's*), and her son, Voltaire's amanuensis, who never appears but to copy. We—that is, the Lady, Voltaire and I—stay together about half an hour, when he makes us a low bow and dismisses us. About four we lunch. I seldom come on this occasion unless sent for, which does not always happen. At nine we sit down to supper, and remain at table till midnight.—Good heaven, what suppers! Every kind of pleasure is collected; but the shortness of the time and the necessity of separating is the sword of Damocles. The Lord of the Castle (M. du Châtelet) sits down to table, eats nothing, but sleeps, and consequently does not talk much, and disappears with the dishes.'—p. 83.

In the intervals between these meetings Voltaire gave his fair friend, from time to time, several of his unpublished works to read. Some evenings he read to them parts of the *Pucelle d'Orléans*, and Madame de Grafigny listened with delight, and *even repeats to her friend with enthusiasm the outline of one canto of the piece*, which we are confident no Englishman would sit by and hear read. By this act of indiscretion and bad taste, Madame de Grafigny, as we shall see by and bye, lost the comforts of Cirey and the friendship of its owners; and here we must observe, that this sprightly lady's notions and expressions are, on many occasions,

sions, of no very nice delicacy : she talks a language which, in these times, would not be tolerated in a housemaid ; and there are passages in her letters, her letters to a man, which are wholly unfit to be read. *

But the most important of their amusements was rehearsing and acting Voltaire's own plays ; and indeed it was not improbable to some theatrical talent that Madame de Grafigny chiefly owed her welcome ; but she was punctual in paying for her entertainment in another and more current coin. As no flattery was too gross for Voltaire's appetite, so no slight was so trivial as not to call down his vengeance ; and Madame de Grafigny seems to have suspected that the morbid appetites of Voltaire and his mistress induced them to descend to the incredible meanness of prying into the letters which their guests sent or received, for the purpose of discovering what was said about them. She never fails to desire her correspondent to be cautious what he writes ; to be sure to answer her in *the same tone* which she uses ; to slip into all his letters little compliments to the gentleman and the lady ; for God's sake not to mention a word of what she writes, and, above all, to ask no questions. On one occasion M. Devaux had sent her a little piece of his own composition. Madame de Grafigny dared not show it at Cirey till she had interpolated it with a couple of dozen of wretched verses of her own making, in praise of the *idol* ; and these saved the piece. Sometimes, however, in spite of her idolatry she lets us see, though obscurely, the personal bigotry, the persecuting jealousy, the cruel and tyrannical vanity of this great enemy of bigotry, persecution, and tyranny ; and it is not, as we have already hinted, the least instructive part of her work which shows that the bad passions—all that Voltaire in his rage or his pleasantry attributes to priests and kings—actually raged in his own breast, and were limited only by his power of vengeance, whenever his personal vanity or personal interests were affected.

In his inordinate presumption, Voltaire seems to aspire at even more than literary despotism ; and he exacted something like royal respect from his attendants.

‘ His own valet never quits his chair at table, and the other servants hand to him whatever the master wants, *just as the king's pages do to the king's gentlemen* ; but all this is done naturally, and without any air of grandeur ; *so true is it* that good sense always knows how to maintain its proper dignity without subjecting itself to the ridicule of affectation.’—p. 145.

So true is it that easy impudence often appears to do things quite naturally, which are in the abstract ridiculously impertinent ; and *so true it is*, that poor Madame de Grafigny was under the hard necessity of thinking, or at least of representing every thing that

Voltaire said or did, couleur de rose. It must, however, be admitted, that—in spite of her dependent and precarious circumstances, her natural wish not to offend, and the real ascendancy which such a man as Voltaire must have had over her mind—her good taste often leads her

‘To hint a fault and hesitate dislike;’

and though her language is every where scrupulously deferential, she sometimes (as in the passage just quoted) drops an expression which awakens attention to the foibles of the *Idol*, or the *Idol’s* idol, though even then she takes care to disguise a little her meaning—

‘How I pity (she says) this poor Nicomede (Voltaire), since he and Dorothea (Madame du Châtelet) cannot agree! Ah! my friend, there is then no happiness on earth, and we are for ever deceived by appearances. We believed them the happiest couple in the world, when we saw them seldom and at a distance; but when one has gotten close to them, we find, alas! that *hell is every where!*’—p. 100.

Thus the guilty paradise of these shameless adulterers, which seemed so gay, so splendid, and so luxurious, turns out, on the testimony of its own admirers and partakers, to be nothing but a *hell!*

The tyranny which Voltaire exercised over others, the tender Emilie exercised over him; and whatever torments of jealousy or indignation the poor *Good-man* may have felt, St. Lambert, Clairault, Desmarests, and many other young gentlemen who visited the house, inflicted upon Voltaire. In truth this learned lady was at least as much the votary of Venus as of Minerva, and Voltaire had no better simile to describe the succession of lovers, whose presence he was obliged to bear, than that of ‘one nail driving out another!’ We dare not pursue this subject farther; our language cannot express, and our feelings would revolt at some of the *gentilleses* of this nest of deists, atheists, and strumpets.

But however little Madame de Grafigny enlivened her circumspection by touches of descriptive pleasantry or criticism in the first ten letters, we find in the eleventh, written on the 1st of January, 1739, three weeks after her arrival at Cirey, a total alteration of style; the circumspection of the former becomes a complete taciturnity; what was only cautious before is now cold; and the cold rapidly increases to an absolute frost:—no more stories, no more jokes, no more of Nicomède and Dorothea, no more even of Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet. She begins to talk of the end of her visit; she arranges her plans for going into a nunnery; she is ill of all kinds of disorders; and, in short, Cirey is become intolerable, because—it is such a paradise!—they pay her such attentions that leave them she must—the continuance of such

such extatic bliss would render it at last so painful to part, that she must go to save herself from that cruel moment of *going*: and then—ton Idole! ah! ton Idole, est le meilleur des hommes!— (p. 177.)

Then we find that all the letters she receives are delayed, and when at last they arrive, they bear all the marks of having been opened, and impudently closed again with little care. This audacious cruelty, this worst violation of individual liberty, this most odious treachery, she attributes to the post-office; and, to be sure, it was a natural conjecture. The French post-office has always been proverbially and disgracefully faithless. Louis XV. knew nothing of the interior of his kingdom but by the gossip which his post-master general pilfered from the intercepted confidence of his subjects. Napoleon the Great (G— save the Emperor!) was equally curious; and the noble Lavalette, and all his predecessors in this honourable station, are said to have pandered to the tyrant's depraved appetite with the most shameless audacity.

But for once the French post-office was innocent, or, at least, was not alone guilty. Madame du Châtelet and Voltaire opened the letters of their guests; and these exalted persons—these philosophers, these disciples of Locke and Newton, these regenerators of mankind, these scourgers of tyranny, these apostles of universal liberty and toleration—amused their idleness, or solaced their vanity, or exercised their jealousy in the baseness of reading the letters of the unhappy dupes whom they betrayed into their philosophic retreat.

During the whole month of January, during nineteen short letters, Madame de Grafigny languishes in a most unaccountable way; and the eternal complaints of the irregularities of the post and of the indiscretion of her correspondent are really wearisome;—at last her life becomes so miserable that she is forced to fly from this garden of Eden, and it is not till she is beyond its limits that she ventures to write her real sentiments, and then we learn (in the last letter of the Collection) the secret of her misery, and we have opened to us the whole horrors of the kind of society into which she had been inveigled; the extract will be somewhat long, but cannot be uninteresting.

‘I have not dared till now, my dear friend, to allow my dreadful story to escape from my pen. I was so ill that I was afraid I was dying, and I was unwilling to leave behind me the frightful tale of the degradation which I have suffered. I am, however, better now; and by Desmarests, or some other safe hand, I shall continue to have my letters conveyed to the post-office. Ah, the wretch! what has she not inflicted upon me!’

‘On the 29th December, the post arrived as usual, but there were, as

they said, no letters for me—supper went off as usual, and nothing announced the storm which was brewing. I went to my room, and was about to seal a letter to you when, in about half an hour, I saw—you guess who—coming in. I was extremely surprized, for he (Voltaire) never before came into my room, and least of all was he to be expected at this hour; but still more was I surprized when he exclaimed, “that he was undone—that his life was in my hands.” Good God, I exclaimed, and how? “How?” he answered, “there are an hundred copies of a canto of the Pucelle abroad. I am off this instant; I shall fly to Holland—to the end of the world—to—I not where! M. de Châtelet is going off post to Luneville. You must write to Panpan (her correspondent) to help him in recalling these copies—he cannot refuse to do that.”

“I, poor simpleton, assured him that you would do all that you could to help him. Write, then, said Voltaire, write, and write with your whole heart. Willingly, I exclaimed; how happy am I to have an opportunity of shewing you my affection! and I added some words of regret at the necessity which obliged him to ask my assistance: he started up like a fury, and exclaimed, “No prevarication, Madam; it is you, you yourself, who have circulated it.” I was astonished—I assured him that I had never read or written a line of it. “On the contrary,” he exclaimed, “You copied it—you sent it to Devaux, and he published it.” I, in all the confusion of a surprize, but with all the vivacity of truth, denied it: he insisted with increased violence, and added that *you* had read it to Desmarests at an assembly—given copies to every body, and that Mde. de Châtelet had *the proof all in her pocket*.

“What could I say or do? I did not, as you may believe, understand what he meant, but I was not the less frightened. At last he insisted that I should sit down and write to you to send me the original, which I had sent you, and all the copies you had made. I humbly submitted, and began to write; but, as you can well conceive, I could not ask you to return what never was sent, and which, I believed, never existed: he read my letter, and threw it down in disgust. “Forshame,” Madam, he cried, “a little honesty is at least due to a poor wretch whom you have ruined;” and then redoubled cries, redoubled violence, till at last, as all my protestations only rendered him more intolerable, I was reduced to silence: this frightful torture lasted a full hour, but it was nothing; it was reserved to the *lady* to make it still more frightful. She rushed in, screaming like a *Fury*, upbraiding me in the same way, which I received in the same silence; at last she pulled a letter out of her pocket, and, stuffing it almost into my mouth, “There,” said she, “there is the proof of your infamy; you are the most abandoned of creatures; you are a monster that I received here, not out of regard, for I never had any, but out of pity, because you did not know where else to go, and you have had the infamy to betray us—to stab us—to steal from my desk a work, to copy it, to circulate it.” Ah, my poor friend, where were you?—a thunderbolt would have astonished me less. That’s all I remember of the flood of abuse with which she overwhelmed me.

I was

I was so lost that I could neither see nor hear, but she said a thousand things worse, and, but for Voltaire, she would have beaten me—he seized her round the waist, and dragged her away from me; for all this was said with fists clenched in my face, ready at every word to strike me. But in vain would he drag her away; she returned whenever she could get loose, screaming against my infamy—my infamous treachery, and all this in the hearing of my servant. I was a great while without being able to speak; at last I begged to see the letter—"you shan't have it," she screamed; but at length I was allowed to look at a passage of it: it was a letter of your's, in which you say, *the canto of Joan is charming*; this unhappy phrase brought the whole affair to my recollection, and I remembered my innocent account of the canto which I had heard read. I told them so, and to do him justice, Voltaire believed me at once, and begged pardon for his cruel suspicion and violence. 'This dreadful trial lasted till five o'clock in the morning.'

We have not patience to go on with this story; the mean tricks and attempts at reconciliation, or rather oblivion, which these people played off, are even more disgusting than their original treachery and violence. The unhappy Madame de Graigny was so poor that she had not the means of quitting the hell into which she had been betrayed; and they, afraid of exposure, were unwilling to let her go till they had secured her silence. Then came the tender Voltaire, weeping; then came the dishonoured husband, sympathising; then came the *grosse dame*, advising; then came the *Fury* equivocating; and an act of such open brutality was followed by successive scenes of the basest perfidy. At last the letter which had given rise to the unlucky answer was recalled; it proved Madame de Graigny's innocence; it contained not a line of the poem, and only, as we have already stated, a mere outline of the plot of one canto; but it was too late—the whole mystery of iniquity was discovered—she could no longer remain amongst such devils—'the word *infamy* stuck in her throat;' and to crown all, Desmarests made her the '*tendre aveu*' already quoted. The poor woman borrowed or begged a little money somewhere, and made her escape to Paris, where the liveliness of her conversation, and the ease of her manners, procured her a ready admission into society, and she became a regular blue-stock:—publishing two or three works which were suspected not to be her own—keeping Voltaire in check by the fear of disclosing his brutality, and finally dying, much regretted by her intimates, in the year 1756, at the age of about sixty-six.

The latter half of the volume contains some unpublished letters of Voltaire, of no kind of interest. They are addressed to the President de Hainault, M. de Richelieu and M. D'Argental, in the same style of smart flummery which characterizes the letters to these persons which are already known. We have not met in

them a passage worth quoting; and as we have already given more space to this Article than the subject perhaps deserves, we are unwilling to occupy any time in dishing up again the 'crambe re-cocta' of this verbose, vain and wearisome correspondence. Voltaire was a man of astonishing quickness, extent and versatility of talents; he had a great deal of wordly sense and of literary acuteness; and in individual cases, where his personal vanity (his ruling passion) was not compromised, he would sometimes be friendly and generous: but his total want of all principle, moral or religious; his impudent audacity; his filthy sensuality; his persecuting envy; his base adulation; his unwearied treachery; his tyranny; his cruelty; his profligacy; his hypocrisy, will render him for ever the *scorn*, as his unbounded powers will the *wonder* of mankind.

ART. VIII.—*Poems, descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery.* By John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant. Second Edition. cr. 8vo. London. 1820. pp. 213.

WE had nearly overlooked, amidst the bulkier works which incessantly solicit our attention, this interesting little volume; which bears indubitable evidence of being composed altogether from the impulses of the writer's mind, as excited by external objects and internal sensations. Here are no tawdry and feeble paraphrases of former poets, no attempts at describing what the author *might* have become acquainted with in his limited reading: the woods, the vales, the brooks—

‘the crimson spots
I’ the bottom of a cowslip,—’

or the loftier phenomena of the heavens, contemplated through the alternations of hope and despondency, are the principal sources whence the youth, whose adverse circumstances and resignation; under them extort our sympathy, drew the faithful and vivid pictures before us.

Examples of minds, highly gifted by nature, struggling with and breaking through the bondage of adversity, are not rare in this country; but privation is not destitution; and the instance before us is, perhaps, one of the most striking, of patient and persevering talent existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition, that literature has at any time exhibited.

Clare, the youth of whom we speak, was born at Helpstone, a village most unpoetically situated where the easternmost point of Northamptonshire indents the Lincolnshire fens. His father and mother are parish-paupers; the former, from constant exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, being prematurely decrepit,

crepit, the latter, his cheerful companion in youth, has become, as they totter down the hill of life, his natural and constant nurse. If this condition of the parents enabled them to afford small indulgence to the son, the example of conjugal affection, we may hope, will not be lost upon a heart very susceptible of kind impressions. Our author, who is the elder of twins, was born in July, 1793;—the sister, who died immediately after the birth, was, to use his mother's figure of speech, 'a bouncing girl, while John might have gone into a pint pot;' indicating a delicacy of frame under which he has always laboured. His education necessarily squared with the limited means of his parents. Of the dame, who in every village wields the 'tway birchen twigs' to the terror of the surrounding urchins, he learnt to spell and put two syllables together; and before he was six years old, was able, his mother says, to read a chapter in the Bible. As soon, however, as he was able to lead the fore-horse of the harvest team, he was set to work, and returning one evening from the field thus occupied, had the misfortune of seeing the loader fall from the waggon, and break his neck: this fatal accident threw him into fits, from which he did not recover till after a considerable lapse of time, nor without much anxiety and expense to his parents: even at this day he is not wholly free from apprehensions of their return. At the age of twelve, he assisted in the laborious employment of thrashing; the boy, in his father's own words, was weak but willing, and the good old man made a flail for him somewhat suitable to his strength. When his share of the day's toil was over, he eagerly ran to the village school under the belfry, and in this desultory and casual manner gathered his imperfect knowledge of language, and skill in writing. At the early period of which we are speaking, Clare felt the poetic æstrum. He relates, that twice or thrice in the winter weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day, and to beguile the way and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure 'without a ghost in it,' which he turned into verse; and thus, he adds, he reached the village of Helpstone often before he was aware of his approach.

'The fate of Amy' is one of those stories with which every village, more especially every secluded village, abounds; and the pool, from her catastrophe named the haunted pool, is still shewn, while the mound at the head of it attests the place of her inter-

ment. We do not propose to institute a very rigid criticism on these poems, but we must not omit to notice the delicacy with which the circumstances of this inartificial tale are suggested, rather than disclosed; indeed it may be remarked generally that, though associating necessarily with the meanest and most uneducated of society, the poet's homeliest stories have nothing of coarseness and vulgarity in their construction. Some of his ballad stanzas rival the native simplicity of Tickel or Mallett.

'The flowers the sultry summer kills,
 Spring's milder suns restore;
 But innocence, that fickle charm,
 Blooms once, and blooms no more.
 The swains who loved no more admire,
 Their hearts no beauty warms;
 And maidens triumph in her fall,
 That envied once her charms.
 Lost was that sweet simplicity,
 Her eye's bright lustre fled;
 And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloom'd,
 A sickly paleness spread.
 So fades the flower before its time,
 Where canker-worms assail,
 So droops the bud upon the stem,
 Beneath the sickly gale.'—p. 26.

For the boisterous sports and amusements which form the usual delight of village youth, Clare had neither strength nor relish; his mother found it necessary to drive him from the chimney corner to exercise and to play, whence he quickly returned, contemplative and silent. His parents—we speak from knowledge—were apprehensive for his mind as well as his health; not knowing how to interpret, or to what cause to refer these habits so opposite to those of other boys of his condition; and when, a few years later, they found him hourly employed in writing,—and writing verses too,—‘the gear was not mended’ in their estimation. ‘When he was fourteen or fifteen,’ says Dame Clare, ‘he would shew me a piece of paper, printed sometimes on one side, and scrawled all over on the other, and he would say, Mother, this is worth so much; and I used to say to him, Aye, boy, it looks as if it warr!—but I thought he was wasting his time.’ Clare's history, for a few succeeding years, is composed in two words, spare diet and hard labour, cheered by visions of fancy which promised him happier days: there is an amusing mixture of earnestness and coquetry in his invocation ‘to Hope,’ the deceitful sustainer, time immemorial, of poets and lovers.

‘Come,

'Come, flattering Hope! now woes distress me,
 Thy flattery I desire again;
 Again rely on thee to bless me,
 To find thy vainness doubly vain.
 Though disappointments vex and fetter,
 And jeering whisper, thou art vain,
 Still must I rest on thee for better,
 Still hope—and be deceived again.'—p. 122.

The eccentricities of genius, as we gently phrase its most reprehensible excesses, contribute no interest to the biography of Clare. We cannot, however, regret this. Once, it seems, 'visions of glory' crowded on his sight, and, he enlisted at Peterboro' in the local militia. He still speaks of the short period passed in his new character, with evident satisfaction. After a while, he took the bounty for extended service, and marched to Oundle; where, at the conclusion of a bloodless campaign, his corps was disbanded and he was constrained to return to Helpstone, to the dreary abode of poverty and sickness. His novel occupation does not appear to have excited any martial poetry; we need not therefore 'unsphere the spirit of Plato,' adequately to celebrate the warlike strains of the modern Tyrtæus.

The clouds which had hung so heavily over the youth of Clare, far from dispersing, grew denser and darker as he advanced towards manhood. His father, who had been the constant associate of his labours, became more and more infirm, and he was constrained to toil alone, and far beyond his strength, to obtain a mere subsistence. It was at this cheerless moment, he composed 'What is Life?' in which he has treated a common subject with an earnestness, a solemnity, and an originality deserving of all praise: some of the lines have a terseness of expression and a nervous freedom of versification not unworthy of Drummond, or of Cowley.

'And what is Life?—An hour-glass on the run,
 A mist, reatreating from the morning sun,
 A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream,—
 Its length?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
 And happiness?—A bubble on the stream,
 That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.
 And what is Hope?—the puffing gale of morn,
 That robs each floweret of its gem,—and dies;
 A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
 Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.
 And what is Death?—Is still the cause unfound?
 That dark, mysterious name of horrid sound?
 A long and lingering sleep, the weary crave,
 And peace?—Where can its happiness abound?
 No where at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

Then

Then what is Life?—When stripp'd of its disguise,
 A thing to be desir'd it cannot be;
 Since every thing that meets our foolish eyes,
 Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
 'Tis but a trial all must undergo;
 To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
 That happiness vain man 's denied to know,
 Until he's call'd to claim it in the skies.'

That the author of such verses (and there are abundance of them) should have continued till the age of twenty-five unfriended and unknown, is less calculated perhaps to excite astonishment, than that devotedness to his art, which could sustain him under the pressure of such evils, and that modesty which shrunk from obtruding his writings on the world. Once, indeed, and once only, he appears to have made an effort to emerge from this cheerless obscurity, by submitting his verses to a neighbour, who, it seems, enjoyed a reputation for knowledge 'in such matters.' Even here his ill-fortune awaited him; and his muse met not only with discouragement but rebuke. The circumstance is however valuable, since it serves to illustrate the natural gentleness of the poet's disposition. Instead of venting his spleen against this rustic Aristarch, he only cleaves to his favourite with greater fondness.

'Still must my rudeness pluck the flower
 That's pluck'd, alas! in evil hour;
 And poor, and vain, and sunk beneath
 Oppression's scorn although I be,
 Still will I bind my simple wreath,
 Still will I love thee, Poesy.'—p. 124.

'Though need make many poets,' it was not need that excited Clare to write poetry, though its importunity finally drove him 'to trust his little bark to the waves.' Without a shilling in his pocket, with a father and mother aged and decrepit at home, who rather required his aid than contributed to alleviate his condition, with a frame so feeble by nature, as to sink under the toil to which he had all his life submitted, he at length—and on the impulse of the moment—bethought himself of endeavouring to obtain some small advantage from those mental labours which had at various seasons so deeply engaged his mind. 'I was working alone in the lime-pits, at Ryhall, in the dead of winter, 1818,' these are his own words, 'when knowing it impossible for me to pay a shoemaker's bill of more than three pounds, having only eighteen-pence to receive at night, I resolved upon publishing proposals for printing a little volume of poems by subscription; and at dinner-time I wrote a prospectus, with a pencil,
 and

and walked over to Stamford at night, to send it by the post to Mr. Hanson, a printer at Market Deeping.' Mr. Hanson had seen some of these poems in manuscript; and it is due to him to say that he was the first who expressed a favourable opinion of their merits, and thus induced Clare to venture upon this formidable measure. This prospectus was accordingly published, together with the following 'Address,' which we give as a sort of literary curiosity.

'The Public are requested to observe, that the TRIFLES humbly offered for their candid perusal, can lay no claim to eloquence of poetical composition, (whoever thinks so will be deceived,) the greater part of them being juvenile productions, and those of a later date offsprings of those leisure intervals which the short remittance from hard and manual labour sparingly afforded to compose them. It is hoped that the humble situation which distinguishes their author will be some excuse in their favour, and serve to make an atonement for the many inaccuracies and imperfections that will be found in them. The least touch from the iron hand of *criticism* is able to crush them to nothing. May they be allowed to live their little day, and give satisfaction to those who may chuse to honour them with a perusal, they will gain the end for which they were designed, and their author's wishes will be gratified.'

Booksellers, whether metropolitan or provincial, are, it has been said, rarely deficient in shrewdness. The proposals fell into the hands of one of the fraternity in Stamford, and suggested to him the probability of the publication affording a profitable speculation. No time was lost in visiting Helpstone; and, for the immediate deposit of a few pounds to meet his present need, and the expectation of receiving a few more at a distant period, Clare was content to abandon his subscription and to part from the volume before us. The original chapman soon transferred his bargain to the actual publishers, by whom the poems have been given to the world in a manner creditable to themselves, and liberal, we have reason to believe, as to the author.

Looking back upon what we have written, we find we have not accomplished our intention of interspersing with our narrative such extracts as might convey a general character of Clare's poetry,—we have used only such as assorted with the accidents of the poet's life, and the tone of them has necessarily been somewhat gloomy. The volume, however, offers abundant proofs of the author's possessing a cheerful disposition, a mind delighting in the charms of natural scenery, and a heart not to be subdued by the frowns of fortune; though the advantages which he might have derived from these endowments have been checked by the sad realities which hourly reminded him of his unpromising condition.

dition. Misery herself cannot, however, keep incessant watch over her victims; and it must have been in a happy interval of abstraction from troublesome feelings that Clare composed 'the Summer Morning,' the result, we believe, of a sabbath-day walk; the lively pictures of rural occupation being introduced from the recollections of yesterday, and the anticipations of the morrow. We have only room for a few stanzas of this little poem, which is gay, and graceful, possessing the true features of descriptive poetry, in which every object is distinct and appropriate.

' The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic sloomy goes;
The dews, brush'd off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes;
While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher.
And stretch'ing o'er the mountain tops
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.
'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,
When Nature ev'ry sweet prepares
To entertain our wish'd delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!
Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumines,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn;
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.—

It will have appeared, in some measure, from our specimens, that Clare is rather the creature of feeling than of fancy. He looks abroad with the eye of a poet, and with the minuteness of a naturalist, but the intelligence which he gains is always referred to the heart; it is thus that the falling leaves become admonishers
and

and friends, the idlest weed has its resemblance in his own lowly lot, and the opening primrose of spring suggests the promise that his own long winter of neglect and obscurity will yet be succeeded by a summer's sun of happier fortune. The volume, we believe, scarcely contains a poem in which this process is not adopted; nor one in which imagination is excited without some corresponding tone of tenderness, or morality. When the discouraging circumstances under which the bulk of it was composed are considered, it is really astonishing that so few examples should be found of querulousness and impatience, none of envy or despair.

The humble origin of Clare may suggest a comparison with Burns and Bloomfield, which a closer examination will scarcely warrant. Burns was, indeed, as he expresses it, 'born to the plough,' but when in his riper years he held the plough it was rather as a master than as a menial. He was neither destitute nor uneducated. Secure from poverty, supported by his kindred, and surrounded by grand and exciting scenery, his lot was lofty and his advantages numerous compared with those of the youth before us. There is almost as little resemblance in their minds. To the pointed wit, the bitter sarcasm, the acute discrimination of character, and the powerful pathos of Burns, Clare cannot make pretension; but he has much of his tender feeling in his serious poetry, and an animation, a vivacity, and a delicacy in describing rural scenery, which the mountain bard has not often surpassed. In all the circumstances of his life, the author of the 'Farmer's Boy' was far more fortunate than Clare. Though his father was dead, Bloomfield had brothers who were always at his side to cheer and sustain him, while an early residence in the metropolis contributed largely to the extension of his knowledge. To want and poverty he was ever a stranger. Clare never knew a brother; it was his fortune to continue till his twenty-fifth year without education, without hearing the voice of a friend, constrained to follow the most laborious and revolting occupations to obtain the bare necessities of life. The poetical compositions of the two have few points of contact. The 'Farmer's Boy' is the result of careful observations made on the occupations and habits, with few references to the passions of rural life. Clare writes frequently from the same suggestions; but his subject is always enlivened by picturesque and minute description of the landscape around him, and deepened, as we have said, with a powerful reference to emotions within. The one is descriptive, the other contemplative.

A friend of Clare has expressed a doubt of his capacity for the composition of a long poem:—we have no wish that he should make the experiment; but we have an earnest desire that he should be respectable and happy; that he should support a fair name in poetry,

poetry, and that his condition in life should be ameliorated. It is with this feeling that we counsel—that we entreat him to continue something of his present occupations;—to attach himself to a few in the sincerity of whose friendship he can confide, and to suffer no temptations of the idle and the dissolute to seduce him from the quiet scenes of his youth—scenes so congenial to his taste,—to the hollow and heartless society of cities; to the haunts of men who would court and flatter him while his name was new, and who, when they had contributed to distract his attention and impair his health, would cast him off unceremoniously to seek some other novelty. Of his again encountering the difficulties and privations he lately experienced, there is no danger. Report speaks of honourable and noble friends already secured: with the aid of these, the cultivation of his own excellent talents, and a meek but firm reliance on that GOOD POWER by whom these were bestowed, he may, without presumption, anticipate a rich reward in the future for the evils endured in the morning of his life.

ART. IX. 1. *De l'Angleterre.* Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. I. 8vo. Paris.

2. *De l'Angleterre.* Par Monsieur Rubichon. Vol. H. 1819.

OF all the materials for book-making, it might be thought that those collected in travelling were the most easily obtained. Let a person of plain good sense, improved by a liberal education, and with an unprejudiced mind, set out to ramble over any tract of country inhabited by human creatures; and the probability seems to be, that he will return home with such a store of observations as shall not fail to be instructive and beneficial, and to add to the common stock of truth by which alone the progress of mankind can be made certain.

But, when we consider that those qualities, though far removed from the highest endowment of intellect, are by no means so frequently met with as might be supposed, and that the majority of travellers have a different end in view from the study and observation of men, it will be less surprising that so little real advantage has accrued from their strictures upon the characters of the nations among whom they have resided.

The most important end of travel, however, that to which all other considerations should converge, is to acquire a knowledge of human beings, and of the modes and institutions by which they have been rendered wiser, happier, and better. Unfortunately, it is not in those parts of the world in which men and their institutions are the most worthy of observation, that they have

have met with the greatest attention, and it is more common for the explorers of Asia, Africa, or the South Seas, to give a picture of manners, customs, and characters, than for those who visit the countries of Europe, to bestow upon them the labour and investigation to which so high a degree of culture has entitled them.

One of the causes which very much diminishes the value of travels in general, is the rapidity with which their authors (though they may be very sensible men, and very conversant with mankind at home) judge of habits and manners that are new to them. The effect of novelty upon the mind is always to produce emotion, to raise it out of the tranquil condition, in which alone sound judgment can be exercised, and to place it in a state of excitement, approaching to enthusiasm. Whether this enthusiasm tends to raise or depreciate in our estimation the object which is new to us, depends upon a variety of circumstances; but upon none so much as its relation to our own habits and dispositions; to those causes which have produced our prejudices. To form a just estimate how far the descriptions of a traveller are exact, we should, in some measure, be acquainted with the state of his mind; in order that we may be enabled to supply the deficiencies, and to lop off the redundancies of his praise or censure.

We meant, at first, to treat somewhat fully on this point; and indeed its importance, at a period when the mania of travelling is epidemic among us, and the country is annually drained of nearly eight millions sterling by British absentees, would justify our enlarging upon the subject—but opportunities will occur for returning to it with advantage. We shall therefore content ourselves with adding here, that we shall neither regret this extraordinary emigration; nor think these eight millions sterling during a few years, unhappily expended, if our countrymen return home loaded with the spoils of wholesome travel, and enriched with the kindly fruit of observation and enlarged virtue.

The press, in every part of Europe, has teemed of late with publications upon England and France. But the art of observing nations and their characters has been so long suspended, that it is, in some measure, lost. They who travel now are the children of those who travelled before the interruption. Every thing is new to them, except their own fire-sides. Other ideas too have filled the chasm which the sword had opened in European civilization. Other passions have agitated the minds of men: No two nations exist, who have not waged war with each other; who have not mixed their banners in fight, alternately friends and foes. To the want of peaceful communication, have been joined the habit of suspicion and the instability of every social tie.

tie. For these reasons it is more necessary than ever, that the enlightened of all nations should be brought into contact with each other; and that every man who has become acquainted with any of the countries which compose the most civilized portion of our globe, should contribute his mite to make them better known to each other; in the hope of repairing the breach which the fourth part of a century, spent in war and devastation, has made in mutual courtesy.

Beside the impediments which prevent men in general from soundly judging of nations not their own, particular causes may interfere to prevent the natives of some countries more especially from forming just ideas upon others. Without stopping to consider every case of this kind that might be found in Europe, we shall confine ourselves to what is suggested by the two volumes before us, as the most interesting to Englishmen, and to the history of the times in which we have lived; and speak of two countries, one of which has caused all the trouble and turmoil of our younger years, and the other has constantly sought to quell them; of France, the most attached of nations to physical refinement and luxury, and by whom the happiness of mankind was most bitterly warred against; and of England, the foremost in moral and intellectual civilization, by whom it has been still more successfully defended and secured.

In perusing the accounts which Frenchmen have given of England, upon a short acquaintance with it, we have often had occasion to remark how much more unfavourable and virulent they are, than the pictures which Englishmen, under similar circumstances, have drawn of France; and we have frequently been tempted to inquire into the causes which occasion such a disparity of mutual toleration. Before we enter upon the merits of Mr. Rubichon, then, we shall examine this question: Whether the opinions which Frenchmen pronounce upon England, or those which Englishmen pronounce upon France, are most likely to be just and competent; and state some of the causes which may contribute to warp the judgment of either with regard to the opposite party.

And here we must beg pardon of our readers for indulging in such homely topics as the first we must discuss; but we cannot help it. For many reasons we cannot avoid speaking of the physical inconveniences which English and French must feel on visiting each other's country, so different from their own. All men are, in some measure, governed by their physical perceptions; and we agree with an adage of our neighbours, which says, that a *parterre assis juge avec plus d'indulgence qu'un parterre debout*. But of all the unplumed bipeds who pretend to reason,

none

none is so much the slave of his sensations as the Frenchman; and it would be presenting a mutilated account of his mode of judging, if we did not duly allow for their influence upon his mind.

A Frenchman, then, upon arriving in England, is assailed by the want of many enjoyments to which he is familiarized by the more agreeable climate of his own country; and his first impressions are received, while his physical feelings are in a state of indisposition to all that surrounds him. Our cloudy sky makes him fretful. The damp and variations of our atmosphere, unchanging only in perpetual fogs, are uncongenial with his vivacity; and every thing he sees at first, depresses his constitutional buoyancy. The first inn he enters presents him with a coal fire, which is neither so lively nor so sparkling as the wood one which he left at Calais; though the hearth be somewhat cleaner. He sits down generally without silver forks, or napkins, so common in every filthy inn in France, to a dinner of the simplest fare, without ragouts, or entremets or desserts; and the only substitute which he can obtain for the wines of Burgundy is some execrable black or yellow brandy, sold under the insidious names of Port and Sherry. The same misery pursues him throughout every scene of the eventful day and night after his landing. For this bad fare and hard lodging too, he is the next morning presented with a bill of costs, the amount of which would have maintained him at home, on soups and consommé and Champagne, for several days. All that his sensations can perceive are unpleasant to him; and as to moral reflections, he is not inclined to pursue any such.

When an Englishman arrives upon the continent, the first wound he receives is in his comforts; and the chiefest of these is cleanliness. A long time elapses before he can overcome his disgust, but habit at length dulls the edge of his perception. He is courted too by a livelier climate, and amused by the contortions of a populace grinning in misery. He meets with many things to charm away his ennui; and he discovers, that, with a hempen harness in lieu of a leathern one, and horses quite unlike all he had ever seen before, he can travel at the rate of nearly five English miles, or one French post per hour. He is accosted with more apparent civility, more specious varnishings of complacency on the countenances of men; and he jogs on, tickled into a mingled smile of pity, and contempt, and ridicule, and dislike, and curiosity, and gratification, and conscious superiority,—the sum total of which however is most assuredly good humour; and the pleasurable impression prevails over the unsocial.

No sooner has the English traveller reached Paris, than the gratification of his long-expectant curiosity spreads a day of

cheerfulness around him. There is in his mind a stimulus, which to a Frenchman is not so powerful—the desire of acquiring knowledge, of seeing with his own eyes what other nations are; of learning by his own experience what good or evil exists in foreign countries; and of collecting materials for future thought and meditation. The sight of unknown objects is a satisfaction to him; and his intellect is soothed by the admission of any new truth. The gaudy capital of France has collected within its walls, whatever can excite and gratify the sensual tastes of men; and the very motley of the scenes, so new to all who are accustomed to regularity, excites a curiosity which is indescribable. Every thing which can please—except upon reflection—is united there; and even the abundant filth is not without its interest, when opposed to the splendour it contains. The loftiness of the houses contrasted with the narrowness of the streets, which gives them the appearance of lanes cut in quarries of freestone, where some sprite or demon has alternately hewn out a palace and a pigstye; the magnificent residence of the Bourbons, the work of many monarchs, extending along the meagre banks of the Seine, till at length it is lost in the crowds of stalls, and booths, and slop-shops, and shoeblacks' stands which bound the prospect towards the Place de Grève,—that scene of many massacres, both old and new,—create an emotion in the mind of an Englishman, which he would in vain attempt to repay in kind, by any sight which London can afford a foreigner. The great characteristic of England is uniformity, with but few striking exceptions, few contrasts, few wretched hovels interspersed among the few palaces she possesses; few beggars imploring alms, and acting as a foil to luxury at the side of gaudy equipages. Paris is replete with lively contrasts, and wretched extremes; and London with tranquil monotony and happy order. We once heard a Frenchman, who certainly did not intend to pay a compliment to the country, say, that '*l'Angleterre étoit uniformément et ennuyeusement belle.*'

It is a speculation among the French, both in finances and vanity, to make their capital the abode and the admiration of strangers; and when any thing offers, which promises a harvest for either, they do the honours of it with peculiar effect, except, indeed, when they have been out-gloried into a fit of ill humour. The whole country becomes a theatre, in which foreigners are the audience; and Frenchmen laugh, dance, and tumble, to put them in good spirits. It is a part of this system, that all public establishments, and all the institutions of the arts and sciences are of such easy access; that all their learned men are so eager to show politeness to those whose opinion they hope to captivate, either for themselves or their nation. An Englishman has an elevation

of mind which makes him reluctant to attract, by petty artifices, the passing plaudits of a mob of persons with whom he is unacquainted; and London is perhaps the capital of Europe in which a short residence is the least likely to captivate. The least engaging moments which strangers spend in the society of the English, are the first; for we require time to feel, and great occasion to show an attachment. We have no petty interests or passions which induce us to pay court to a stranger. We seek not the money he spends to increase our national prosperity. To speculate upon vanity we do not condescend. We scorn to caress any person whom we do not esteem; we cannot esteem any whom we do not know; and, when we do esteem, we think it beneath us to flatter. The first impressions then which Paris produces upon an Englishman are, upon the whole, more pleasing than those produced by London upon a Frenchman.

The account we have given of English travellers in France does not, we know, suit the whole nation; while the picture of Frenchmen in England is of more general application. The inhabitants of France, both in their minds and manners, compose a very homogeneous mass; and there is hardly any distinction but that of rank. Whoever has seen one *militaire*, or one robin of the ancient régime, has seen them all. The different epochs of the revolution, indeed, have introduced some shades of education, and persons who have paid attention to them, can distinguish a pupil of the Robespierrian from one of the Directorial, or Buonapartean school of ruffians. But we now speak of France not at any particular moment, but in the long era of her historical existence; and we assert that the contrasts she contains are not dependant upon a diversity of thoughts and opinions, but upon the extremes of want and luxury, with but little that is intermediate, and the impervious barrier which separates nobility from plebeians. England on the contrary, more uniform in some respects, presents a very varied picture of thoughts and opinions; and, to give a description of the nation at large would be impossible, except by saying it is infinitely varied. The most numerous class of English travellers, however, is, we fear, that which we have described. As to the pure John Bull, who is discontented with every thing abroad, he is very much changed both as to the intensity and the quality of his feelings; and we see but too many of our grumbling countrymen softened down, by the epicurean luxuries and elegant frivolities of France, into her very devoted humble servants and admirers. *Bullism* is a worthy honest sentiment; one which we would not see effaced. It is a prejudice of the heart, and honours him who owns it; and, since international relations among imperfect beings promise

eternal duration to prejudices, may this too be eternal! May no particle of it ever be exchanged for aught that can be found in that country, from which no Englishman ever yet returned with the addition of a single virtue.

So much, then, for the prepossessions induced by the physical impressions. We shall now proceed to some other inquiries, which we hope are more refined and more intellectual.

A Frenchman, on account of his natural levity, is more disposed to pronounce sentence without *connaissance de cause*, than an Englishman. Very slight information satisfies his curiosity; and he finds that he advances more rapidly by imagining consequences from doubtful premises, than by deducing them from laborious investigations. He has one prodigious advantage over Englishmen in the art of making *impromptu* observations. He has been taught to dance. He *glissees en avant* to explore, and *chassees* back again into his place, to ruminate. To stop him by facts would be as easy as to entangle St. Vitus in a cobweb; and he shuffles right and left through a chain of ratiocination, with as much dexterity as if it had been the *chaine Anglaise*. A *pirouette* is to him a fund of ineffable knowledge; for, while performing a revolution on his axis, his eyes are successively turned to all the corners of the land, and he has learned every recondite good it holds. But an Englishman has none of these advantages. He moves more slowly, and, if you will, more heavily. He does not slide along and determine all things at a glance. In short, the Frenchman surely beats him at the outset, *ma, chi va piano, va sano*.

In addition to his having learned to dance, a Frenchman possesses another advantage, equally conducive to the nimble processes of reasoning: he has not learned logic. Nothing is so cumbrous to an agile mind as gradations in disputation. He who can jump or stride across a river, disdains the aid of stepping stones, and he who can skip from the premises to the conclusion of an argument, will never stop to syllogize. Of all things on earth logic would be the most troublesome to a Frenchman; we do not mean the heavy formulas, the *Barbara celarent darii ferio baralipon* of the schools, but the natural progressions and paths which lead from one truth to another. It would make a new being of him. It would impede the volatility and the versatility of his perceptions. It would *trammel up his consequences*; and chain him, like Prometheus, to a rock, with impatience gnawing at his liver. But an Englishman is encumbered with a certain goutiness of mind, which makes him lean on every syllogistic staff; and he hobbles on, generally however to tolerably

tolerably sound results, wrapped up in the dialectic flannels of Aristotle and Bacon.

But if an Englishman, as many there are, has not studied logic, still the laxity of his inferences is straitened by a strong affection for truth, both intellectual and moral. When he travels (we except the class to which Major-General Lord Blaney belongs,) he looks for knowledge; and he holds that error is still worse than ignorance. He is fearful of drawing conclusions hastily; and the principal reproach that can be made to him is that too often under the influence of party feelings, he allows them to interfere where they should not be admitted. He has an intellectual conscience which he endeavours to satisfy, an interest which is more than curiosity, an end in view the uniform tendency of which is utility. All these considerations have but little weight with a Frenchman; and he is habituated to consider truth merely as an idol, old, antiquated, and awkward, which may be figured and disguised in a thousand sophistical shapes; nay, which it sometimes becomes a duty to deform. To own that any thing out of France can be superior to any thing that is in it, would be derogatory to the honour of his country and the glory of his sovereign.

It is not then surprizing that the first labour of a Frenchman is directed to mislead foreigners, and to give them too favourable ideas of France. He acts upon this principle: 'say all the good you can of yourself, there is always some one among the crowd who will believe you;' and by his plausible loquacity he often succeeds in gaining credit from a guileless Englishman. An Englishman, on the contrary, descants to the full as largely on the vices as upon the virtues of his country, and is too well aware that weakness is the lot of human nature to be shocked when some slight imperfections are laid to his account; though, in his mind, more than in the mind of a Frenchman, vice forms the exception not the rule of human conduct. But a Frenchman is not contented with dubbing himself the first of human creatures; he considers himself as a privileged being upon earth, exempt from all the defects of his species; a demigod, for whose pleasure the world was created, and who does its author infinite honour in appearing to be satisfied.

The intellectual endowments of the two nations are also of a different complexion, and we do not hesitate to advance that the average is very much in favour of England. The French have a quick and lively perception of all that immediately strikes the senses; and of the modifications of society which are taken in by the eye, and caught, as it were, by a glance of the mind. But, when sound conclusions are to be drawn, their understand-

ings are in default; and the faculty by which ideas are combined, is more defective, than that by which they are received. The perceptive powers of an Englishman may not be so prompt; or, to speak more correctly, the things he wishes to perceive cannot be so hastily observed; while the quickness of a Frenchman, in a great measure, results from the futile nature of the objects which attract him. But at all events, the former excels in combination and induction, and in the habit of generalizing. The very best advantages of his country are derived from his power of reasoning justly; and, without it, the stupendous fabric of British prosperity must crumble. The education of all classes in Great Britain is more solid than that of analogous classes in France; and useful knowledge is spread over a much greater portion of the population. The peasantry in France inherit the mere ploughshare instincts of their fathers; the bourgeois have never heard of any town except their own and Paris. Before the revolution—and most assuredly the elevation of corporals and laundresses to the ducal dignity has not diminished the defect—it was rare to see a well spelt letter from a nobleman; and the ladies knew more of the eloquence du billet than of orthography. The ignorance of the upper ranks has at all times been deplorable in a country which holds so high a situation in Europe; and the more so as, except among a few who courted science as a fashion, real knowledge was rather a title of exclusion among those who called themselves the best society.

There is, in the constitution of English and French intellect, a quality well deserving our attention, as it has a considerable influence upon their mode of judging. The English have been placed, by their natural position, in a situation which has roused the best energies of the species, and called into action all the great and general principles of human nature. It is upon these that our countrymen have always thought and acted; and, by them, that their understandings have been formed. The security of property, the certainty of peaceably enjoying the fruit of labour, of not being deprived of our rights or liberty, while innocent, must be among the universal principles of social existence, because they tend to its uniform advantage. They are, so to speak, the instincts of rationality, and the primary impulses of civilized beings. Now it is to these, and to every feeling of the same description, that the English have paid their constant adoration. But to none of them have the French shown any due regard. Their natural situation, too favourable to thoughtlessness, has allowed their minds to run riot, as it were, in a series of false positions, which are not those of general nature; and has fed their intellects with sentiments which are exceptions to the common inclinations

inclinations of reflecting men. In every instance, their attachment to things which reason holds most dear gives place to factitious passions. To the sure and peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, they prefer the precarious pleasures which unsteady wealth can purchase while it lasts; and, upon all occasions, set a higher value on the flowers than on the fruit of life; and, with an improvidence which must be unnatural, because it is destructive, they pluck the green ear of their corn, to regale their senses with the fragrance of its blossom.

The moral portrait of the French contains but few of the great features of our nature. Their character, if what is immaterial in us could admit of a substantial likeness, might be compared to a rough hewn statue of the human being, to which no soul had ever been destined; and whose surface had been polished, before its form was finished. Their feelings, sentiments, and passions, are but slight sketches of those which are prevalent among men; and we should look, in vain, for any of the strong lineaments which speak the deepest impressions of the heart, and proclaim its most energetic affections. Notwithstanding this, however, their existence is passed in extremes; and the susceptibility of their minds endeavours to compensate for the want of true sensibility. Impelled by an imagination rather physical than intellectual, which is guided by little reason, and rarely bent upon any solid pursuit, every Frenchman is alternately gigantic and dwarfish; and few can keep the middle stature; which is the assimilating characteristic of mankind. Their emotions are not the less violent for having originated in their imaginations, and for being subject to all its variations; but they have no reference to any thing except themselves and the impulse or pleasure of the passing hour.

With feelings so flimsy, and affections so futile, a nation might be supposed to have escaped the extreme of every passion; and to be incapable of profound and lasting animosities. But the violent fancies of light minds, though giddy foundations of benevolence, are powerful incitements to hatred; and it matters little whether they are permanent or not, provided they can be excited in such rapid succession, as leaves no sensible interruption in their existence. The most extravagant transports of rage have, at all times, been succeeded, in France, by excesses still more deplorable, and excited by the most paltry causes; and he who reads the history of that country, is perpetually astonished that such extreme unmeaning violence should have been so lasting. In frivolous minds too, there is no check upon outrageous caprices, no test to try their legitimacy; and the sentiments of mercy and benevolence, together with religion, are proportionally weak. In such ill-governed characters then, the virtues of humanity seldom

interpose, or interpose but feebly, to calm their frenzies; and it is more easy to argue down a tempest of the heart, than to subdue the malignant and erroneous passions which have their seat in the imagination.

In the national character of the English, all that, in the French, is outline is filled up: the sketch is finished, and the form completed, although the surface may in some parts be left unpolished. Every essential feature of the great image of man has been perfected; and every faculty and function kept distinct and separate. Our affections do not reside in our imaginations; neither, when buoyed up by the passions of fancy, do we become gigantic, or dwarfish when they desert us. Our whole moral nature is under the guidance of reason. Our religion is deep seated in our hearts, and if our passions wake, it wakes too, ready to oppose its counterpoise against their bad suggestions. We have reflection which seldom permits our virtues quite to slumber; and which, even when our pride swells highest, teaches us to ask, with more humility than the French have ever felt in the midst of degradation, if all were judged according to the strict letter of perfection, what would be our doom?

Upon dispositions thus previously biassed, many national events have erected a superstructure of love or hatred, which must also be taken into account. The British empire began the world with smaller means and fewer natural advantages than France. Some of these difficulties it was in the power of man to correct, or to counterpoise; but some of them no human ingenuity could remove. Yet, by ably taking advantage of what it was impossible to turn to profit, and by opposing greater energies of intellect, and stronger virtues to the obstacles they could not overcome, the natives of Britain have raised their country to a height of power, happiness, and glory, which does not appear to have been enjoyed by any other people upon earth. To do this assertion justice, is much beyond our space and powers; yet we must attempt a rapid sketch.

The historical events of both nations, whenever England and France have come in contact with each other, are such as to leave a long balance of success and glory to the credit of the former. During the six centuries which succeeded the Norman conquest—an event in which the French had no share—the whole tide of fortune was without interruption in our favour. We remained masters of one-third of France during nearly four centuries: we won, over the natives in the very heart of their natural dominions, and with forces not more than one to five, the three most memorable battles recorded in the history of either nation, beside a crowd of lesser days. One of our monarchs was crowned king of France

France in their capital, and one of their's was led captive into ours. Henry VIII. poised the destinies of Francis and Charles, and Elizabeth helped to place upon the throne of France the most national monarch that ever sat upon it—a benefit too great to be acknowledged. As a counterpoise to these, and many other bitter advantages, we failed, in later times, in our attempts to oppose the Spanish succession, and the French succeeded in helping our colonies to become independent. But the former event added more to the vanity of the Bourbon family, than to the power of France; and the latter was a natural consequence of the prosperity and of the principles which we ourselves had planted among our American descendants, much more than a result of French interference. When universal terror, twice in one hundred years, hung over Europe, Britain alone remained undaunted, and held out, in one hand, a shield to the oppressed, and in the other a scourge to the wicked. We accomplished all this by a series of victories, most galling to them; by effacing their flag from every sea, and, in later times, by driving their armies before us, over the whole space of ground which separates the capitals of Belgium and Lusitania, the distance between Thoulouse and the banks of the Loire excepted. In every age, and in every clime, the Genius of France has been rebuked under us; and, if she has sometimes triumphed over the rest of Europe, it has only been that we might become the ultimate heirs and depositaries of all her glory, purged of all its crimes.

From the remotest period to which history can reach, down to the present day, the internal state of the two countries has been such as to create more envy on the one side, than on the other. With every natural advantage which can conduce to national prosperity, much greater than in Britain, still France has remained our inferior in all the grand results of happiness, nay even of genuine splendour; and a fair comparison between the two countries cannot fail to impress upon men the conviction that the bounty of nature is often more generously shown in what she refuses, than in what she prodigally bestows. If we compare the benefits which each nation derives from its territorial resources, with those resources themselves, we shall find that England has done much more, and that, at this present moment, the balance which her industry, her perseverance, in a word, which the use of her moral faculties has created, taking an average of population, wealth, power, intellect, is about five to one in her favour; in virtue and happiness much higher. And let not the word wealth alarm the men of any party. What we advance we can prove. If since the day when our present debt began, we had had recourse to the same means which the French have employed, during

during the same period, that is to say, bankruptcies, fraudulent and rapacious; violent breaches of national faith; foreign and domestic plunder, confiscations, &c. the government of this country, instead of owing £800,000,000 sterling, would now have at least thrice that sum at its disposal. But then it would have been, like that of France, dishonest; and we could not then assert, as we now do, that should any public emergency create a sudden demand for money, in both countries, the sums which in a given time, however long or short, would be forthcoming, would be at the very lowest computation in equal numbers of pounds sterling in England, and of francs in France; or as twenty-four to one. We found this assertion, not upon any vague surmise; but upon absolute documents too long to be developed at this moment.

The same superiority will be found to be our lot in every other department of intellect. In the moral and political sciences, those on which the happiness of nations depends, we are, both in theory and practice, some centuries more advanced than France. In the exact sciences, those in which she claims the greatest pre-eminence, we are still her superiors, and our excellence is greatest in those very branches which demand the greatest reach of mind, mathematics, optics, mechanics, astronomy, chemistry, medicine. In a word, there are but two roads to national supremacy; nature and art—and where nature has done least, art must do the most. One of the most taunting delights of the French, is to cast in our teeth the penury of our soil, the ungratefulness of our climate, and the scantiness of all our natural means—if they loved us, they could not pay a nobler homage to our virtues and our wisdom than is unconsciously conveyed in this sneer at the original exiguity of our means;—and they are, above all, exasperated to see, that, with a smaller and a poorer territory, with a land not flowing with wine and oil, and with little more than two-thirds of their population, we have risen to a height which, even while they rail at it, they can hardly scan.

In summing up what precedes then, we must conclude that the French are much more capable of feeling the full force of the baleful passions, and of giving themselves up uncontroledly to their influence, than we are; and that we are more capable of inspiring pure hatred than they are; consequently, that every motive conspires to raise their detestation of us to the highest pitch. Our happiness, liberty, and wisdom, which they cannot either imitate or injure; our stupendous achievements, the elevation of our virtues, nay, the very grandeur of our failings, and last, though not the least, our clemency, generosity, and munificence, so often shown in return for their incessant intrigue and constant outrage against us, afford no palliative to their enmity.

But

But in the character of the French are many things which soften animosity, and make it less bitter, though not less insolent, than when goaded on by envy. To us a Frenchman brings the honourable homage of his worst hatred unalloyed ; while we find many a mitigating quality betwixt him and the most envenomed feelings we can bear him. With the best will to do so he cannot despise us, and therefore is his hatred the more acrimonious.

Another thing which makes it much more difficult for a Frenchman to form just ideas of England, than for an Englishman to judge of France, is the great development of all the intellectual powers in this country ; and which, to be appreciated, should be scrutinized by minds capable at least of comprehending, though they may not practise, what they contemplate. France, reduced to its intrinsic value, is one of the countries in Europe the most easy to appreciate : the only difficulty is so to reduce it, amid the illusions which court our favour, and the speciousness which misleads our judgment. All the real good which it contains more than England, consists mainly in such things as are perceived by the eye, and are the objects of our grosser senses ; in the beauty of a clearer sky, and the charms of a more exhilarating climate ; in a greater proportion of luxury, and a more studious attention to physical refinement, to all that can afford enjoyment, instead of happiness, and flatter sensuality, without awakening a thought. But for any thing more solid we must not look. From their political institutions, their industry, their literature, we could not learn the twentieth part of what we could teach ; and the instruction we might reap, is, in most cases, surrounded by so much harm, as to make it often a dangerous acquisition. The most useful lesson that is to be learned among them is, that the first moments we spend with a Frenchman are, in general, the most pleasing we ever shall have in his society ; and the first glance of France,—before the few brilliant specks upon its surface have shown the darkness visible throughout the mass,—is the most favourable view in which a rational mind can contemplate the country and its inhabitants. Every day lays bare some new defect ; and—we speak it from having repeatedly watched the progress of opinion among some of our own infatuated countrymen, in whom time and observation have accomplished a cure,—the last and true conclusion to which their admirers must come is, that they are a nation without feeling and without principle.

The country of Europe, the good of which it is the most difficult to appreciate, in its full extent, is Britain. It requires a longer acquaintance with us, and a deeper study, to know us thoroughly, than to know any other nation ; not merely because we

are less demonstrative, but because a greater share of wisdom and combination has concurred to form our institutions, and still maintains them, than is to be found in the institutions of any other country. They who consider us by the eye alone, who see nothing but the means employed, and distinguish no end, no result, may indeed be a little bewildered; because it is a principle with us, that the means employed should be left open to inspection: for we expect more profit from discussing their imperfections, than from extolling their deserts. Some intelligent foreigners, and, among the number, we may reckon M. Simon, have, at first, seen nothing in the publicity with which matters, held secret in other countries, are treated in England, but the disgusting play of every passion, openly avowed in the broad face of day, without a blush; and, from the spectacle before their eyes, they have generally concluded how much worse must be that which is concealed. M. Simon, indeed, with his usual candour, expressed his admiration at the ends obtained; but he is puzzled to trace the connection which leads to so much real beauty, through so much apparent deformity. But we are not to be studied by partial contemplation, and piecemeal prying into every petty detail, which men expect to find as perfect in the means as in the end; as if the Augean labour of cleansing human society could be accomplished without some disgusting particulars. They take a vast machine to pieces, and expect to find it as efficient when separate as when combined; that every wheel should move, and every pinion be actively impelled.

The practical difficulty of judging England is strikingly exemplified in the instance of one of the greatest foreigners that ever wrote upon this country. Montesquieu, in his '*Notes sur l'Angleterre*,' relates a number of observations which he made there about the year 1730, and we cannot help bringing a few of them together on this occasion, as they appear to us particularly well calculated to elucidate what we advance; so strangely are they at variance among themselves, and so powerfully do they contrast with the immutable principles which he had laid down in the calmness of study and meditation, when his judgment was not disturbed by the contemplation of objects which his mind was wholly unaccustomed to behold in action.

Strangers, he says, complain that the English do not love them. How can the English, who do not love each other, love strangers? Corruption is gaining ground in every rank—Money is the summum bonum. Honour and virtue are held as nothing.—Scotch members of parliament sell their votes for 200*l.* because they can get no more for them.—The English are no longer worthy

worthy their liberty. They sell it to the king, and if the king were to give it back again to them, they would sell it again.—A minister thinks of nothing but triumphing over his adversary; and in order to do so, he would sell his country and all the potentates in the world.—Every day respect for the crown diminishes.—There is no religion in England. A person having said that he believed something that he had heard, as he believed an article of his faith, every person present burst out a-laughing in his face. Finally,—who would expect it? He says—England is at this moment the freest country in the world, without excepting any republic upon earth, because the sovereign has not the power of injuring any one;—and again, ‘the liberty which one enjoys in London is the liberty of honest men, different from that which exists in Venice, which is to live with strumpets and to marry them. The equality one enjoys in London is the equality of honest men, different from the Dutch liberty, which is the liberty of the mob.’—Now surely, no person who reflects upon these few sentences would suppose them to have been written by the man who says, and truly says, that virtue is the basis of all public liberty. They may however afford some consolation to those who might otherwise be alarmed at the sad prognostication with which many good or evil-minded persons threaten British freedom. Most unquestionably the nation which, ninety years ago, was no longer worthy of liberty, could not now, unless by some miraculous regeneration, be free. If we mistake not, it was Montesquieu who, after long studying the English language in his closet, hazarded articulating a few words of it, to which, when he had frequently repeated them to some indulgent native, he received for answer, ‘Beg pardon, Sir, but I don’t understand French.’ Nor could Montesquieu better comprehend the language and the signs of practical liberty; and all the frailties which it lays bare to the world, and which, in despotism, are swept away in silence, he took for the marks of unworthiness, even though he saw, beyond dispute, that freedom, such as, by his own confession, none else on earth enjoyed, was the result.

The passions of the human heart can no more be eradicated, than the properties of matter; and when repressed by force upon the one side, they burst out with greater violence upon the other. The governments which have established themselves upon the hypothesis of their total suppression, are, indeed, most awful models of simplicity; for they know but one principle of action, but one single rule of right and wrong; and that, as the great man just quoted, and who was himself a subject of a government not much unlike to one of these, first dared to say, is

terror

terror—the dread of punishment according to the will of one man, without law or judgment. But the government of Britain allows the heart to find its own corrective within itself; and has not attempted to attain a pernicious simplicity, which cannot co-exist with liberty. ‘*Natura suis armis victa*,’ is the faithful legend of all our institutions; and we look for rest in the just balance and equilibrium of contending forces, not in their destruction. We conceive the whole science of liberty and legislation to consist in applying the laws, by which the human creature may remain quiescent in the midst of conflicting impulses, as the great centre of our solar system, amid the attractions which solicit him in every direction.

The vivifying principle and the soul of our whole system is publicity; and this alone is a strong presumption in its favour. The only motives which a nation can have for laying bare its imperfections, unless we suppose it sunk below all earthly degradation, and then it could not be free, are sincerity, a love of truth and horror of deceit, a consciousness of imperfection, a wish and a power to become better, a decided will to meet the coming evil, and not to shrink from the painful operation of inquiry. Let those who censure us, then, for having exposed to public view the least attractive parts of the human character, look to the consequences with an unprejudiced eye; and they will learn to appreciate a people disgraced by fewer historical crimes and less general immorality than could be found at this moment in Europe, or perhaps in history. They will see the nation that has resolved the grandest political problem, which He, whose will it is that human creatures should be happiest in society, could leave possible to the ingenuity of finite beings—with the smallest original means to compass the greatest ends of wealth, power, knowledge, liberty, virtue and happiness.

A reasonable hope might have been formed, during the last twenty-five years, that the country in which so much rational prosperity exists, would become better known to foreigners, and, above all, to Frenchmen. More than one hundred thousand of the latter visited us. Among them some were birds of passage; others remained with us. They who were our friends and free, enjoyed the amplest opportunities of learning what they pleased among us. But they were exiles and unfortunate. Their minds were bent upon their ‘*dulces Argos*.’ Our successes were painful to them, our reverses brought them despair. Even our beneficence, though bestowed without ostentation, was galling to them; and when the last band of the emigrants came to us, they who had lingered in every other part of Europe, until impending death had driven

driven them to this hospitable shore, where the cries of the wretched are never heard in vain, they received, with reluctance, a bounty, in which they at last felt they should not have so long delayed to trust. Yet, in the great number who came here late or early, it might have been expected that at least one or two would have taken advantage of their residence, to study a country which had so long been, at least, the rival of their own, and the object of their envy and aversion. But they remained attached to their own habits, regretting their delicious Paris—*ludum Paridemque*—and the Opera which made it dear to them—and returned home without carrying back a single idea that might be useful. The list of those who studied our laws, institutions and government; who even deigned to learn our language, or thought that, in any point of worthiness, we deserved their attention, would be small indeed. Yet, the emigrants, beyond any comparison, were, if not the most philosophical, the most honourable portion of the French population.

The author of the volumes before us was eminently distinguished for his attachment to the cause of the Bourbons: and his loyalty is the more meritorious, as he does not belong to the class in which royalism is a duty. In his rambles he visited many countries, and was alternately busied in diplomatic negotiations and commercial speculations. His success in the latter has been, at least, equivocal; and thence it is most probable that the voice of rumour pointed him out as likely to be named minister of the French finances. But France, not finding any person among her own children worthy to be placed at the head of her treasury, at last had recourse to her old method of calling in a foreigner, M. Corvetto, once a pettyfogging lawyer in his native Genoa; then its betrayer; then a director of the Ligurian Republic; then count of the imperial manufactory, and counsellor of state to Buonaparte; and, finally, by a natural progression, minister of finance to Lewis XVIII.

M. Rubichon, however, is not without talent. He has the complete mind of a Frenchman; quickness of perception, incapacity of induction, vanity, inerrability, and the presumption common to his countrymen, that, because France is France, and he is a Frenchman, every thing there must be right, and all the rest of the world wrong. He is one of those, who, the more they advance, go the more astray. The work he has published is worthy of such a mind; for in 583 pages of his first, and 425 of his second volume, we do not believe there is a single combination of ideas which is just, or one conclusion which facts or principles would authorize.

We

We are not induced to pronounce this opinion by any resentment towards M. Rubichon; for he is one of the most lenient detractors whom England has found for a long time among his countrymen. We are quite sure too that he is sincere in what he says, and that he is not warped by any voluntary prejudices. He judges England and France just as he would a book, or a prospect, or a ballet; and is not more in an error about them than he would be about the merest trifle. He appears to possess one of those minds which cannot see any thing exactly where it is; but living in a strongly refracting medium, never looks at it in a straight line, or beholds it otherwise than distorted; and taking the prismatic colours of his inflected vision for the tints of nature, is always the more convinced by the lengthened spectrum of his imagination, the more it differs from the object of which he conceives it to be the exact representation. We should not indeed have introduced him to the acquaintance of our readers, were it not that in point of false but well-meaning judgment he is a kind of phenomenon. His work too has had some success in France, and is even referred to by persons of a certain class there as their political creed concerning the countries which he compares; and many who imagine they have just notions upon England and her feudal system, quote M. Rubichon, perhaps, as Tacitus *De Moribus Germanorum* might have been quoted at the court of Domitian. Our object then is to let the English public know what the state of belief and knowledge is among our neighbours concerning our country, and that among persons more respectable than the fond sectaries of General Pillet.

M. Rubichon allows that the English had by nature many excellent qualities, but says that our institutions, our internal policy, have injured them. A representative government, the reformation, the revolution, have prevented us from running the same career of prosperity which we might have reached in common with France. He is a strenuous advocate for divine rights, which he asserts not only in favour of kings, but of the whole human race. It is by divine right that every man is what he is; and this is the true doctrine, because it is the doctrine of liberty. The representative system is adverse to liberty and civilization—a system to which the people have as much right as Caligula's horse had to the consulship. Such a mode of legislation can be advantageous only when the framers of the laws are not parties interested; when laws for England are made in Paris, and laws for France in London. Trial by jury is held in the highest contempt by English jurists, yet not so much as it deserves. The current price for a seat in parliament is 5000*l.* Montesquieu and Voltaire (for he has coupled these names together) were wrong in calling the

House

House of Commons a democratic institution. In England the popular party is weaker than the aristocratic or the monarchical; but in old France stronger, *because* in the latter the parliaments were *not* elected. The feudal system is, at this hour, maintained in its full vigour in England, and without it she must have long since fallen. The Catholic religion is more conducive to morality, liberty, civilization and prosperity, than the protestant; and hence the Protestant electors are *obliged* (not enabled) to keep on foot more numerous armies than the Catholic. The reformation was undertaken for the purposes of confiscation and spoliation in the three kingdoms. Presentations to livings are usually sold by auction, or played for at the gaming table. All improvements in modern literature, science and the fine arts are due to learned corporations, such as once existed in certain Catholic religious orders; and wherever these have been suppressed, learning has uniformly declined; hence the bourgeoisie of England is the most ignorant in the world; and no nation so little knows its own constitution as we do, and no men from their early youth are imbued with such contracted ideas as the English. Hence, too, we never have possessed one good publicist; for Coke, Hale and Holt were vast but vicious minds; Blackstone was one of the most ill-judging intellects that fertile Britain ever has produced; Pitt was a ninny and coxcomb, and Dundas the only statesman of the country who never had a wrong idea. The territory of England twenty-five years ago might have been divided into terres roturieres, nobles and communales. In France the lawyer, the merchant, the citizen, possessed much landed property; in England scarcely any. Want of taste in such things as the Catholic religion made common, has dreadfully increased the immorality of England—so much so that no man can purchase any thing unseen, or trust in another's word. What distinguishes the females of this country from all other European women, is—a bunch of keys at their sides; and even the most fashionable, she who has no pockets to carry her handkerchief, puts on a gaoler's girdle whenever she goes out from home, attached to which, at every step she takes, the pendant keys that protect her property from domestic spoliation, jingle in the ears of her admirers: and, to crown all, public spirit is the bane of empires.

We wish we could sometimes confide in M. Rubichon, for he is occasionally flattering and consolatory. The power of England, already colossal, is only in its dawn. The average yearly consumption of meat in England is 220lbs. per head; in France 16lbs.: of wheat, $3\frac{1}{4}$ hectolitres per head, yearly, in England; in France, $1\frac{1}{2}$. The product of labour to a southern Frenchman is 8; to an Italian, 22; to a northern Frenchman, 26; to a northern German,

40; to an Englishman, 140: hence the labour of one Englishman produces 8½ times as much as the labour of one Frenchman. An English scarcity, compared to a French scarcity, is as the noce de Gamache to Count Ugolin's tower (this indeed we must vouch for, as also for this;—that what is called ruin and poverty in England, bears an aspect of more real comfort, than all the splendour we ever saw elsewhere.) In England thirty horses are kept for pleasure to one in France. England has not yet the tenth part of the wealth she will have. The first question Frenchmen ask in England is, 'Where is the peasantry?*' All this certainly wears a very satisfactory appearance; but, coming from M. Rubichon, it is quite alarming; and we could almost fear that our poor country is fast verging to its ruin. Another eulogium of his we must concur in—'L'histoire de l'Angleterre est si belle et si pure quant à ses relations extérieures, que les Anglois, comme tels, jouissent d'une grande considération.' In whatever sense he uses this phrase, we rejoice to find that a Frenchman, who speaks ill of us in other respects, does not cast in our teeth the hackneyed phrase of 'Punica fides.' It is quite inconceivable how many upon the continent, urged on by the vociferations of France, believe, or affect to believe, as they once did, the story of Thionville, that we led the emigrants to Quiberon to be slaughtered; that we were accessory to the murder of the Emperor Paul; that we winked at the invasion of France by Buonaparte, from Elba. It is in vain that we say it would have been less perfidious and less expensive too, to leave the emigrants to perish from want and misery, in those very countries which bear but a small portion of French hatred, than to equip a costly expedition, for the purpose of betraying them to the revolutionary swords of their countrymen. It is in vain to urge, that the hundred days of Buonaparte's last reign cost us 8,000,000*l.* sterling.

We shall take leave of M. Rubichon and his innocuous absurdity, with two extracts from his work, the one containing some strictures upon modern French glory, the other upon the actual state of policy, since the return of Louis XVIII. They will serve as a specimen of his style, which, as might be expected in a mind deprived of all sound judgement, must, if it has any sound quality, possess some glow.

'Qu'est devenue, hélas! cette malheureuse France, depuis qu'elle s'est laissée balotter entre les mains de tant d'aventuriers? Ils l'ont dépouillé de ces biens ecclésiastiques qui entretenoient, dans les campagnes, ce culte qui répandoit des jouissances morales, des consolations,

* We heard a similar question asked in Sir Francis Burdett's riot. A Frenchman newly arrived in England went to see what was going forward, and conceiving that the crowd consisted of spectators like himself, asked, where is the mob?

et élevoit l'ame de l'agriculteur ; des biens de ces oratoriens, et de tant d'autres congrégations zélées, qui présentoient au peuples des villes l'appas d'une instruction gratuite dans la latinité, l'histoire, la poésie, l'éloquence ; des biens de ces Bénédictins, &c. . . . des biens de ces Frères de la Charité, (the well known Père Elisé was one of these !) 'auxquels la chirurgie, la médecine et l'anatomie doivent tout. . . . Tant de prospérité détruite, ces nobles villes de Lyons, de Marseille, de Bourdeaux, qui, par leur splendeur, seroient croire quelles avoient été fondées par des hommes qui avoient à jouir, et non à acquérir, furent désertées ; la navigation, cet art qui demande tant de combinaisons qu'à lui seul il fait la gloire d'un empire, et prouve combien l'essor des modernes est supérieur à celui des anciens, fut abandonnée. *L'Inde, témoin si longtems de la gloire de nos armées navales*, voit fuyant notre marine militaire devant *une marine marchande* ; les colonies, à qui notre pavillon annonçoit naguère de si belles lois, une si douce administration, un commerce si probe et si prospère, des voyageurs si sçavans, demandent (our author has written demande in the singular,) si la France existe encore ; et où tant de gloire flétrie a-t-elle trouvé des compensations ?—dans la gloire militaire—

' Mais, je le demande, est-ce que l'art des Condé et des Turenne a été avancé par ces gens-ci ? Quoique des myriades d'hommes aient sacrifiés à leur apprentissage dans une profession que ces deux grands hommes furent comme obligés de deviner, est-ce qu'au milieu de leurs forfanteries, aucun de nos parvenus a osé se comparer à eux ? Je dis, forfanteries, parce que lorsqu'on leur a fait observer qu'ils n'avoient jamais exercé cet art, ni dans ses finesses ni dans ses difficultés, puisqu'ils ont toujours eu de nouvelles armées à consommer, sans jamais combiner leur nourriture, leurs vêtemens, leurs hopitaux ou leurs tentes, ils ont toujours prétendu y avoir supplée par leur bravoure. A les entendre, ne croiroit-on pas que les Français, pour compter parmi les militaires de l'Europe, avoient les mêmes conditions à remplir qu'un cadet qui entre dans un régiment ; qu'ils avoient leurs preuves de bravoure à faire ? Certes, si Mars, aveugle comme Cupidon, doit aussi se laisser conduire par la folie, la France, depuis vingt ans lui, a fourni de dignes conducteurs. Mais est-ce que nos parvenus ont obtenu quelque supériorité dans cette bravoure sublime qui consiste à supporter les défis, les sarcasmes, les insultes d'une armée qui a intérêt de combattre ; dans cette bravoure qui dédaigne de corrompre les ennemis ; qui, dans l'adversité, ne cède à aucune alarme, n'abandonne pas ses blessés ; ne se livre, ni à une retraite désordonnée, ni à une fuite inutile ? La France, je le sçais, a de belles pages à ajouter à son histoire militaire ; mais elles ne sont pas plus belles que leurs précédentes. Elle en a, au contraire, d'une ignominie sans exemple ; car, jusqu'à présent, elle n'avoit jamais confié ses armées à tel général qui ait voulu les livrer à l'ennemi ; ou à tel autre qui, pour sauver son pillage, en ait sacrifié la sûreté et l'existence ; ou à tel autre qui l'ait secrètement et lâchement abandonnée dans ses désastres.'

With the general tone of the sentiments contained in the follow-

ing extract, we most heartily concur. He says that, on the return of the Bourbons—

‘La Majesté Royale reparoissoit aussi forte qu’éclatante. La France et son roi devoient pardonner à tant de crimes’ (the crimes of the revolution,) ‘mais ils *pourroient* les punir; ils devoient les oublier, mais devoient-ils les récompenser? Devoit-on voir des prêtres apostats, incestueux, ou mariés, des professeurs d’athéisme, de cyniques spéculateurs, s’emparer du sceptre? Devoit-on voir les hommes les plus souillés des hommes, près de qui les sénateurs de Caligula faisoient honneur à l’espèce humaine, partager les fonctions publiques les plus élevées avec les familles les plus pures par leur fidélité et les plus illustres par leur naissance? Qu’en est-il arrivé? Ils ont réveillé ces mêmes vices qui depuis longtems réduits à l’engourdissement par l’usurpateur lui *avoient*, (*avoit* in the author, who is frequently ungrammatical) fait pardonner sa sombre tyrannie; ils ont rappelé toutes les doctrines populaires; ils ont excité de nouveaux rugissemens contre la légitimité ou l’autorité du souverain, contre les devoirs de la religion et l’influence des pasteurs, contre les pouvoirs et les droits de la noblesse. Ils ont fait parade de colère, de haine, de jalousie qu’ils n’éprouvent pas; c’étoit peut-être pour la première fois dans ce monde que des sentimens si criminels étoient factices; ils n’avoient rien de vrai, rien de fondé, rien de naturel; la corruption n’avoit jamais demandé tant de science, l’atrocité tant de calculs; mais il falloit obtenir de grands complices dans de nouveaux sacrilèges.’—Farther on he says—‘Il revient ce monstre qui pendant si longtems ne s’est comme Moloch abreuvé que de larmes maternelles; il revient, mais il ne revient pas seul; il ramène cet ignominieux Barrère, celui qui fit renverser les autels, revêtir les animaux immondes des ornemens de nos pontifes, employer des vases sacrés aux orgies les plus dégoûtantes, prendre des prostituées pour la déesse Raison, et rendre nos temples le théâtre de tant de Bacchanales; il ramène ce sanguinaire Carnot qui, sans distinction de crimes, de vertus, d’âge, de sexe, ou de rang, jeta tant de victimes dans la même charrette—il ramène surtout ce hideux Fouché qui, accusant la lenteur des échafauds, leur substitua le canon à mitraille pour la destruction des habitans de Lyon, et qui, pour celle de leurs maisons et de leur ville jusque dans ses fondemens, demandoit de substituer le volcan des mines et des flammes aux travaux tardifs des hommes.’

M. Rubichon has turned over the leaves of a great many books, and has collected just the kind of knowledge which such a brain can pick from such a mode of study. His memory, however, has not always been faithful; for example, when speaking of the massacre at Beziers, (p. 314.) in the year 1209, he attributes to a military commander the words of horrid destruction which were uttered by a Catholic priest. The facts were as follows: when Beziers was taken by Simon de Montford, who commanded the Crusaders against the Albigenses, the Abbé de Citeaux, legate to the Pope, and not general of the forces, being consulted

consulted concerning the mode of distinguishing the Catholics from the heretics, in order to save the former, 'Kill all,' said he, 'God will distinguish the faithful;' and at his word thirty thousand fell.

A mistake of a more ludicrous nature, is the following:—In his chapter on trade, M. Rubichon tells his readers that he is quite at home upon that subject, being born and bred in the business; and apologizes for not sketching its history. 'But every merchant will excuse me, when I tell him that the first *treaty* of commerce, mentioned by the ancients, was the sale of Joseph by his brethren; and that, from this *earliest* commercial transaction, down to the last loan, they have all been fatally alike.' Now a desire to be pert and witty has made him forget that Joseph was sold by his brethren to some Arabian *merchants*, who were carrying perfumes and other goods from Galaad into Egypt,—at least so Josephus tells us from the authority of holy writ.

We remember to have seen an English edition of the first volume of this work printed some years ago in London. M. Rubichon, we are pretty confident, was his own translator—for who else indeed would have thought his nonsense worth translating? and we must say, 'materiem superabat opus'; for a more conceited and presumptuous piece of absurdity we have seldom met with. But these French folks, as Praxinoë well observes—

— *πάλιν τρώει, καὶ ὡς Ζεὺς ἀγῶνιστὴν ἦρας.*

and many of them think they can teach the English nation the English language.*

M. Rubichon hopes that no breach of hospitality will be laid to his account for the freedom with which he delivers his opinion. Certainly not. The character of a nation is public property; and, if they who have studied it where alone it can be learned, are debarred by false delicacy from speaking of it, by whom shall we be taught the truth? We do not conceive that, in civilized times, the obligation contracted toward a nation that does not refuse to the subjects of other states the benefit of its laws, its air, and its protection, is so great as ever afterwards to impose superstitious silence upon the grateful traveller who leaves it. But we do think it the duty of every man who has a new idea, to

* In the feuilleton of a French journal (the *Bon Français* of March 23d) is this sentence—*Chespire, que les Anglais écrivent Shakespeare.*—Some years ago, a semi-official relation of the alarm excited in England by the appearance of a small French squadron off our coast, stated that John Bull ran up and down exclaiming, 'Here come the French dogs, huzza! huzza! huzza!' and this exclamation was thus translated into French, in a note. *Voilà ces terribles Français! Notre dernière heure est arrivée!* which we beg to retranslate for the amusement of our country gentlemen. 'Here are the terrible French! our last hour is come!'—Now is it possible to hate a nation so diverting?

communicate it; and one such idea is compensation enough for many a dull volume. It is moreover no small satisfaction to us as Englishmen, that even foreigners can speak their minds concerning us, as freely in London as in Paris. We will venture to assert that, notwithstanding all the disparagement which his first volume contains, M. Rubichon never was insulted for his opinions in any society, never taken to account by any half-pay officer, never pursued by any ruffian of a political police, never informed against by any gentleman spy, and never experienced the least inconvenience or unpleasantness, during his long residence in this truly generous and enlightened island.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the general drift of M. Rubichon's two volumes is perfectly contradictory; the first bravely published in London, during his emigration, being unfavourable to England; the second, gallantly edited in Paris since his return, being just as hostile to France. We are told by Spallanzani, that the animal called *vespertilio murinus*, vulgo, *bat*, can fly in the darkest room, and backwards and forwards, an infinite number of times through a labyrinth of obstacles, without ever hitting against any of them. Now this seems to be Mr. Rubichon's case; for notwithstanding his cecity and his perpetual flights from one absurdity to another, he never once has knocked against reason, or come in collision with one sound idea, either of which must have been fatal to his speculations; and his imagination has rambled, uncontrouled, yet we do not think he would make a better poet than he has shown himself a statist.

ART. X.—*The Fall of Jerusalem, a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading; and late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. 8vo. London. 1820.

THERE is scarcely, in the whole range of ancient or modern history, a subject which embraces in itself so many circumstances of awful interest, as the last Jewish war, and the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.—Besides its political importance, as perhaps the most obstinate struggle in which the Roman empire was engaged with a foreign power, from the last Punic war to the Gothic invasion, no history or portion of history presents us with facts so variously interesting. In none, that we know of, are we made witnesses of so many strange and dreadful phenomena, of generous feelings exaggerated into crimes, or of the effects which may be produced on the mind and body by fanaticism and despair; by a resolution to refuse even pardon and peace from the hands of a triumphant and detested enemy; by an insane confidence in the protection of that Deity whose holiest laws are trampled on; and

and by that pride of endurance which, when our suffering reaches a certain pitch of intensity and hopelessness, would seem to be, in itself, a source of gratification.

The more general picture of a small and divided nation, without allies, without discipline, and almost without military equipments, making head against the whole weight of a mighty empire; defending village after village, and wall after wall, with so much courage as to require a separate siege for the most insignificant hamlets, and with so much obstinacy as to make each of their own defeats a source of mourning to their invaders; their strength retreating as the extremities are cut off, to the heart and centre of their kingdom; and, at length, pent up like wild beasts in a net, within the ramparts of a single city:—the spectacle there offered of 600,000 souls, (at the lowest computation,) resisting still when no rational motive for resistance remained; exerting, at the same moment and with equal rage, their most furious passions against each other and their enemies; fighting, robbing, starving, disputing, blaspheming, murdering, and calling, with full confidence, on God to acknowledge them, by some signal deliverance, as his chosen people—must be ranked among the most awful scenes recorded of our nature, and one for which it is impossible to account without supposing some degree of judicial infatuation to have possessed a race so furious and so miserable. It is true that the physical endurance and mental obstinacy of the southern nations, and more particularly of the Jewish and Arabian family, seem in all ages to have surpassed, in seasons of hopeless misery, the more rational and phlegmatic darings of the tribes of northern Europe. But, making all due allowance for this national idiosyncrasy; and admitting, as may safely be admitted, that Josephus had been imperfectly informed, or was of himself inclined to exaggerate, in some slight degree, the horrors which his countrymen had suffered,—enough will still remain, even in the brief and half contemptuous narrative of Tacitus, to stamp the obstinacy of the Jews with something of a supernatural character, which will both correspond with, and render less improbable, the prodigies which are said to have preceded and aggravated the calamities of their city.

And, when we still further consider that all this obstinacy, this infatuation, these sufferings, these portents, had been exactly foretold by the Founder of the Christian Religion, that He had appealed to this future destruction as to the seal and confirmation of his own Divine Authority; and that His prediction to this effect was known and notoriously acted on, to the preservation of their lives and properties, by the great body of His worshippers; when we consider, above all, the *crime* for which these sufferings were denounced by Him, as the appropriate punishment, it is no wonder that not only

the Jews, but the followers of Christ and Mahommed should regard the ruin of God's peculiar city and temple as one of the most remarkable epochs in the religious history of mankind, and as one of the events to which the mind recurs with the deepest wonder and veneration.

Thus revered, and thus remarkable, we have sometimes thought it strange, that the Fall of Jerusalem has been a subject hitherto so little attempted either by painters or poets. None of the more eminent names among the former have exerted their talents on a theme which—if not too multifarious and extensive, (and who that has seen *Le Brun's Battles* can make this objection?)—would seem to combine in itself more richness and variety of natural and architectural scenery, of costume, of grouping, of attitude, and of interest, than any other which history offers. No considerable poet has taken more than a transient and incidental notice of scenes so strange, so terrible, and, to Christians of every sect and country, so important;* nor has the subject been so much as alluded to anywhere else except in some of the Oxford and Cambridge Prize Poems.

It is not, however, to be overlooked that, as the subject of a poem of any length, the Fall of Jerusalem was attended with many difficulties, —difficulties so numerous and so great, as hardly to be surmounted by a share of genius and good taste less remarkable than the present author has brought forward to subdue them. It had, in the first place, the misfortune of being too well known, both in its event and its more conspicuous details, to leave any room for that suspended and anxious interest which (however some modern critics may affect to despise a plot) was well observed by Aristotle to be the most essential, because the most popular requisite of a narrative or dramatic poem. It is easy indeed for a poet, and it is one of the poet's most ancient and acknowledged prerogatives, to warp and mould historical events according to his fancy and to serve his 'airy purposes:' but if this is not done with a very gentle and judicious hand, the reader is more apt to be disgusted with the departure from a known truth than delighted with the ingenuity of the fiction. This displeasure is felt even when the liberty in question has been taken, not with sober historic truth, but with an old and familiar fable. It has been one main cause of the total and signal failure of the different epics which have been

* There is a forgotten rhyming tragedy in two parts, called 'The Destruction of Jerusalem.' It was written by Crowne, (the ridiculous rival of Dryden,) and is said to have been acted with applause about the year 1677. It does not appear that it ever fell into Mr. Milman's hands; nor, indeed, if it had, could he have turned it to any advantage. Both parts are taken, in some measure, from the narrative of Josephus, but absurdly mixed up in the fashion of the day with court intrigue and party politics. They are however among the best of Crowne's dramas; and the first part is not without merit.

attempted

attempted on the subject of Arthur, that they have given us a hero formed on a classical model, instead of that 'good king Arthur' of the romances and ballads, the favourite of our childhood, and the subject even now of innumerable popular tales among our peasantry. It is the same dilemma of being trite on the one hand, or of violating preconceived notions on the other, which constitutes the principal difficulty of those dramatic subjects which are taken from classical antiquity.—But in the *Fall of Jerusalem* this difficulty is greatly increased by the degree of religious importance which attaches to its leading circumstances. Alteration here becomes misrepresentation; and we resent, as a sort of heresy, any poetical license on topics of which, whatever may be the incidental beauty or singularity, the main interest and importance depend on their truth alone.

Nor is that a trifling embarrassment which arises from the overpowering interest and sublimity of the scenes or events to be described, a sublimity, in many instances, not only above the aid of poetical embellishment, but which makes it as much out of place as a collar of pearls round the neck of the Farnese Hercules. The fifth chapter of the sixth book of Josephus is not poetry, but it is something more,—and the opening of the temple gate without hands, and the *METABAINOMEN ENTETON* which resounded through the Holy of Holies, must be rather injured than ornamented by any attempt to describe the crash of the brazen hinges, and the thunders of the departing Deity.

The circumstance, however, which might seem to present the greatest difficulty of all, is the pervading and unqualified horror of the history and its details. There is, from the beginning of the siege to its conclusion, no turn in the tide of affairs, no point on which the eye can, even for a moment, repose with comfort. One deed of brutal and bloody cruelty, one instance of dismal and intolerable suffering succeeds its fellow, without respite or remission. We can feel no interest for the Romans, who are unjust and brutal oppressors, and whose leader Titus, with his long speeches and loaded gibbets, is, in spite of Suetonius and the praises of some Christian divines, more odious than a less philosophic ruffian would have been; and even the desperate courage and lofty enthusiasm of the Jews which, under other circumstances, would have been sublime, become, when exerted without any reasonable hope or motive, hideous and maniacal. In prose, these things are read with interest, because they are true as well as terrible and extraordinary: but, in poetry, which is professedly not the truth but its imitation, we require that the objects imitated should not be altogether frightful,—and Mr. Shelley alone, since the days of Titus Andronicus and the
tragic

tragic schoolmaster in Gil Blas, has expected to afford mankind delight by a fac-simile of unmingled wickedness and horror.

In avoiding these difficulties, Mr. Milman has derived considerable advantages from the form in which he has cast his work, which has given him the greatest possible scope in the selection and concentration of his historical facts, while it has dispensed with that continuous detail of events and description of characters, which would have been required in a poem purely narrative. The present is neither of this description, nor is it a regular drama; but, properly speaking, a story told in dialogue, a manner of writing, of which we may trace the first approach in some of the works of Mr. Southey, and which may be classed among those other innovations of the same writer which, in their day, were stigmatized as little less than barbarous, but which are insensibly producing a marked and beneficial effect on the greater part of our contemporary poets.

With the same judgment and good taste, which we have already noticed, Mr. Milman, without binding himself with needless servility to the narrative of Josephus,—has related all those facts, and described all those characters which he has thought fit to introduce from history in sufficiently close agreement with its tenour; while even his fictitious incidents are such as might really have occurred during some part or other of the siege. Titus was ready drawn, and he has made him act and speak pretty much as he is represented in Josephus and Suetonius. Of the Jewish tyrants, John and Simon, so little is known beyond the common attributes of pride, cruelty, and desperate courage, that he was at liberty to make them adopt almost any sentiments consistent with these leading traits. As the followers of John, however, are branded by Josephus as peculiarly impious and profligate, Mr. Milman has chosen to put into his mouth the tenets and usual sophisms of the Sadducees; while Simon, for the sake of contrast, is represented as a rigid and enthusiastic Pharisee. We could have wished, we own, that his pious effusions had been assigned, in preference, to the Zealot chief Eleazar, who might as well have been made the father of Mr. Milman's heroine as Simon; inasmuch as, though in some measure constrained to an alliance with John, he appears to have been by no means a cypher in the anarchy of his country, and to have been really (what Simon the Edomite hardly was) a resident in Jerusalem and the head of the puritan party there. Still, however, both John and Simon are such characters as might well have been found among the Jews at that time, and of the first, at least, the discourses and actions are throughout in unison with the character given him.

But the story must have failed in interest if Mr. Milman had confined himself to historical personages only. It would have been
absurd

absurd to convert either Titus, Simon, or the historian Josephus, into that necessary ingredient of a poem,—an enamoured swain.* His readers could have felt little curiosity as to the probable fate of men, of whom they knew the history even before they opened his book: and the poet has, therefore, rested his plot on the distresses and dangers of an imaginary character, whom he was at liberty to make as gentle, as beautiful, and as pious, as suited his purpose, and to whom the terrific accompaniments of the siege and destruction are in fact no more than the back-ground and appropriate ornaments of the picture. Throughout the drama, indeed, it is not for Jerusalem but for Miriam that we are anxious; and the dark-haired and enthusiastic Salome, however interesting in her own person, is never allowed to withdraw our attention from the superior attractions of her sister. Yet of Miriam the character and fortunes are strictly in unison with the scenes around her; and even the incident which seems most improbable,—her unperceived descent from the walls,—is not only accounted for by the supposition of a secret staircase, but is really mentioned by Josephus as an expedient sometimes resorted to by the starving inhabitants of Jerusalem. But we are unwilling to forestall the story, any further than to observe that its events are supposed to have taken place during the last thirty-six hours of the siege, which Mr. Milman brings to a conclusion with the destruction of the Temple; disregarding, by a very allowable poetical license, the languid defence maintained for some weeks longer by the seditious on Mount Zion.

The poem opens with one of the least advantageous specimens of Mr. Milman's power. The scene is the Mount of Olives, and we have a long conversation between Titus and his officers, who are made to 'advance their eagles,' and marvel, and moralize, and menace, *in good set terms*, and according to all the precedents in such cases furnished. We know not how it happens that, of all our dramatic writers, Shakspeare alone has been able to make his Roman characters speak, move, and act like men of other nations similarly circumstanced; to fold the toga in less formal plaits, and to divest his consular persons of the constrained gestures and unnatural tones of a great school-boy at his annual speeches. Shakspeare, indeed, is sometimes blameable on the other side, for a too great neglect of appropriate costume, and that uniformity of national character by which this extraordinary people was distinguished from all others; and which, surely, might be sufficiently preserved without sinking the statesman in the rhetorician, or bury-

* Crowne has moulded a lover for Clarona, the daughter of Mathias, (Mr. Milman's Simon,) out of a Parthian king, whom, for that purpose, he has brought to Jerusalem and detained there during the siege.

ing the whole human being, with all his natural passions and principles of action, under the fasces, laurels, and paludamentum of the Cæsar. But, notwithstanding this common and customary heaviness of Mr. Milman's Romans, he has afforded us, even here, some powerful writing and harmonious versification; and the following description of the City and Temple is not the worse for almost literally following the eloquent encomium of Josephus:—

' As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength.
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that faded city.
And, as our clouds of battle-dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.'—p. 7, 8.

This scene, however, is merely introductory. The business of the drama opens with the second, which is laid by moonlight, at the fountain of Siloam, or, as Mr. Milman calls it, Siloe. Hither the lovely Miriam, daughter of the fanatic assassin Simon, but herself a concealed Christian, is accustomed to steal down by a private and ruinous staircase, conducting from her father's house into the valley, to obtain for his support supplies of food and wine, which the rugged enthusiast believes to be brought to his house by an angel, but which are, in truth, received by the fair proselyte from the hands of her lover Javan, a Christian, who, having with the rest of the faithful, left the city before the siege, is now at large without its walls, and, to meet her at the appointed place, defies the difficulties opposed by the blockading army. Javan is first introduced, alone,

alone, by the fountain, which, as well as his absent mistress, he apostrophizes in some lines of exquisite tenderness and beauty.

' Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
The brutal violence of ungodly men.
Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
In modesty unstain'd; and heavenly influences,
More lovely than the light of star or moon,
As though delighted with their own reflection
From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.

Oh! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
To the high creed of Him who died for men,
Oh! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
By the strong faith and soft humility
Wherewith thy soul embraces them! Thou prayest,
And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
And holier fervour gushing from my heart,
While heaven seems smiling kind acceptance down
On the associate of so pure a worshipper.—p. 13, 14.

Miriam, on her arrival, receives the fruit and wine; but her lover endeavours to dissuade her from returning to her father's roof, or to the present misery and approaching perils of Jerusalem. The latter are painted with terrible distinctness.

' Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scattered ashes.
They slew them, Miriam, the old gray man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not from me,
The

ing the whole human being, with all his natural passions and principles of action, under the fasces, laurels, and paludamentum of the Cæsar. But, notwithstanding this common and customary heaviness of Mr. Milman's Romans, he has afforded us, even here, some powerful writing and harmonious versification; and the following description of the City and Temple is not the worse for almost literally following the eloquent encomium of Josephus:—

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In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.'—p. 7, 8.

This scene, however, is merely introductory. The business of the drama opens with the second, which is laid by moonlight, at the fountain of Siloam, or, as Mr. Milman calls it, Siloe. Hither the lovely Miriam, daughter of the fanatic assassin Simon, but herself a concealed Christian, is accustomed to steal down by a private and ruinous staircase, conducting from her father's house into the valley, to obtain for his support supplies of food and wine, which the rugged enthusiast believes to be brought to his house by an angel, but which are, in truth, received by the fair proselyte from the hands of her lover Javan, a Christian, who, having with the rest of the faithful, left the city before the siege, is now at large without its walls, and, to meet her at the appointed place, defies the difficulties opposed by the blockading army. Javan is first introduced, alone,

alone, by the fountain, which, as well as his absent mistress, he apostrophizes in some lines of exquisite tenderness and beauty.

' Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erweezied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
The brutal violence of ungodly men.
Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
In modesty unstain'd; and heavenly influences,
More lovely than the light of star or moon,
As though delighted with their own reflection
From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.

Oh! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
To the high creed of Him who died for men,
Oh! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
By the strong faith and soft humility
Wherewith thy soul embraces them! Thou prayest,
And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
And holier fervour gushing from my heart,
While heaven seems smiling kind acceptance down
On the associate of so pure a worshipper.—p. 13, 14.

Miriam, on her arrival, receives the fruit and wine; but her lover endeavours to dissuade her from returning to her father's roof, or to the present misery and approaching perils of Jerusalem. The latter are painted with terrible distinctness.

' Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scattered ashes.
They slew them, Miriam, the old gray man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not from me,
The

The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung them
 From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest drops) —
 They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
 The smiling infants; — and the tender maid,
 The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee,
 They slew her not till —

Miriam.

Javan, 'tis unkind!

I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
 Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
 A heavier burthen of this weary life.
 I hoped with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour,
 A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!
 — But thou art like them all! — p. 16, 17.

Javan still reminds her that the father, for whose sake she is willing to expose herself to these horrors, is unworthy of such boundless affection. Her answer is beautiful, though the last line is somewhat awkwardly expressed.

'Oh cease! I pray thee cease!

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
 Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
 And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
 Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
 Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
 The forfeited affections of his kind.
 Is't not so written in our law? and He
 We worship came not to destroy the law.
 Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
 Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
 I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
 Of men upon my scattered bones with him.' — p. 21.

She conquers, therefore, his objections, and returns laden with the provisions. In the next scene, she reappears in the house of Simon. Her description of the ruinous passage which had conducted her thither, of the feelings which had formerly endeared it to her, and of the change which had taken place in it, will strike every one who recollects his own feelings as a child, and the fondness with which we all, in our time, have clung to some little secret recess, where none of our rivals or playmates could interrupt us, and where we could at once enjoy the sense of exclusive property, and the romance of voluntary solitude.

'When yet a laughing child,

It was my sport to thread that broken stair
 That from our house leads down into the vale,
 By which, in ancient days, the maidens stole
 To bathe in the cool fountain's secret waters.
 In each wild olive trunk, and twisted root

Of sycamore, with ivy overgrown,
I have nestled, and the flowers would seem to welcome me.
I loved it with a child's capricious love,
Because none knew it but myself. Its loneliness
I loved, for still my sole companions there,
The doves, sate murmuring in the noonday sun.
Ah! now there broods no bird of peace and love!
Even as I pass'd, a sullen vulture rose,
And heavily it flapp'd its huge wings o'er me,
As though o'ergorged with blood of Israel.'—p. 23, 24.

Miriam now meets her sister Salome, an enthusiast for the law of Moses; her feelings strung to the highest pitch of frantic excitement, by vain anticipations of the future glory of Israel; and by a secret passion of a more earthly nature, which is artfully blended with her religious madness, and which leads her to mix her dreams of conquest and renown with softer whispers of bridal songs, the lute, the harp, and the dulcimer.—But her language is so beautifully characteristic that, in justice to the author, we must subjoin a few lines from the opening of the scene.

Miriam. Sister, not yet at rest?

Salome.

At rest! at rest!

The wretched and the desperate, let them court
The dull, the dreamless, the unconscious sleep,
To lap them in its stagnant lethargy.
But oh! the bright, the rapturous disturbances
That break my haunted slumbers! Fast they come,
They crowd around my couch, and all my chamber
Is radiant with them. There I lie and bask
In their glad promise, till the oppressed spirit
Can bear no more, and I come forth to breathe
The cool free air.

Miriam.

Dear sister, in our state

So dark, so hopeless, dreaming still of glory!

Salome. Low-minded Miriam! I tell thee, oft

I have told thee, nightly do the visitations
Break on my gifted sight, more golden bright
Than the rich morn on Carmel. Of their shape,
Sister, I know not; this I only know,
That they pour o'er me like the restless waters
Of some pure cataract in the noontide sun.
There is a mingling of all glorious forms,
Of Angels riding upon cloudy thrones,
And our proud city marching all abroad
Like a crown'd conqueror o'er the trampled Gentiles.'—

p. 24—26.

Miriam deprecates her indulgence in such visions, and imputes them to the length of time, (two days,) which had elapsed since the last

last supply of provisions. Salome resents her unbelief, taxes her with being a Christian, and threatens to denounce her to their father, who now enters, and relates to them how he had been engaged with John and Eleazar, in searching the dwellings of the citizens for concealed provisions. One of his exploits follows:—

‘ There sate a woman in a lowly house,
And she had moulded meal into a cake;
And she sat weeping even in wild delight
Over her sleeping infants, at the thought
Of how their eyes would glisten to behold
The unaccustomed food. She had not tasted
Herself the strange repast; but she had raised
The covering under which the children lay
Crouching and clinging fondly to each other,
As though the warmth that breath’d from out their bodies
Had some refreshment for their wither’d lips.
We bared our swords to slay: but subtle John
Snatch’d the food from her, trod it on the ground,
And mock’d her.

Miriam. But thou didst not smite her, father?

Simon. No! we were wiser than to bless with death
A wretch like her.

But I must seek within
If he that oft at dead of midnight placeth
The wine and fruit within our chosen house,
Hath minister’d this night to Israel’s chief.—p. 30.

These are powerful lines, and the effect which they are made to produce on Salome not only conduces to the progress of the drama, but is, in itself, extremely touching and natural.

‘ Oh, Miriam! I dare not tell him now!
For even as those two infants lay together
Nestling their sleeping faces on each other,
Even so have we two lain, and I have felt
Thy breath upon my face, and every motion
Of thy soft bosom answering to mine own.—p. 31, 32.

But we notice the passage not so much for its intrinsic beauty as on the old and familiar principle of finding fault, and to point out what we think the error of making the stern Pharisee the historian of his own deeds of horror, and (which is still less probable) relating them in language calculated to excite the sympathy of his hearers. We allow that the picture of distress and fiendish cruelty here offered to us, is such as completely accords with the temper of the times, and the man to whom it is imputed, and that it is such as might be easily paralleled or surpassed by a reference to Josephus. But, though it is certain that men have been sometimes led by a mistaken religious zeal to actions the most diabolical, it will

will never be found that they have described minutely, and with apparent feeling, sufferings for which they desired their auditors to entertain no pity: It would have been more natural if Simon had himself, in a slight and hurried manner, informed his daughters that he had been executing the usual severities on those who withheld food from the public store; while the detail of horrors might have been given to his followers, who, less answerable for the cruelty, might, when their chief was withdrawn, have burst forth into exclamations against the nature of the service which they had been performing.

As Salome thus relinquishes her purpose of impeaching Miriam, the hoary assassin returns, having 'washed his bloody hands and said his prayers,' and summons his daughters to the repast which his angelic guardian had again provided. Miriam, however, lingers behind, and, when alone, addresses a song to the Messiah, which, if it somewhat too closely reminds us, in a few passages, and in its general tenour, of Milton's glorious hymn on the nativity, will bear no unfavourable comparison with that or any other similar composition in our language.

'Oh Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts!
Ah! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
Hold th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful!
That knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strow'd
Was thy tempestuous road;

Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.

But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefil'd,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:

A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,

To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence break the voice of song

From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.

One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high

From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.

For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;

A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;

Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,

Consenting to thy doom:
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguering the guilty city's murderous crew;

But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,

And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise

Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolv'd on high
In its own radiancy.'—p. 33—37.

The next scene introduces Simon at his early devotions, indulging in the anticipation of the Messiah's speedy coming, according to the notion of the Jews, as a temporal prince, to rescue his people and city, and destroy their Gentile invaders. His soliloquy contains many splendid passages, but it is expressed in a temper hardly

hardly consistent with Mr. Milman's general conception of Simon's character. His very title of 'assassin,'—the colour in which he is represented by Javan, by John, and his own daughters, as a man of blood and violence, but a valiant, a wise, and renowned warrior, accord with his own language in public, and, more particularly, when justifying the murder of Matthias and his sons, to designate him as a fanatic rather than a pure enthusiast. The zeal of such a man may burn like fire, and he may fancy himself the object of supernatural care and illumination. But it is himself in whom his prospects terminate,—and it is in his own cause that he expects to enlist the ministry of angels and the visible hand of Providence. He calls on God to help his people, but it is through his own agency, as a chosen instrument, that he expects their deliverance to be brought about; and he, therefore, is always piously anxious to extend his own power and influence, and to remove, by fair means or foul, whatever curbs his greatness.

It belongs to a different character to look forward with delight to an immediate advent of the Deity, and there is too much of humble as well as holy hope in the lonely reveries of Simon. It would have better suited his frame of mind to fancy *himself* the Messiah; and, in fact, Mr. Milman, with more knowledge of the disposition which he describes than is exhibited here,—has, in another part of the drama, made him associate the coming of the Messiah with the future glories of his own family. But the misfortune is that, while he is a *Burley* with the rest of the world,—he is, in his private meditations, a *Macbriar*, and we are not sure but it is this impropriety which makes us welcome with some undue eagerness the interruption of John, Eleazar, and the High-Priest, who now appear, and in altercation with whom Simon soon resumes the spirit and tone of the 'assassin.'

In the discussion which follows, the irreligious mockery of the Sadducee John is powerfully contrasted with the sanctimonious haughtiness of his rival, and the boiling impetuosity of Amariah, son of John, a fiery youth, who, without interesting himself in religious discussions, is fond of war for its own sake, and from an instinctive appetite for blood and danger. It is at length determined to accept a fresh parley, to which the trumpets of the Romans invite them; to accept it, however, in no desire of peace, but in order to insult and defy the Gentiles. Titus calls upon the defenders of Jerusalem to submit on the promise of mercy; a promise which John meets with bitter taunts on the cruelty which had been already exercised on the Jewish fugitives. Simon next speaks, and addresses the Captain of the Gentiles in a most eloquent and characteristic detail of the privileges granted to their nation by the Almighty, of the deliverances on former occasions

vouchsafed to them, and of the speedy destruction to be apprehended by Titus and his army, over whose heads the whirlwinds yet paused which were destined to sweep them from the earth, and in whose anticipated fate the inhabitants of the grave and the nethermost hell exulted in ghastly laughter. At length Joseph, the Jewish historian, now a captive among the Romans, is introduced as addressing his countrymen in nearly the same terms with those which he himself has recorded. He is interrupted by a wound from the javelin of Amariah, and the scene closes with a declared resolution on the part of Titus to cast off mercy to the winds, and to content himself with nothing less than the utter destruction of Jerusalem and its inhabitants.

The reader is now transported to a street adjoining the inner wall, on whose height Salome is hastening to take 'her customary seat,' the spectatress and, as it were, the queen of the battle beneath her. Disregarding the intreaties of her milder sister, that she will rather join the virgins who are about to move in suppliant procession to the temple, she binds up her dark locks lest they shall intercept her view of the gleaming arms and flashing banners of the combatants, and describes, in a strain of splendid poetry, the appearance of the hostile army, and the advance of those engines which menace destruction against the ramparts. A sally of her own people calls forth all her enthusiasm, as she notices the successive appearance of Eleazar, John, Ben-Cathla, and his Edomites.

'And thou! oh thou, that movest to the battle
Even like the mountain stag to the running river,
Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—

Miriam. Our father!

Salome! is't our father that thou seest?

Salome. Lo! Lo! the war hath broken off to admire him!
The glory of his presence awes the conflict!
The son of Cæsar on his armed steed
Rises, impatient of the plumed helms
That from his sight conceal young Amariah.

Miriam. Alas! what means she? Hear me yet a word!
I will return or e'er the wounded men
Require our soft and healing hands to soothe them.
Thou'lt not forget, Salome—if thou seest
Our father in the fearful hour of peril,
Lift up thy hands and pray.

Salome. To gaze on him—
It is like gazing on the morning sun,
When he comes scattering from his burning orb
The vapourish clouds!

Miriam. She hears, she heeds me not.—p. 59, 60.

The

The daughters of Sion now enter in procession, and Miriam declares her intention of joining their devotions, though 'through a name by them unknown or scorned.'—A most beautiful hymn follows, in which the Song of Moses on the passage of the Red Sea is imitated and adapted to the present circumstances of the Israelites.

Evening is now come, and Miriam, returned from the Temple, laments the slow approaches of that darkness which was to terminate, for a time, the horrible scene of mutual slaughter, and again favour and conceal her return to the fountain and to Javan. On a sudden Salome bursts in, her veil thrown back, her hair streaming, as she flies in terror from her late seat on the ramparts. The Gentiles have triumphed; the defenders of Israel are driven back: the last and strongest wall alone resists the violence of the engines; but Amariah stands his ground amid flames and havoc, like an angel in the burning orb of the sun. The angry voice of Simon is heard without, rallying the fugitives, and nothing can be more exquisitely characteristic, or more happily contrasted with her sister's speech, than the exclamation of the affectionate Miriam—

'Tis my father's voice!
It sounds in wrath, perhaps in blasphemy—
Yet 'tis my living father's!'

The rival tyrants now enter in fierce dispute, each laying on the other the blame of the late discomfiture. Simon charges the misfortunes of the nation on the crimes of John, his profaneness, adulteries, and Sadducean tenets. John retorts on the cruelties and hypocrisy of the Pharisee, and, in a powerful and characteristic strain of sophistry, vindicates his own opinions from the imputation of rendering men backward in the hour of danger. While they thus wrangle, Miriam is struck by the exhausted appearance and tremulous voice of her father. She recollects that there is no food at home, and goes out, determined, at all hazards, to repair to the fountain. In her absence, and while the disputants are preparing to decide their difference by sharper arguments than words, the High-Priest enters, and conjures them to lay aside for a moment their private animosities, in order to revenge an affront which God has received in his own temple. During the solemn service of the day, and while the maidens were singing the hymn of Moses to 'him who triumph'd gloriously,' he had heard, from among their number, 'a single, soft, melodious voice,' which lingered on the concluding note with a solemn invocation of the pretended Son of God, 'the Man of Nazareth.' He demands, therefore, that they join him in detecting and punishing the unknown blasphemer and apostate.

The information is received with such emotions as might be expected

pected from the principles of those to whom it is communicated. Simon declares that, if the offender were his own child; 'his Sarah's child, whom she died blessing,' his own hand should be the first to cast a stone at her. The enthusiastic Salone murmurs to herself, 'Miriam! Miriam!'—imputes her disappearance to conscious guilt, and at length rushes forwards to denounce her, but stops short in the circle of warriors, oppressed by the unaccustomed gaze of so many men, while she is shaken by her remaining tenderness for the criminal, and the recollection that their dying mother had exhorted them to mutual love. Before she can recover herself, the false prophet Abiram enters, and announces as the will of God that a reconciliation should take place between John and Simon, and that, in order to this end, Salone and Amariah should be joined in marriage. The command is acquiesced in by all parties, Simon declaring it to be 'from heaven';—John, indifferent as to its divine authority, but referring the matter to his boy; Amariah eagerly assuring Salone that her beauty and dark locks, as she sat on the rampart, had been his strength and banner in the battle, and Salone finding it impossible to resist the will of heaven and Amariah. The nuptial feast, if the means of feasting may be found, is appointed to be solemnized forthwith, and Simon throws out some hints to Abiram for a future prophecy by asking him whether it be not probable that an union so auspicious and contracted under such awful circumstances, may be destined to give birth to the promised Redeemer of Israel.

This mixture of enthusiasm and credulity with worldly ambition and cunning is happily conceived, and far more accordant with Simon's character than the pious soliloquies which we have already noticed. The speech, too, of the false prophet, particularly the lyrical part of it, is in a glorious strain of poetry, and it is a judicious aggravation and contrast to the miseries which Jerusalem is already suffering, and the greater horrors which are impending over her, to represent her leaders looking on to distant days, and engaged in jollity and merriment. But if the entrance of Abiram be regarded as a contrivance to save Miriam from impeachment, we cannot but condemn it as extremely clumsy and inefficient. If Salone could so far overcome her natural feelings as to rush forward with the intention of denouncing her sister to death, it is not very likely that even the prospect of being united to the object of her affections could have entirely driven from her mind the discharge of what she must have esteemed a duty. It is still more improbable that so strange an exhibition as that of a noble virgin, exposing herself unveiled to the gaze of the world in the midst of a solemn assembly of the elders and warriors of her people, should have been allowed to pass without inquiry into its motives, either
from,

from the high-priest, her lover, or her father. And it is utterly preposterous to represent the high-priest and rulers of the land, after solemnly pledging themselves to search out and punish the blasphemer, so entirely engrossed with the marriage of Amariah and Salome, as to have no room left in their memories for a fact at once so recent and so shocking to all their strongest prejudices.

It must be owned, however, that the danger which the lovely Miriam incurs is, to say the least, a very strange one. Was the custom of mental prayer so perfectly unknown to the early Christians as that they should think it necessary to utter all their heavenward aspirations in an audible voice? Or where is the likelihood that a maiden who had so long concealed her faith from her own family, even under circumstances where she was strongly led to attempt their conversion, should volunteer so unnecessary a risk as that of singing a hymn in honour of Christ, in the very Temple? or that an additional stave to this effect, introduced in the public service, should not draw the eyes of the whole congregation, as well as the high-priest, on the daring melodist who should venture on such an innovation? We could wish, therefore, that Mr. Milman, (if he is anxious to expose his heroine to danger on account of her religion) would contrive some more probable occasion of risk, and some more plausible mode of deliverance; and get rid of an incident which has, literally, no recommendation to counterbalance its improbability; which neither accelerates nor impedes the march of events, nor has even the advantage of proving the constancy and firmness of Miriam, since the danger commences in her absence, and is over before she again appears. If it were necessary to make Salome throw aside her veil, it would be better to make her, instead of the high-priest, rush forwards as a mediator between the swords of John and her father.

Miriam, meanwhile, unconscious of transactions in which herself and her family are so deeply interested, has reached the fountain, in defiance of a threatening thunder-storm, and of the Roman sentinels, whose circle is now concentrated immediately beneath the walls of the city, and whose increased alertness, together with the notes of awful preparation heard in their camp, indicate an intention on the part of their leaders of speedily bringing the war to a conclusion. These prognostics are described by Javan, who, in a scene of admirable pathos and beauty, again urges her, even as a point of duty, and in compliance with the known injunction laid by Christ on his followers, to recognise the manifest signs of desolation, and take their best opportunity of escaping with him to the mountains. Her reply is exquisitely characteristic of tenderness and firmness—

Miriam. Javan, tempt me not,
 My soul is weak. Hast thou not said of-old,
 How dangerous 'tis to wrest the words of truth
 To the excusing our own fond desires?
 There's an eternal mandate, unrepeal'd,
 Nor e'er to be rescinded, "Love thy Father!"
 God speaks with many voices; one in the heart,
 True though instinctive; one in the Holy Law,
 The first that's coupled with a gracious promise.
Javan. Yet are his words, "Leave all, and follow me,
 "Thou shalt not love thy father more than me"—
 And dar'st thou disobey them?

Miriam. While I tread
 The path of duty I am following him,
 And loving whom I ought to love, love him.'—p. 94.

Her lover, at length, desists from urging her, and they part as those who are never to meet again on earth. Javan remains behind and pronounces a long lamentation on the approaching ruin of his native city. The lines are spirited, but we do not think their introduction in this place judicious or natural.—How a Jewish Christian might feel under such circumstances, we know not; but, for ourselves, we were, at this period of the drama, by far too full of Miriam to have any room left in our hearts for the elders, or Levites of Jerusalem.

We are now again transported to the streets of the city, where a wretched and terrified crowd is assembled, all eagerly discussing the multiplied portents and presages of evil by which their nation had long been menaced. One tells how the meteor, in form of a fiery sword,* which had for many months hung over the city, had now been thrice moved and brandished—another goes back to the feast of Pentecost, and the ghastly light which had then broken forth from the altar, and 'withered men's faces to a hue like death.' A third tells how all the northern sky had been seen 'rocking with armed men, and fiery chariots.' And a Levite enters who relates that, even now, the great eastern gate of the temple had spontaneously burst open with all its bolts and bars, and defied the utmost strength of men and engines to close it again.

On a sudden, music is heard from the house of Simon, where

* The mention of this incident by Crowne may be given as a favourable specimen of his manner.

Matthias. What means that fiery sword's mysterious ray,
 Which o'er our shaking towers, night and day,
 In heaven's bright canopy does proudly shine,
 As brandish'd by the Majesty Divine?

Sagan. Methinks Jerusalem at her solemn feast,
 Seems treated like the Tyrant's trembling guest,
 In purple clad, her table richly spread,
 But death and horror hanging o'er her head.'

the nuptial ceremonies have begun. Songs are sung illustrative of the forms of a Jewish bridal; and their rich and luxurious harmony forms a terrible contrast with the surrounding desolation and danger. What follows, it is impossible to abridge, and, long as the extract is, our readers, we are convinced, will thank us for it:—

(*At a distance.*) 'To the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.
Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favour'd youth admits
Where the veiled virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear;
And the music's brisker din,
As the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

Second Jew. It is the bridal song of Amariah
And fair Salome. In the house of Simon
The rites are held; nor bears the bridegroom home
His plighted spouse, but there doth deck his chamber;
These perilous times dispensing with the rigour
Of ancient usage——

Voice within. Woe! woe! woe!

First Jew. Alas!

The son of Hananiah! is't not he?

Third Jew. Whom said'st?

Second Jew. Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
That thou rememberest not that fearful man?*

Fourth

* 'That fearful man!' as he is here admirably described from the historian of the Jews, is thus introduced by Crowne:

'Alas!
We in Jerusalem did daily see
A greater and a living prodigy;
A man like Echo pined into a sound,
A walking vault that does one tone rebound;
And night and day does in our streets proclaim
With restless soul, Woe to Jerusalem!

(*The*

Fourth Jew. Speak ! speak ! we know not all.

Second Jew.

Why thus it was :

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,
He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly a spirit fell upon him,
Evil or good we know not. Ever since,
(And now seven years are past since it befell,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace,)
He hath gone wandering through the darkling streets
At midnight under the cold quiet stars ;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded market
At noonday under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of " Woe, woe, woe !"
Some scoff'd and mock'd him, some would give him food ;
He neither curs'd the one, nor thank'd the other.
The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out
Through the maim'd flesh : still, still he only cried,
Woe to the City ! till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'Twas still the same, the incessant Woe, woe, woe !
But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,
As though his prophecy were fulfill'd ; till now
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.

Within. Woe ! woe ! woe !

Joshua, the son of Hananiah.

Woe ! woe !

A voice from the east ! a voice from the west !
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem !
A voice against the Temple of the Lord !
A voice against the bridegrooms and the brides !
A voice against all people of the land !
Woe ! woe ! woe !

Second Jew. They are the very words, the very voice
Which we have heard so long. And yet, methinks,
There is a mournful triumph in the tone
Ne'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old
Fix'd on the earth, now wander all abroad,
As though the tardy consummation
Afflicted him with wonder——Hark ! again.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line !

(*The prophet enters.*)

Joshua.

From the four winds, and the earth's hollow womb,
A voice, a voice—a dreadful voice is come !
A voice against our elders, priests and scribes,
Our city, temple, and our holiest tribes ;
Against the bridegroom and the joyful bride,
And all that in Jerusalem reside,
Woe ! woe ! woe !——

How

How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
 And thy shrouded eye resembleth
 Violets, when the dews of eve
 A moist and tremulous glitter leave
 On the bashful sealed lid!
 Close within the bride-veil hid,
 Motionless thou sit'st and mute;
 Save that at the soft salute
 Of each entering maiden friend
 Thou dost rise and softly bend.
 Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
 The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he!
 Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
 Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
 Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
 Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

Joshua. Woe! woe!

A voice from the east! a voice from the west!
 From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem!
 A voice against the Temple of the Lord!
 A voice against the bridegrooms and the brides!
 A voice against all people of the land!

Woe! woe! — [Bursts away, followed by *Second Jew.*

First Jew. Didst speak?

Third Jew. No.

Fourth Jew. Look'd he on us as he spake?

First Jew (to the *Second* returning.) Thou follow'd'st him! what now?

Second Jew. 'Twas a true prophet!

The Jews. Wherefore? Where went he?

Second Jew. To the outer wall;
 And there he suddenly cried out and sternly,
 "A voice against the son of Hananiah!
 Woe, woe!" and at the instant, whether struck
 By a chance stone from the enemy's engines, down
 He sank and died!

Third Jew. There's some one comes this way—
 Art sure he died indeed?

Levite. 'Tis the High-priest.
 The ephod gleams through the pale lowering night;
 The breast-plate gems, and the pure mitre-gold,
 Shine lamplike, and the bells that fringe his robe
 Chime faintly.

High-Priest. Israel, hear! I do beseech you,
 Brethren, give ear!—

Second Jew. Who's he that will not hear
 The words of God's High-priest?

High-Priest. It was but now
 I sate within the Temple, in the court
 That's consecrate to mine office—Your eyes wander—

Jews.

Jews. Go on!—

High-Priest. Why hearken, then—Upon a sudden
The pavement seem'd to swell beneath my feet,
And the Veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.
And there, within the very Holy of Holies,
There, from behind the winged Cherubim,
Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,
Was heard, as when a king with all his host
Doth quit his palace.* And anon, a voice,
Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet
Nor human grief nor anger, even it seem'd
As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake
With the articulate voice of man—it said,
“LET US DEPART!”

Jews. Most terrible! What follow'd?
Speak on! speak on!

High-Priest. I know not why, I felt
As though an outcast from the abandon'd Temple,
And fled.

Jews. Oh God! and Father of our Fathers,
Dost thou desert us?

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Under a happy planet art thou led,
Oh, chosen virgin! to thy bridal bed.
So put thou off thy soft and bashful sadness,
And wipe away the timid maiden tear,—
Lo! redolent with the prophet's oil of gladness,
And mark'd by heaven, the bridegroom youth is here.

First Jew. Hark—hark! an armed tread!

Second Jew. The bold Ben Cathla!

Ben Cathla. Ay, ye are met, all met, as in a mart,
T' exchange against each other your dark tales
Of this night's fearful prodigies. I know it,
By the inquisitive and half-suspicious looks
With which ye eye each other, ye do wish
To disbelieve all ye have heard, and yet
Ye dare not. If ye have seen the moon unsphered,
And the stars fall; if the pale sheeted ghosts
Have met you wandering, and have pointed at you

* This fearful incident is thus curiously dramatized by Crowne:

Phineas. Hark! a voice does from the vault rebound.
(*A great voice is heard from under the stage, like a tube.*)

Matthias. A voice! 'tis thunder, or some pagan god
Groans here tormented, chased from his abode.
'Let us depart,' the horrid voice does cry!

Phineas. The Temple lives! it moved before and broke
The bars that fettered it, and now it spoke.

Matthias. It rather dies! and these affrightful groans
Are its departing soul's contending moans.

With

With ominous designation ; yet I scoff
Your poor and trivial terrors—Know ye Michol ?

Jews. Michol !

Ben Cathla. The noble lady, she whose fathers
Dwelt beyond Jordan——

Second Jew. Yes, we know her,

The tender and the delicate of women,
That would not set her foot upon the ground
For delicacy and very tenderness.

Ben Cathla. The same !—We had gone forth in quest of food :
And we had enter'd many a house, where men
Were preying upon meagre herbs and skins ;
And some were sating, upon loathsome things
Unutterable, the ravening hunger. Some,
Whom we had plunder'd oft, laugh'd in their agony
To see us baffled. At her door she met us,
And “ We have feasted together heretofore,”
She said, “ most welcome warriors !” and she led us,
And bade us sit like dear and honour'd guests,
While she made ready. Some among us wonder'd,
And some spake jeeringly, and thank'd the lady
That she had thus with provident care reserved
The choicest banquet for our scarcest days.
But ever as she busily minister'd,
Quick, sudden sobs of laughter broke from her.
At length the vessel's covering she rais'd up,
And there it lay——

High-Priest. What lay ?—Thou'rt sick and pale.

Ben Cathla. By earth and heaven, the remnant of a child !
A human child !——Ay, start ! so started we—
Whereat she shriek'd aloud, and clapp'd her hands,
“ Oh ! dainty and fastidious appetites !
The mother feasts upon her babe, and strangers
Loathe the repast”—and then—“ My beautiful child !
The treasure of my womb ! my bosom's joy !”
And then in her cool madness did she spurn us
Out of her doors. Oh still—oh still I hear her,
And I shall hear her till my day of death.

High-Priest. Oh, God of Mercies ! this was once thy city !

CHORUS.

Joy to thee, beautiful and bashful bride !
Joy ! for the thrills of pride and joy become thee ;
Thy curse of barrenness is taken from thee.
And thou shalt see the rosy infant sleeping
Upon the snowy fountain of thy breast ;
And thou shalt feel how mothers' hearts are blest
By hours of bliss for moment's pain and weeping.
Joy to thee !—p. 107—120.

After

After this the business of the drama proceeds rapidly, and it is no common praise to say, that its interest does not decline. Simon and John come out in high exultation from the banquet, chide the desponding crowd to their homes, and retire to dreams of future glory and victory, leaving the stage for Miriam to deplore the infatuation of those most dear to her. As she is endeavouring to compose her soul to prayer, the storm bursts from heaven. The noise of the thunder blends with that of the Roman engines battering the walls, with the trumpets and shouts of the Gentiles mounting to the assault, and already victorious in the streets of the city, and with the clamours and outcries of the inhabitants, flying from the slaughter, or rallying in defence of the Temple.

Simon, indeed, instead of appearing, as might have been expected, at the head of his troops, the fiercest among the guardians of the sanctuary, comes forth unarmed and inactive, and, after thrusting himself on the stage from time to time, and interrupting the current of our feelings with his persevering anticipations of a supernatural deliverance, is, without resistance, taken prisoner by the Romans, and gravely gives up his last hopes of the redemption of Israel on perceiving that the thunder-storm abates, and that the flame kindled by the Gentiles has actually power over the Temple. But we turn from this strange failure in the delineation of one of Mr. Milman's principal characters—to his lovely heroine, who is still herself, and for whom all our fears and admiration are kept alive, while we follow her flight through the blazing streets, and amid all the horrors of—

‘ — swords and men and furious faces,
Before her, and behind her, and around!’

Nor are other circumstances of terror wanting. She meets an old man, one of those who recollected Christ on earth, and had joined in the cry of ‘Crucify him!’—He is now convinced, by the misery which has overtaken himself and his nation, of the divine authority of the person whom he had joined in condemning and blaspheming. But he is convinced too late of his error;—he believes only to despair; and aggravates his own misery and self-condemnation by calling to mind the many circumstances of awful sublimity which had attended the person and dignified the death of the ‘Man of Nazareth,’ and which now terrify and distract, though they had then no power to soften him. He disregards, in this temper, the intreaties of Miriam that he would still seek for salvation, and leaves her, shaking his grey locks, with curses on himself and her.

Salome now enters, the bridal crown yet hanging from her loose tresses, but pale, half-naked, and bleeding. Amariah had been roused from his nuptial bed by the noise of the assault, and ‘yet,’
says

says the poor lovesick enthusiast, 'there was no sound I heard.' He had looked forth and seen the inevitable ruin of his nation.

'*Salome.*

He came back and kiss'd me, and he said—
I know not what he said—but there was something
Of Gentile ravisher, and his beauteous bride,—
Me, me he meant, he call'd me beauteous bride!—
And he stood o'er me with a sword so bright
My dazzled eyes did close. And presently,
Methought, he smote me with the sword, but then
He fell upon my neck, and wept upon me,
And I felt nothing but his burning tears.'—p. 141.

While Miriam is yet weeping over her sister's body, a Gentile soldier, whom she had often before observed as having singled her out, but whose pursuit she had hitherto eluded, approaches to seize her. Escape is now impossible; 'every where are more;' and she has no resource but in a passionate appeal to his natural feeling—to his love for his own wife, his own child, his own sister—and by an adjuration in the name of Christ, of whatever evil thoughts might haunt him, to excite his compassion and veneration, and commit herself to his guidance. His mien is somewhat less savage than the rest: he makes, however, no answer, but grasps her arm and leads her away in silence, 'through darkling street and over smoking ruin,' to the fountain of Siloe and her accustomed trysting-place.

'We write not for that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said'—

that this seeming Gentile is Javan, who has availed himself of a warlike disguise to save the object of his tenderest solicitude. In the embrace of her lover she blends her tears of joy with those of sorrow for her father and sister. Other Christians join them to take a last leave of the Holy City and its blazing sanctuary, and a splendid chorus follows, in which the Fall of Jerusalem is characterized as typical of the great and final consummation of all created things.

Thus ends this most striking poem, on the merits and defects of which even the imperfect sketch which we have given will have enabled our readers to pass judgment. In the delineation of its characters we have detected no failure but that remarkable one of Simon; and this has arisen not from poverty of imagination, or ignorance of the stronger passions of the human heart, but from the author's having formed the idea of a more striking and less unamiable fanatic than history represented, while he neglected to alter those historical traits which are inconsistent with his own conception. In consequence we have two distinct and irreconcilable Simons; the one, who is that of Josephus, a haughty, remorseless

remorseless zealot, a fiery warrior, and a crafty politician; the other a humble, a holy and well-meaning, though crazy and misguided enthusiast. The cure for this defect will be simply to divide the characters, and to assign, with some additions and alterations, to different individuals, those speeches and actions which now agree no otherwise than the plumage of different birds on the same nondescript animal. Of the other persons of the drama, John is well drawn, though not very fully developed; and he expresses himself in the defence of his heresy with an art and eloquence which we are almost sorry to see in Mr. Milman's pages unaccompanied by such an antidote as he well knows how to supply, and which might be introduced with perfect propriety into the mouth either of the High Priest, of Simon or Eleazar. Of Amariah we rather hear than see any thing; and Javan is only so far important or interesting as he develops the character and influences the fortunes of Miriam. But the main attractions of the poem are to be found in Salome and Miriam, and the contrast which they offer to each other. Both are in love, both are actuated by strong religious as well as natural feelings; but the former only is an enthusiast; and, glowing as are the colours in which her peculiarities are drawn, it is no small praise to the distinctness and truth of the artist's pencil, that our admiration and our preference are uniformly directed to the chastened affections, the calm fervour, the resolute self-devotion and self-denial of her milder and more humble sister.

Of the plot—if that name can be given to an inartificial succession of incidents no otherwise connected with each other than by the identity of the persons whom they befall—the Stagyrite would certainly not have spoken with approbation. And, even of those who do not require a more obvious dependance of events and causes than is usually found in nature, who can admire the beauty and sublimity of the separate links without too closely inquiring into their mutual connexion and coherence, there are many who will wish that the author had found for Miriam some more prominent and active share in the events of the siege and the fortunes of her family, than the mere secret conveyance of food to her father's mansion. Nor, deeply as we all are interested in our heroine's escape, will some of us fail to censure the contrivance by which Javan at first is made, out of pure tenderness, to keep his mistress in ignorance of his person and intentions, as if the apprehension of death, and outrage worse than death, were less intolerable than the sudden joy of finding herself in friendly hands.

But in spite of these defects, and of some few instances of heaviness and inflation in Mr. Milman's language, we do not envy those critics who can read his work without abundant delight, or speak of
it

it without warm admiration. To ourselves, who have watched for some years' back, with no unfriendly eyes, the improvement of his taste and the development of his genius, it is an additional source of pleasure to find our most favourable prognostics confirmed, and the promise of the youth so completely answered by the ripened fruits of the man. His juvenile lines on the Apollo Belvidere, with more originality than such productions commonly exhibit, had nevertheless all the characteristics, good or bad, of juvenile poetry. In his 'Fazio,' with many remarkable proofs of genius, there was much to prune away, and much yet wanting which care and cultivation might supply; and his 'Samor' was so overloaded with beauties, that the attention was lost and wearied amid a maze of fragrance, and required some sterner and more naked features from which to derive new vigour and refreshment.

Τῆς μὲν ἐπιζῆας ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέρας —

He has now produced a poem in which the peculiar merits of his earlier efforts are heightened, and their besetting faults, even beyond expectation, corrected;—a poem to which, without extravagant encomium it is not unsafe to promise whatever immortality the English language can bestow, and which may, of itself, entitle its author to a conspicuous and honourable place in our poetical pantheon, among those who have drunk deep at the fountain-head of intellect, and enriched themselves with the spoils, without encumbering themselves with the trammels of antiquity. But he must not stop even here. He has yet something to unlearn; he has yet much to add to his own reputation and that of his country. Remarkably as Britain is now distinguished by its living poetical talent, our time has room for him; and has need of him. For sacred poetry, (a walk which Milton alone has hitherto successfully trodden,) his taste, his peculiar talents, his education, and his profession appear alike to designate him; and, while, by a strange predilection for the worser half of manicheism, one of the mightiest spirits of the age has, apparently, devoted himself and his genius to the adornment and extension of evil, we may be well exhilarated by the accession of a new and potent ally to the cause of human virtue and happiness, whose example may furnish an additional evidence that purity and weakness are not synonymous, and that the torch of genius never burns so bright as when duly kindled at the Altar.

ART. XI.—*Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Afrique aux Sources du Sénégal et de la Gambie, fait en 1818, par ordre du Gouvernement Français.* Par G. Mollien. Paris. 1820.

BEFORE we attend to M. Mollien, whose 'voyage' will occasion us little trouble, we must advert to a subject which we

have much at heart, and which indeed is somewhat more interesting than any which his book supplies.

We have the painful task of recording the sacrifice of another victim to the cause of African discovery. Mr. Ritchie (the person of whom we speak) was, perhaps, only inferior to Mr. Burckhardt in those qualifications which are peculiarly requisite for conducting researches in a quarter of the globe of which so little is known accurately, and so much remains to be investigated; in some respects, indeed, he might be said to have the advantage of him, being a good practical astronomer, and well acquainted with the use of mathematical and philosophical instruments. He had also a competent knowledge of medicine, having served his apprenticeship with a regular surgeon. At the conclusion of the late war, he went to Paris, and was received into the family of Sir Charles Stuart, in the capacity, we believe, of private secretary. Here he had an opportunity of attending the polytechnic schools; and the progress which he made in natural history, astronomy, chemistry, and other branches of science, joined to his situation in the British Embassy, brought him acquainted with most of the leading men in that capital. Among other eminent characters, he was particularly noticed by the Baron de Humboldt; and when it was publicly reported, that his Majesty's government intended to avail itself of the favourable disposition of the Bashaw of Tripoly to encourage the prosecution of discovery in the interior of Africa, this celebrated traveller, who was then in England, took an opportunity of recommending Mr. Ritchie as a person highly qualified for such an undertaking.

On the first intimation given to Mr. Ritchie of what was in contemplation, he immediately resigned the situation which he held in the ambassador's household, and came over to England. From Lord Bathurst he received the most liberal encouragement. To give more weight to the mission, and to contribute, it was hoped, to his personal security, he was invested with the official character of vice-consul of Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan. An ample sum was allotted for his expenses, for the purchase of instruments connected with the various objects of science, and for presents to the native chiefs and others. In the spring of 1818 he returned to Paris, where he remained for about six months studying the Arabic language, under the instructions of an Arab whom he met with in that city; and in daily attendance at the observatory, in order to acquire a readiness in the use of astronomical instruments.

Though the principal object of the mission was the determination of the leading geographical features of the interior of Africa, yet, anxious to render the results of the enterprize as useful as possible to the progress of general science, he engaged a young Frenchman

man of the name of Dupont, belonging to the *Jardin des Plantes*, to accompany him, and undertake the collection and preservation of the various objects of natural history which might be met with in the course of their journey.*

Mr. Ritchie arrived at Malta in September, where he was joined by Lieutenant Lyon of the *Albion*, (bearing the flag of Sir Charles Penrose,) who volunteered to accompany him, as did also John Bedford, a carpenter in the dock-yard of Malta. The admiral appointed a ship of war to convey him to Tripoli, where he arrived in October, and met with the most flattering reception. The Bashaw granted him all the privileges of British vice-consuls; and protection in every part of the Tripolitan dominions was secured to him in the most ample and unreserved manner.

Mr. Ritchie visited many parts of the regency, and made considerable collections of plants, minerals and insects. He experienced nothing but kindness and civility from every class of the inhabitants; and such was the favourable impression made on his mind by their uniformly obliging and respectful behaviour, that in one of his letters he says, 'I am confident that when I meet with a Tripolitan in the interior, I may expect to find a friend.'

While waiting at Tripoli, Mahommed el Muckne, the Bey of Fezzan, arrived with a large coffila of slaves, taken in one of his annual predatory expeditions into Soudan. To this chief he was introduced and recommended by the Bashaw, and he experienced at his hands, both then and afterwards, every mark of kindness and attention. He travelled with him to Mourzouk, which they reached on the 3d of May, 1819, having left Tripoli in March. The best house in the place was appropriated for his residence, and the British flag waved for the first time over the capital of Fezzan. Mr. Ritchie soon experienced the important advantages of being a recognized agent of the British government. The character of Englishmen stood high in Tripoli, and was not unknown in Fezzan. By the natives of every description he was treated with all possible respect; and his house became the resort of the principal inhabitants of the city.

Mr. Ritchie had not been long at Mourzouk before it was announced to him that an expedition was on foot against the Eastern

* This wise measure had all the success which might have been expected from it. M. Dupont, (to end his history at once,) after receiving a year's salary at Tripoli before it was due, left Mr. Ritchie, by the advice, it was supposed, of the French consul at that place; and was heard of no more. We trust this is the last experiment of this kind that will be tried:—

prima Appuſſa
Jmigtatur capre: lupis,

then a nation so jealous and so envious of our literary reputation unite in a kindly yoke to further its advancement.

Tibboos of the tribe of Burgu, to be conducted by the Bey himself, whom he determined to accompany. During the preparations for this journey he was seized with a fever which confined him to his bed, with frequent delirium, for two months. From this severe attack he recovered but slowly, and never entirely; at intervals the fever returned, and reduced him at length to such a state of debility that, on the 20th October, he expired without a struggle. He had for some months refused to take such nourishment as the place afforded, which was probably miserable enough, and might almost be said to have subsisted on bark. By the death of this young man the cause of African discovery has sustained a great loss. Had his life been spared, there is every reason to believe, from the propriety of his conduct, and the general esteem in which he was held, that he would have conducted the enterprize on which he was engaged to a successful termination. In reporting his death, Colonel Warrington, the resident consul of Tripoli, observes—'As a public character, his whole conduct since I have had the honour to know him, entitles him to my warmest approbation and the highest admiration—as a private one, I feel the loss of that friendship which I valued as much as that of any human being. Although our acquaintance was but of short duration, still his virtues, his talents, his prepossessing and most engaging disposition were so conspicuous that it was impossible not to feel more than a common degree of friendship towards him, and the most lively interest on every point relating to his welfare.'

Though the career of Mr. Ritchie was short, we may safely say it has not been without its use. From the moment of his arrival in Africa he commenced his inquiries into African subjects, and collected much important and interesting information respecting the nature of negro slavery in the interior, and the practices of those concerned in this abominable traffic. He was perfectly satisfied that the accursed means adopted for making captives, were the chief and almost the sole impediments to the progress of European travellers in Soudan; and that if once abolished, 'the road from Fezzan to Guinea would be as open as that from London to Edinburgh.' The activity with which of late years this trade has been carried on in the northern parts of Africa, has thrown the whole of Soudan into a most confused and unsettled state; every tribe endeavouring to seize and carry off its neighbours, and committing the most horrible excesses. The number of victims brought from the eastward and the southward to Mourzouk, in the course of the year 1819, amounted to about five thousand.

It appears to have been Mr. Ritchie's intention to pass a year in exploring the country of Fezzan and the surrounding tribes; and towards the month of November, at which time the season for travelling

travelling commences, to proceed to Bornou. Of this intention he had found means to apprise the Sultan of Bornou and the Sheik of Kanem, through a Hâdji of the name of Hamet, whose wife was a daughter of the latter. She had been taken prisoner in one of the inroads made upon Kanem by the Bey of Fezzan, and brought by him to Tripoli, where the Bashaw, on discovering who she was, ordered her to be set at liberty. From both these sovereigns Mr. Ritchie received assurances of the most friendly reception. At Bornou he intended to pass a few months; and from thence to proceed to Kashna, where he also proposed to make some stay, in the hope of procuring some decisive information respecting the trade on the Niger, and the practicability of reaching Egypt by the navigation of that river; or, if he obtained no satisfactory intelligence on this point, to visit Nyffe on the Bahr el Soudan, where Hornemann died; thence to proceed to the southward of the Niger by the way of Dogomba to Ashantee, and embark at Cape Coast for England.

The establishment of a vice-consul at Mourzouk is of such obvious utility that we are glad to find it is meant to be continued, and that Lieutenant Lyon has been appointed to succeed his late friend and fellow traveller. It is important that the character of England should be well known throughout Africa; and we know of no better means of effecting this, than by an accredited agent residing at this central spot. The conduct of Mr. Ritchie had endeared him to every class of the inhabitants of Fezzan, and the regret for his loss was deep and general. His kind and conciliating manners, his extensive knowledge, and the medical advice and assistance which he had the means of bestowing, shed a lustre on the British character which is duly appreciated in the states of Tripoli, and is not altogether without respect even as far as the banks of the Niger.

In our last Number we endeavoured to shew, and we are willing to think not unsuccessfully, that the confluence of this great river and the Nile of Egypt was not impossible; we might perhaps have ventured a step further, and, from the general testimony in its favour, have argued it to be not improbable. To this point tends all the information collected by Mr. Ritchie, of whose notes respecting the interior of Africa we shall now lay before our readers a short abstract.

The first part of the intelligence relates to the countries and people between Tripoli and Timbuctoo. It was procured from Mahommed, a schoolmaster in Tripoli, born at Timbuctoo of Tripolitan parents. He had twice travelled from Tripoli to that city, by the way of Ghadames and Tuat. From Tripoli to Ghadames is a journey of thirteen or fourteen days. From that

place to Ain el Salah, (the fountain of Saints,) the frontier of the territory of Tuat, twenty days—and two more bring the traveller to Akably, the capital of the country. Tuat is an Oasis in the heart of the desert; it is a fruitful country, abounding with springs of excellent water, and producing corn, dates and every necessary for subsistence in great plenty. The people dwell in stone houses, similar to those of Tripoli. In thirty days from this town, the traveller will arrive at Mabrouk, a more considerable city than Tripoli, and built also of stone;—the name, it seems, is given from the conductors of the caravans felicitating each other on having safely traversed the desert. The Tuarick inhabit all the neighbouring parts; they are nearly black, and live in tents; they wear the baracan or ola of the Arabs, the men wrapping up their faces in it as the women do in most Mahomedan towns, whilst the females expose theirs. The best meiheries* or dromedaries belong to these people, and constitute their principal riches; they give them different names, as khamasy, setasy, sabasy, and ashrasy, according to their ability to travel five, six, seven, or even ten times as far in one day as an ordinary camel. The Tuarick are a well disposed people; and a stranger who once ingratiate himself even with the least considerable among them, is sure of being protected by all the rest of the tribe. From Mabrouk to Timbuctoo, a journey of about fifteen days, the road lies across a country abounding with provisions and good water. Thus the whole journey from Tripoli to Timbuctoo is about eighty days, in which the longest time of travelling without finding water does not exceed six.

Timbuctoo is not a walled town: some of the houses are built of stone, others of mud; many of the former are two stories high. The palace of the king is like the castle of Tripoli; it is situated in the middle of the town, and is called the kusbé. The name of the king who governed about thirty years ago was Aboubek'r; he was not a negro, but a brown man; most of the people, however, are black, and all of them Moslems. The dress of the inhabitants consists chiefly of long shirts, dyed, in general, blue or black; of the red Moorish cap, turban, and sandals. The dress of the sovereign is highly ornamented with gold. The uniform of the soldiers, who are very numerous, is red, and they are armed with muskets brought by the way of the Great Sea. They manufacture cotton cloths, and gold trinkets† at Tim-

* This species is no doubt the same as the *herie*, mentioned by Jackson and others, the existence of which has been called in question.

† In Colonel Fitzclarence's lively and interesting narrative of his 'Route through India and Egypt' are figured some of these gold ornaments used by the natives of Timbuctoo, as necklaces, ear-rings, braids for the hair, &c. of very superior workmanship, and good taste in the design.

buctoo.

buctoo. The market days are Tuesdays and Thursdays. There is plenty of cocoa-nuts at Timbuctoo; the name given to them

by Mahommed is *لوز الصنبي*. The Nile is distant about

half a day's journey from the city; the port is called Kabra: on going to Kabra from Timbuctoo, the river comes from the right hand and flows towards the left; it is here so wide that a gun would not take effect across it. In the language of the country, it bears the name of Issa.* There are many boats upon it, which are chiefly employed in trading to Jinnie. Mahommed had no doubt that they might proceed downwards to Kashna and Bornou. He was always taught to believe, he says, that the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt are the same river. From Timbuctoo to Wangara is about twenty-five days journey; the inhabitants bring gold dust to Timbuctoo. He had not been there, but understood it to lie in a southerly direction. He has no doubt that Christians might reside without danger or molestation at Timbuctoo; and he offered to accompany Mr. Ritchie thither.

Mr. Ritchie observes that this information was corroborated by so many respectable travellers, particularly by Sidi Hamet Tooghar, the present Cadi of Tripoli, who resided for many years in the interior, and by Sidi Mahommed Dghies, the late prime minister of the Bashaw, who kept up during his life an active commercial intercourse with Soudan, and possessed property at Timbuctoo, that he could not refuse entire credence to it. He seems to think, however, that it tends to discredit the narrative of Adams, the American sailor; in which he differs from Mr. Burckhardt. 'From what I have heard, the latter says, related in Egypt and the Hedjaz by several Fellata Bedouins coming, as Hadjis, from the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo, by the way of Tunis, I believe Adams's description of that town (Timbuctoo) to be correct. One of them told me it was half as large as Cairo, and built of low mud houses, such as are common all over Soudan.' Mr. Ritchie, however, admits the singular coincidence in the mention of the cocoa-nut growing there by Adams and his informant:—botanists had decided that this fruit could only thrive in the vicinity of the sea coast; and this circumstance was advanced as a main argument against the veracity of Adams!

The next piece of information was obtained from Hadji Hamet, a native of Bornou, who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca about five years before. He was born in the capital of Bornou, which bears the same name, and not Birney:†—this last is not, as

Mr.

* It is thus named by D'Anville, and by several of the early writers.

† All reports agree that there is a great fresh-water lake in the interior of Bornou,

Mr. Burckhardt was led to imagine, a proper name, but a word signifying 'city' in the language of the country. Hadji Hamet asserts that Grand Cairo is not so large as Bornou; and that to pass from one gate to another in a direct line, would take from morning till night. He adds that, in his journey to Mecca, he first went to Kanem, which is seven days journey to the eastward of Bornou, the stages between them being, 1. Bismillah; 2. Widu; 3. Beledonanby; 4. Sibdifafa; 5. Rigrizime; 6. Fume; 7. Kanem. Kanem is about the size of Tunis. The great river, which is called Tshadi at Kano (or Gano) is called Birum in the country of Kanem, and flows to the south-eastward. It is never dry, and during the summer months overflows the neighbouring country. The name of the river in Bornou is Kamadkoo;* it passes to the eastward about half a day's journey to the south of the capital; at this place is a town or port called Gambarroo, where a young virgin, richly dressed, is precipitated into the stream every year at the period of its inundation; and it is firmly believed that if the victim selected were not a virgin, the town would be swept away. Burckhardt obtained the same information in Egypt.

At Gambarroo are still to be seen the remains of the castles and houses erected by the Christians, who, tradition reports, lived there many ages ago; and copper coins in use among them are said to be frequently dug up. Before the river reaches this town it flows through the country of Soudan. Hadji Hamet was at Gano, which is twelve days journey to the west of Bornou, and close to the river, there called Tshadi. Five days to the westward of Gano is Kashna, where the river is as broad, he says, as the distance from the gate of Tripoli to the bazaar on the sands (about one-third of a mile). It is here called the Gulbi. He had been at Timbuctoo when young, and believes the distance from Kashna to be about twenty-eight, and from Bornou about forty-five days. The places on the road are Goobur, Zamfara, Nyffé, Zegzeg, Melli and Foota, but he does not know their respective distances from each other. At Nyffé there is a large sea which is not salt but sweet. The river Tshadi comes out of this sea and flows on till it arrives in Egypt: he does not know whether the river of Timbuctoo runs into it or not. Wangara lies to the south between this sea and Timbuctoo. Kashna and all the neighbouring countries are at present in subjection to Bello, the Fellata chief, the son of Hatman

on the west side of which the city of Birney is said to be built. The name of the lake is Nou, and from it the country derives the name of Bornou, or the land of Nou.—*Burckhardt, App. No. 1. p. 477.*

* Kamadkoo appears from the vocabulary of the Bornou language, in Mr. Burckhardt's work, to be the general name signifying 'river.' It is applied to the river at Bornou in Faden's map of Africa.

Danfodio, who overran the whole of that part of Africa some years ago. Bello's place of residence is Kashna.

The intelligence procured from the next person carries us somewhat farther to the eastward. It is from Sidi Mousa, a Tripolitan merchant who was just returned from Wara, the capital of Waday, (called also Dar Saley and Bergo,*) a journey of about forty-five days of the caravan, or about the same length as that from Bornou to Mourzouk. This man travelled from Waday, through Begharmi, to Bornou; he was twenty days in going from Wara to Begharmi, and ten from the latter to Bornou; which he describes as several times larger than Tripoli. The people of Bornou and of Waday live chiefly in huts of clay covered with grass, but those of Begharmi in houses of two stories high.

'Waday,' says Mr. Ritchie, 'is a country which has been represented to me as one of the most considerable in the north-eastern parts of Africa. It was for a long time governed by a prince whose name was Abdel-Kerym, but more commonly called Saboon el Fakir, (literally, the poor man's soap,) a title which he took from the extent of his charitable actions.† Since the death of this sovereign two of his sons have successively reigned. The present king is said to be very young, and the kingdom has consequently fallen into a state of civil confusion. I am told that a very large river flows through some districts of Waday, called the Batta, which my informant supposed to be the same as that of Bornou called the Tshad. Waday is a kingdom which no European has hitherto visited.'

The Nile flows both through Bornou and Begharmi, and passes to the eastward at the distance of four days journey south of the capital of the latter country, where it is nearly a mile broad and very deep. The direction which it there takes is to the south-eastward. Sidi Mousa does not know where it goes after passing Begharmi, but he has always understood it to be the same river as the Nile of Egypt. There are vessels upon it at this place, but not very large.

Such is the substance of the information obtained from three intelligent Africans relating to the Niger and the neighbouring coun-

* 'Dar Saley is the name used by the natives; the people of Darfour and Kortoufan give to it the name of Bergo. Their northern neighbours of Bornou and Fezzau, and the Moagrebeyn merchants, call it Waday.'—*Burckhardt, App. No. 2. p. 484.*

† 'The King of Saley, Abd el Kerim, nick-named Saboun, 'soap,' is, next to those of Darfour and Bornou, the most potent prince in the eastern part of Soudan, and has conquered several of the neighbouring states'—*Burck. App. No. 21. p. 480.*

Again. 'Next to Bornou and Darfour, Dar Saley is the most important country in eastern Soudan. It is said to be a flat country, with few mountains. In the rainy season, which usually lasts two months, large inundations are formed in many places, and large and rapid rivers then flow through the country. After the waters have subsided, deep lakes remain in various places filled with water the whole year round, and sufficiently spacious to afford a place of retreat to the hippopotami and crocodiles which abound in the country.'—*App. No. 2. p. 484.*

tries; and the remarkable coincidence of most of it with that produced by Mr. Burckhardt in Egypt, stamps on it an additional value. Indeed Mr. Ritchie says, 'I have made many desultory inquiries of other persons from the interior; but I have never found them to contradict their testimony in any material point; they have in general fully confirmed it.'

It appears singular that the country situated immediately to the eastward of Timbuctoo, as far as Kashna, should be more imperfectly known to the Moorish traders than the rest of central Africa; but it is in some measure accounted for by the information of Mr. Burckhardt. 'Among the negro tribes,' says this celebrated traveller, 'is the great tribe of Fellata, of whom those who dwell in the neighbourhood of Bornou are Mussulmans; while others of the same tribe, who live farther west, are still pagans. This nation of Fellata appears to be in great strength throughout Soudan; they have spread across the whole continent, and I saw one of them at Mekka, who told me that his encampment, when he left it, was in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. The Fellata have attacked and pillaged both Bornou and Kashna, and the latter town is said to be at present half ruined. They are mostly horsemen. They fight with poisoned arrows, as do in general all the pagan tribes of this part of Soudan; the arrow is short, and of iron; the smallest scratch with it causes the body to swell, and is infallibly mortal, unless counteracted by an antidote known amongst the natives.*'

Mr. Ritchie was not able to meet with any person who could assure him, from his own knowledge, that the river, which is called Issa, at Timbuctoo, is the same which, crossing the fresh water lake at Nyffe, flows through the kingdom of Kashna, where it acquires the name of Gulbi, and after washing successively Gano, Bornou, and Kanem, turns to the southward through Begharmi, where all authentic evidence of its course ceases. 'The general belief of every person with whom I have conversed,' says Mr. Ritchie, 'is, that they are one and the same river; and the concurrence of several persons on this point, when connected with the evidence furnished by Park and Hornemann, affords a rational presumption that this opinion is correct, and ought to overbalance any hypothesis founded on the insulated testimony of an individual.'

Mr. Ritchie observes that the position of Wangara, a name unknown to those natives of Bornou and Waday who furnished the information collected by Mr. Burckhardt, must be materially altered in our maps according to the notices which he received respecting it; so likewise must that of Bornou. Of the position of

* App. No. 2. p. 486.

the latter there can now be very little doubt;* and Mr. Ritchie thinks we shall come pretty near the truth in assigning to the capital of that country 16° north latitude, and 16° of east longitude from the meridian of Greenwich; a position which differs several degrees from that which it occupies in the latest map of Arrowsmith. The city of Kanem would appear also to be very erroneously laid down; by placing it in latitude $18^{\circ} 11'$, and longitude 17° or 18° east, we shall perhaps approach much nearer to its real situation.

Wangara was not at all known to any of Mr. Burckhardt's informants, and was vaguely described to Mr. Ritchie; if it exists at all, therefore, it must lie somewhere between Kashna and Timbuctoo, in those countries which are now in possession of the Fellata. It would seem also that Haoussa is not a city, but a district in the same tract; and that Soudan, properly speaking, is comprehended between Timbuctoo and Bornou: and it is not improbable that the Bahr el Soudan, on which Nyffe is situated, or some part of the low swampy country to the southward of it, is the Wangara of Edrisi. 'It should seem,' says Burckhardt, that the negroes themselves (not the slave-traders, who call the whole of the Black country, Soudan,) give this name (Soudan) to the countries west of Baghermi.

It appears from Mr. Burckhardt's information that several rivers flow from the northward into the Niger towards the eastern part of its course. One of these in particular is said to join it between Bornou and Baghermi.

'Between Katakou and Bahr el Ghazel,' he observes, 'flows the great river called Shary, in a direction, as far as I could learn, from N. E. to S. W., towards Baghermi, but its source was unknown.' (This must be a typographical error, and ought to be, from what follows, from N. W. to S. E.) 'From the limits of Bornou to Bahr Shary is fifteen days slow march, in the direction of the Kebly (that is of Mecca.) The route from Bahr Shary to Bahr el Ghazel is in the same direction.' He adds, 'The Bahr el Ghazel is a wide extent of low ground, without any mountains: it is called Bahr, (sea or river) and also Wady, because tradition reports that, in ancient times, a large river flowed through it.'

It is pretty obvious that this river, Shary, is the one or probably both of those called Bahr el Gazel and Misselad in the charts: of these, the former is not merely a river, but a country inundated during the rains, and intersected by numerous streams† and lakes; the

* 'I have been constantly assured that Bornou is more to the westward than due north of Bagerme, which agrees likewise with what Hornemann heard at Fezzan; namely, that Bornou lies south of Fezzan.'—Burckhardt, App. 2. p. 488.

† Speaking of the principal of these rivers, Mr. Burckhardt says, 'According to a very general custom in Soudan, of giving to the same river different names, it is also called

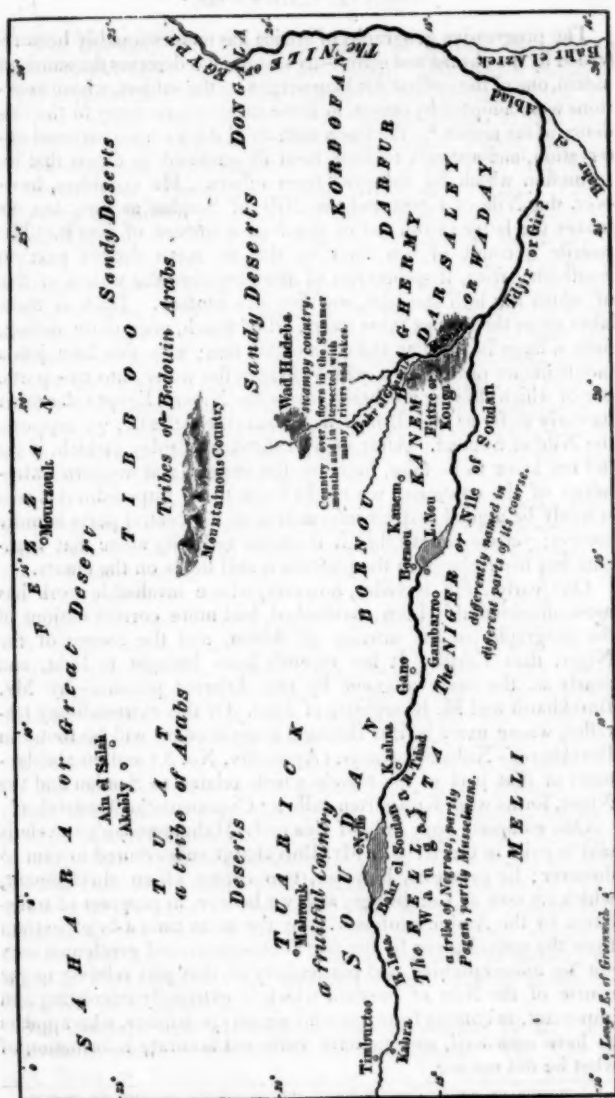
the latter was altogether unknown to Burckhardt's informants. It is probable however that the upper part of the Shary occupies the place of the Misselad, and that it flows out of the marsh of Kouga or Fittre, instead of running into it, as described in the charts. If this were not the case the Kouga would necessarily be salt, whereas all the Arab authorities make it fresh water. When Brown was told, in Darfoor, of a large river running N. W. his informant might have meant, as we believe is not uncommon with the Arabs, not the direction of the stream, but the geographical line in which the bed proceeded from the place of the observer. Thus, in sailing up the Nile, an Arab would say the Bahr el Abiad flowed to the S. W., meaning thereby that it branched off in that direction, though its current runs to the N. E. 'The place,' says Burckhardt, 'nearest to the Shary in the Bahr el Ghazel, is Kanem, four days distant. From Kanem to Fittre is a journey of eight days, and from Fittre to Dar Saley three. The Arabs Beni Hassan, in the Bahr el Ghazel, turn their faces towards Dar Saley when they pray.'

From these materials, collected by two such intelligent travellers on nearly opposite sides of Africa, and according so well with each other, we should venture to suggest a correction in those parts of the charts of North Africa, through which the Niger flows, something like the annexed sketch, leaving perhaps undecided that portion of the river from the point south of Dar Saley or Baghermi, as far as the supposed course of the Bahr el Abyad, (about 250 miles,) till further inquiries can be instituted; though after bringing it thus far, and after so many testimonies of its identity with the Nile of Egypt, it is difficult to conceive in what manner it can be disposed of but by a junction with the White river. The reason why the further course of the river is lost sight of at Baghermi or Dar Saley, may be, that the route of all the caravans, whether of traders, or pilgrims on their way to Mecca, lies through Dar Saley, Darfour, and Kordofan; and thence to the Red Sea or Abyssinia, by Sennaar, or to Egypt through Dongola. The country through which the Abiad passes, either from its low swampy soil or savage inhabitants, seems invariably to be avoided; as all the itineraries yet collected across central Africa turn to the northward at Baghermi or Dar Saley. It appears, however, that its shores are inhabited.*

called Djyr, which in the Egyptian pronunciation, sounds Gyr, and may perhaps be the Gir of Ptolemy.—App. No. 2, p. 484.

* A second branch of the Nile is the White Nile, (Nil el Abyadh), a river coming from the western parts, of a deep white colour, like milk.—“I have inquired” (says Selym) of Moggrebys, who have travelled in Soudan, respecting the Nile of their country, and its colour, and they stated that it rises in mountains of sand, and that it collects in Soudan into large seas—both sides of the Nil el Abyadh are inhabited.”—Burckhardt, App. 3. p. 498.

The



The progressive geography of Africa has unquestionably been retarded by the absurd and erroneous system, if it deserves the name, of Edrisi, one of the earliest Arabian writers on the subject, whose assertions were adopted by others, in some instances contrary to the evidence of the senses.* He knew nothing of Africa from personal observation, and appears to have been ill qualified to digest that information which he collected from others. He considers, however, the Nile of Egypt and the Nile of Soudan as one, but he makes the latter to run out of the former instead of into it. His puerile account of this river is, that in some distant part of Southern Africa, it springs out of ten fountains, the waters of five of which run into one lake, and five into another. Each of these lakes again throws out three rivers, all of which, once more uniting, form a large lake under the equinoctial line; into this lake juts a mountainous promontory, which divides the water into two parts, one of which flowing northerly, forms the Nile of Egypt; the other westerly as far as the *Mare tenebrosum* (the Atlantic, we suppose) the Nile of Soudan. After such a ridiculous display, (which, if we did not know to be false, both on the eastern and western extremities of the continent, we might know to be impossible,) it will scarcely be argued that his information of the central parts is more correct; yet we believe that it is on his authority alone that Wah-gara has been placed in the position it still holds on the charts.

One early Arab traveller, however, whose invaluable work has most unaccountably been overlooked, had more correct notions of the geography of the interior of Africa, and the course of the Niger, than Edrisi. It has recently been brought to light, and nearly at the same moment by two different persons—by Mr. Burckhardt and M. Kosegarten of Jena. Of this extraordinary traveller, whose name is Ibn Batouta, some account will be found in Burckhardt's Nubian journeys, (Appendix, No. 3,) and an abridgement of that part of his travels which relates to Soudan and the Niger, forms what Kosegarten calls a 'Commentatio Academica.'

One complete copy only of this early Mahomedan's travels is said to exist in Cairo: this Mr. Burckhardt endeavoured in vain to discover; he procured, however, two copies of an abridgement, which are now at Cambridge, and, we believe, in progress of translation by the Arabic professor. In the mean time a brief extract from the notices given by the two above-mentioned gentlemen may not be unacceptable; and particularly of that part relating to the course of the Nile of Soudan; which is extremely interesting and important, as coming from one who was an eye-witness, who appears to have seen well, and to have collected accurate information of what he did not see.

* Leo Africanus saw the Niger at Kabra, and yet makes it run from east to west.

‘Ibn

'Ibn Batouta,' Mr. Burckhardt says, 'is perhaps the greatest land traveller who ever wrote his travels.' He was a native of Tangier, and travelled from the year 725 of the Hégira (1324 A. D.) to 755 (1354), being thirty years. In the course of that time he several times traversed Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Persia, the coast of the Red Sea, and the eastern coast of Africa. He then visited Bokhara, Balk, Samarcand, Kabul, India, and China. Taking shipping he landed on several of the Indian islands, visited the Maldives, and the coast of Malabar; crossed the mountains of Thibet, traversed India, and then embarked for Java. From this island he revisited China, and returned by Calicut, Yemen, Bagdad, and Damascus, to Cairo. Again he set out to perform the Hadj, and on his return visited the provinces of Spain. He next proceeded to the capital of Morocco, and thence as far as Sedjelmassa;—here the vicinity of the kingdoms of Soudan tempted the curiosity of this indefatigable traveller. It is this part which most concerns our present purpose. In 753 (1352) he crossed the desert with the slave traders to Taghary, (or Taghaza), 25 days journey from Sedjelmassa, the houses of which were built of salt stone, and covered with camel's skins. From this place he crossed a sandy glittering plain without water, or trees, where no footsteps would remain. After a journey of twenty days over this trackless desert, he reached Abou Laten, (called Ei-welaten by Kosegarten; probably the Wallet of Park,) the first town of Soudan; and here were a few date trees and water melons: 'the women are beautiful; the son of the sister inherits to the exclusion of the true son; a custom,' says Batouta, 'which I saw nowhere else, except among the Pagan Hindoos of Malabar.' This is true of the Nairs of Malabar to this day. He next reached Maly through a forest of large trees, each affording shade for a whole caravan. In the hollow trunk of one of them he observed a weaver at his loom; he also mentions a tree which affords drink to the traveller, and others in which bees make their honey. From Eiwelaten, ten days brought him to the town of Taghary, an extensive place inhabited by negro traders, and a few white people of the heretical creed of Byadhā, (whom Kosegarten calls Kharid'ji), Christians or Jews. Leaving this he came to Karsekhu, (Kar Senjou of Burckhardt), situated on the bank of the Nile, which runs from thence to Kabara and Sagha or Zagha. Karsekhu is in all probability the Sego of Park, who says that in different parts of it the names are Sego-Korro, Sego-see-Korro, &c.

Ibn Batouta now proceeds to state the course of the Nile from the information which he obtained at Kabara. The Nile, he says, flows to Timbuctoo, thence to Kok or Kûku, (Kouga); thence to the town of *Muli*, the last place within the kingdom of *Muli*;

Muli; thence to *Yuwi* (*Bow* of Burckhardt) the principal seat of Negro government, and which no white person can approach. From *Yuwi* it flows into the country of the Nubians, who are Christians, and onward to *Donkola* (*Dongola*) their chief city; thence to *Jenadel*, (the second cataract,) the last place in the country of the blacks, and the first of the province of *Eswân* (*Essuan*) in Upper Egypt.

Returning to his own travels, he goes on to say that, leaving the town of *Karsekku*, he came to the river *Sausara*, and thence (in ten days, according to Burckhardt) to *Muli*, the seat of a negro sovereign, where he took up his abode in the khan of the white men. (This answers to the *Melli* or *Lamlem* marked, in some charts, on Arab authority, as containing one of the missing tribes of Israel.) Here he resided two months, and then returned to *Timbuctoo*, distant, according to him, four miles from the Nile. From this place, he proceeded, in a boat formed from the trunk of a single tree, down the river, and paid daily visits to the towns on its banks until he reached *Kûku*, the largest and handsomest town belonging to the Negroes; thence he passed on to *Burdâma*, inhabited by a tribe of Berbers, and *Tekedda*. This last place is described as built of red stones; and here the waters also, by running through veins of copper, had acquired a reddish colour and a bitter taste. The inhabitants trade with Egypt, and carry thither slaves and copper in exchange for articles of clothing. If *Kûku* and *Burdâma* be *Kouga* and *Baghermi*, as there can be little doubt they are, *Tekedda* cannot be far distant from the *Abiad*, where copper has always been said to abound.

Ibn Batouta left *Tekedda* with the caravan, and proceeded towards *Tewat* or *Twât*, which is seventy stages distant. He next visited *Kahor*, belonging to the Sultan of *Karkan*; and after a journey of eighteen days, reached a place where the roads separate, the one leading towards Egypt, and the other to *Tewat*. In ten days more he arrived at *Dekkâr*, belonging to the Berbers; and, after travelling a month through this country, found himself once more at *Sedjelmassa*, whence he proceeded to *Fez*, where, he says, he threw away his traveller's staff, and gave thanks to God for his safe return.

Although we have yet only the mere abstract of an abstract of curious travels, (which however agrees with the preceding authorities in carrying the Niger to the second cataract of the Nile of Egypt,) we have more than sufficient to assure us that the details will be highly interesting; and we are not without the hope of procuring that complete copy which eluded the search of Mr. Burckhardt.

Much still remains to be done to settle the geography of *Soudan*

dan and the course of the Niger. Death has deprived the cause of discovery of two of its most promising, efficient, and intelligent promoters. The expedition under Major Gray, we fear, does not hold out any sanguine prospect of success; it had returned to Galam, on the Senegal, in August last, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foulado, in which the party were insulted, plundered, attacked, and we believe some of them slain. Of a favourable result from Major Peddie's attempt, of which that of Major Gray is the sequel, our expectations were never raised very high. The countries through which they had to pass are so populous, and the people so well armed and so resolute, that nothing short of a little army could hope to succeed in traversing them. A small body of men is not sufficient for that purpose, though enough to awaken the jealousy of the chiefs, as to its designs; and the baggage which accompanies it more than enough to inflame their cupidity.*

As a proof how much easier it is for individuals to pass through the African tribes than a small armed party, it may be stated that Mr. Docherd, a surgeon in the above-mentioned expedition, with a few attendants, reached Yamina, on the Niger, without any difficulty. Here, however, he was obliged to stay till he received permission from the King of Sego to proceed. After waiting nearly six months, he was advised to retire higher up the river to Bammakoo, in Bambarra, from which the last accounts received from him are dated in May, 1819, when he was still in the hope of procuring the necessary permission, though several untoward circumstances operated against this expectation. In the first place, the King of Sego was at war with his eastern neighbours, (these neighbours, we suppose, are the Fellata tribes mentioned by Ritchie and Burckhardt),—his minister had died just about the time that he heard of Mr. Docherd's arrival; a few days afterwards, his treasurer and receiver of customs departed this life; and, as ill luck would have it, the chief of Bammakoo also died just after he reached that place. These fatal circumstances tended to confirm the blacks in their notions of the evil influence which the presence of the whites exerts on their countrymen, and especially on their rulers, whom they are supposed to have the power of destroying by charms and secret spells. In the present instance, they were more convinced of the effect of this baneful influence on recollecting that Mansong, Moodie, Bennie, and other chiefs who had dealings with

* Mr. Burckhardt thinks that a body of about 100 armed men might be able to penetrate Africa from the eastward towards Bagharmi; such a body might, perhaps, succeed among the Berbers and the blacks, but certainly not among the numerous tribes of the half-civilized Arabs on the western side.

Mungo Park, had died the same year in which he passed through their country.

Mr. Docherd had invariably received the kindest treatment both at Yamina and Bammakoo, and on complaining of delay was assured it was entirely owing to the custom of the country; as to make ambassadors wait was only meant to shew the king's dignity, and that it might not be supposed he was in any hurry to get rid of his guests. He seems to think that, once fairly embarked, there would be no difficulty in reaching the termination of the Niger; but we are not aware on what information this opinion is grounded. The highest navigable point of the river in the dry season is at Marraboo, where it expands into a vast sheet of water, but is full of shallows.

Markets were held at Sansanding and Yamina, twice every week, where provisions were reasonable, and every sort of European merchandize in great demand, especially articles of finery for the dresses of the females, who are fond of showy colours; among other wares were Manchester prints in great abundance, which seemed to meet with a ready sale. These must have crossed the desert of Zaahra, in the caravan from Morocco, which we suspect is, after all, the best and safest way to reach Timbuctoo.

With all the respect we feel for those who sacrifice ease, health, and every comfort in the promotion of African discoveries, we are compelled to say that M. Mollien has done less than any preceding traveller, and has no pretension whatever to rank in the list of those who have enlarged the narrow sphere of African geography. He is evidently a very young man, and wholly unfit for travelling with credit to himself or advantage to his employers. His intellectual acquirements are of the lowest order, and he possesses not a single qualification in any branch of science that a traveller could turn to advantage. His utter ignorance of natural history, of astronomy, and as it would seem of the common process of obtaining the latitude of places, renders the account of his travels unavailing for any scientific purpose, and leaves the accuracy of all his positions more than questionable. It was not necessary to visit the sources of the Senegal and the Gambia, merely to set down how the negroes of this village, and the Mahomedans of that, were disposed to treat travellers; the simplicity of the one, the cunning of the other, and the avarice of both, have long been known to be pretty much the same on every part of the western coast of Africa.

The object of M. Mollien's mission was 'to discover the sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger; to ascertain if there exists a communication between the first two rivers, and the distance which separates them; to determine the space between the Senegal and the sources of the Niger, and the means of traversing

traversing it; and on reaching the Niger to collect every information as to the possibility of descending it to its mouth: in the event of obstacles preventing the execution of such a project, he was to ascend this river, which would of itself be an important discovery.

Of these 'judicious instructions,' as M. Mollien terms them, he fulfilled no single point, except that of reaching (if he did actually reach them) the sources of the Gambia and Senegal. The Rio Grande, he says, proceeds from the same reservoir which gives birth to the Gambia, but then, he adds, they have separate springs, each concealed in a thicket. In speaking of that of the Gambia, he tells us that 'trees *coccol* with the river render it invisible; the other spring is at a little distance, and issues out of a kind of arch. Between the two thickets, his attendant, Ali, stamped on the ground, and the earth echoed in a frightful manner. 'Underneath,' said he, 'are the reservoirs of the two rivers; the noise thou hearest proceeds from their being empty.' The virtues of Lady Noel's divining rod would here have been suspended. A thicket of tufted trees concealed likewise the sources of the Senegal, which are said to be three, and situated about the middle of the side of a mountain—rather an unusual situation for the sources of a great river. The source of the Niger he did not visit; but he intended to do so: nay, more;—'I purposed,' he says, 'descending this river in a canoe, as far as Timbuctoo, where I flattered myself I should arrive without much difficulty, by passing myself off as a slave of my Marabout.' Unluckily, however, 'a tremendous clap of thunder' put an end at once to the whole project, and suggested to him the propriety of facing about and making the best of his way homewards:—and really, if there be any truth in his piteous situation, as delineated for the embellishment of Mr. Bowdich's translation, where he appears to be dying in the arms of his black Marabout, the young gentleman was quite right in giving up all idea of 'descending the Niger as far as Timbuctoo!'

One piece of information, however, we have extracted from M. Mollien's journey:—namely, that the sources of the Gambia and the Senegal are much higher than we had suspected, and that of the Niger on a higher level than either of them. The country rises towards the south and south-east in parallel terraces, and forms chains of mountains which increase in height in proportion as they advance to the south, attaining the highest point of elevation between the eighth and tenth degrees of north latitude; at least we assume it to be about these parallels, for, as we said before, M. Mollien employed no means of ascertaining the latitude of any one point on his journey. It is on the second terrace that the

sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Rio Grande are found; the source of the Niger is on the third; and that the elevation of this is very considerable may be inferred from the Negroes having told M. Mollien that 'the highest of these mountains was constantly covered with a *white hat*.'

These mountains are situated at so short a distance from the sea coast about the Rio Nunez, and so close behind Timbo, to which Watt and Winterbottom proceeded without difficulty, that we hope some of our colonists of Sierra Leone will be found to possess sufficient zeal and activity to proceed to the source of the Niger with a barometer, and ascertain its elevation above the sea: this would be a great point gained. In the mean time, we are fully satisfied that, whatever the fall may be between the source and Bammakoo, where the stream becomes navigable, the elevation of the latter place exceeds 4000 feet, which we have already proved to be more than sufficient to carry its waters through Egypt into the Mediterranean.

The information obtained by M. Mollien on this particular point may be added as a mite to the general testimony. He learned from a Marabout, or black priest, who had performed a pilgrimage to Mecca and crossed Africa, that, 'on this side (N. W.) of the river and beyond Timbuctoo, there are countries entirely peopled by Poulis; that the Dijaliba (Joliba) discharges itself into the Nile, and that its waters, after mingling with those of the river of Egypt, pursue their course to the sea.' From two Poulis, who agreed in their accounts of the course of the Niger, he also learned that 'this great river takes its rise between Kouranko and Soliman; that in the season when the water is low they could not descend further than Marabout, where a ridge of rocks obstructs the navigation;' and they added 'that, after passing through Sego, it forms, at a vast distance from that city, an immense lake communicating with the Nile, which they called the great river of Egypt.'

When we add to all this the information obtained by M. Dupuis* at Cape Coast Castle, and when we see that, in every part of Africa, there is but one opinion among the Arabs on this subject, we know not how to refuse subscribing to the *probability* as well as the *possibility* of the identity of the Nile of Soudan and the Nile of Egypt.

* This gentleman, after being shut up for nearly twelve months in Cape Coast Castle, has at length proceeded to Ashantee, to endeavour to repair the mischief occasioned by the thoughtless conduct of Mr. Bowdich and his young companions, and by his famous treaty which was 'to last for ever.'

ART. XII.—1. *Curiosities of Literature.* By J. D'Israeli, Esq.
Vol. III. 8vo. London. 1817.

2. *Almanach des Gourmands.* Tom. I.—V. 12mo. Paris.

WHEN the good Grandgousier arrived at Paris for the purpose of completing his son's education, he contented himself with making two inquiries; first, what learned men there were in the place, and secondly, what kind of wine the inhabitants most commonly drank. Grandgousier was, as all the world knows, somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table. Great latitude, therefore, must be given to the second inquiry. Like those corollaries in mathematics, which sometimes swallow up in interest the main proposition that engenders them, wine seems in this case to have been substituted, by a metonymy, for the more important portion which precedes it. The inquiries, therefore, properly stated, referred first to the scholars who existed, and secondly, to the dinners which were given, in that celebrated metropolis and university; and, with submission to female readers, it may be thought that two inquiries, more confirming that reputation for wisdom which belonged to this most worthy prince, could not well have been instituted.

Some remarks recently thrown out in this Journal, have had the effect, we understand, of recovering many respectable scholars from an erroneous opinion, (countenanced, it is true, by the early Greek fables, and apparently confirmed by the sparing mention made of the female sex by the Greek writers,) that, the Athenians really sprang from the ground ready-made (*αὐτοχθόνες*); their earliest food being, of course, whatever succulent herbs might happen to be at the breast of Mother Earth at the time. Having rescued them from such an anomaly in nature, we shall next endeavour to shew, that though leguminous herbs did form a very prominent article of subsistence among the poorer Athenians, there is no reason to believe that any deficiency existed among the richer citizens of more solid articles. It is not intended to enter into vulgar details of mutton, beef and veal; but we have an interest in remarking, that the pig formed an inexhaustible mine in the hands of an Attic cook, and that the sausages of the Grecian Athens, whether formed from the flesh of this animal, or from that of peacocks, pheasants and rabbits, obtained a celebrity,* unenjoyed

* Arist. in *Acharn.* v. 145-7. This article of food has not wanted modern as well as ancient eulogists. Agnolo Firenzuola, distinguished among the learned for his elegant translation of Apuleius, owes all his reputation with gourmands to his song in honour of the Sausage. This song, printed in 1545, was accompanied by a whole volume of comments, written by a learned academician of Florence, named Grappa. To create further respect for that degraded and persecuted animal, the pig, we may be allowed to

enjoyed even by those of the English Athens, as Dryden, apostate as he was, has chosen to call Oxford.

An action taking place with individuals of every nation, three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, possesses intrinsically an importance more than sufficient to excuse a short investigation into the materials chiefly connected with it. We shall, therefore, make no apology for taking our station for some time in the kitchens and dining-rooms of the most polished people of antiquity. We shall begin with the lower regions.

O prole alta di numi,
Non vergognate di donar voi anco
Pochi momenti al cibo!—*Parini.*

What a Greek kitchen *was*, the great architect of antiquity, if we recollect rightly, has left us no information. What it *ought* to have been, we could describe from sources,* whose authority upon such subjects admits, we believe, of no appeal. But with more facts before us than we can well crowd into our limits, it would be unpardonable to make digressions where fancy would have more play than truth. We shall only suppose, therefore, a Greek kitchen to have been large enough to contain a baker, a cook, a fishmonger, a dealer in perfumery, and a female weaver of garlands; an assemblage of persons, we have reason to believe, not unfrequently found there.

Persons, who have travelled much on the continent, assure us that our neighbours have the art of throwing much more variety and gratification of the palate into that article of subsistence which has been emphatically called the staff of life, than we possess. The French, and still more the German bread, it is said, is often delicious, forming of itself an agreeable article of food, and not serving, like our own, as a mere companion to pair off with so many mouthfuls of meat. But the Athenians, we suspect, surpassed our neighbours, still more than they do us, in the variety and excellence of their farinaceous compositions. Arcestratus, a decisive authority upon these matters, and the earliest we can find, made the gods trade with Lesbos for their barley meal: for wheaten bread, at least of one kind, (the *απὸς ἀγροπαιῶν*;) he allowed, that mere mortals could not go to a better market than the Athenian. Those who read the Greek authors will not perhaps be displeased with us for recalling to their thoughts some of the terms, which parti-

remark, that the mysteries of Ceres connected him with the religion of Greece (vid. Aristoph. in Pace, 374.) as much as that midnight, or rather morning, supper, known in the French Catholic church by the name of Réveillon, associates him with one of the most sacred festivals of Christianity.

* *Almanach des Gourmands*, t. v. p. 27. A slight notice on the subject of culinary architecture may be found in a fragment of Sospater, the comic poet,

cularize a portion of the farinaceous substances in use among the Athenians, and the manner of preparing them. Besides the usual divisions of wheaten and barley bread, the Athenians appear to have made use of millet, (*μελινη*), of *zea*, (the *triticum spelta* of Linnæus and the *far* of the Romans,) and of a corn called *tiphê*, in the composition of bread. The species of grain denominated *olyra*, with which Homer feeds his heroes' horses, formed, in later ages, a sort of brown bread. Rice (*ορυζα*) and an Ethiopic grain resembling the seed of the plant sesame, whose fruit still furnishes a valuable oil in the East, supplied a species, called *Orindes*. But the chief attention was confined to the wheaten and the barley bread, (*αρτος, μαζα*). Into the details of each of these the copious language of the Greeks entered very minutely. The meal of the latter (*αλφιτον**) was accurately distinguished from the meal of the former, (*αλευρον*), and the act of kneading them into dough had also their separate terms, (*πτειν, μασσειν*). Meal unboulted bore the name of *Syncomistos*; boulted to an extreme degree, it was termed *Semidalis*: a third name was imparted from the boulting cloth (*κρησπερα*), which, according to Photius, was often made of wool, and bore the same name as the fine net with which the Athenian anchovy was caught. If leaven was used, the bread received the appellation of *Zymites*; if not, that of *Azymos*. The operation of baking, as performed by the oven, the hearth, by live coals without flame, by ashes heaped up round the dough, or by placing the dough on a roaster, introduced a fresh change of names. *Ιπιτης, εσχαριτης, απανθρακισ, εγκρυφιας* were terms appropriated to these several operations. But the favourite mode of baking was that performed by the *cribanus*, or *clibanus*, an earthen or iron pot broader below than above. The dough shut up in this vessel, and surrounded with coal, or placed over a fire, was thought to warm more equally; and the bread thereby acquired a more delicious flavour.

We pass over the *Chondrites*, the 'cheek-filling' *Tabyrites*, the *Dramis*, the *Etnitas*, the *Ericitas*, the *Cyllastis*, and a multitude of other breads, both wheaten and barley,† to come to a few of the former, possessing something peculiar in their preparation or appropriations. The bread made of the first corn after the harvest was called *Thargelus*. The *Homoros* was a bread on which goddesses supped; as the *Hemiartium*, or half-circle, appeased the coarser appetite of *Hecate*. The bread given to children was, ac-

* From the barley meal was formed the powder with which the *Canephore* (the virgins elected to the proud honour of carrying the holy basket at the festivals of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* and *Minerva*) powdered themselves.

† From a passage in Plato's *Republic* (Lib. ii. 437. D.) it appears that wheaten bread was served up at table on a layer of leaves, barley bread on one of reeds.

cording to the scholiast on Aristophanes, called Collyra. The poor, who wished to fill the stomach expeditiously, we conclude, bought the bread called Panias. The bread made of new spring-wheat, and which in figure resembled the pegs or pins by which harpstrings were tightened, was called Collabus.* A large bread prepared for the ladies of Delos, when celebrating the feast of Ceres and Proserpine, took the name of Achainas: its size gave a name to the festival; and from an exclamation put into the mouths of those who carried it, it appears to have been of a very greasy composition. The Cyprian bread was chiefly dangerous to hungry horsemen travelling in a hurry; for having the effect of a magnet, it necessarily impeded expedition. The Encryphias, placed at Alexandria in the temple of Chronus for any person to eat that pleased, ranked, as we have seen, among the Athenians, with the bread baked on live coals. The Obelias, deriving its name from its price, or the manner in which it was baked, was a bread carried on men's shoulders in sacred processions, and was invented by Bacchus on his military expeditions. From a caution of Pherecrates against its purchase, the god was probably hard put to for food, when the idea first entered his head. The Stætites had a mixture of fat in it; the Meconis a strong tincture of a favourite edible among the ancients, the poppy; the Encris was composed of farina, oil and honey; the Dipyros (synonymous with the modern *Biscuit*) of water and farina, boiled in broth, with an addition of pepper, cinnamon, and saffron: cheese, that universal ingredient in Greek cookery—much to the discomfiture of Archestratus—also entered into its composition. But the two favourite breads were the Escharites of the Rhodians, and the Cribanites. The latter was said to surpass all the rest, as being juicy, agreeable to the stomach, and easy of digestion; but gourmands must have been inexcusable in not preferring the former: for, surpassing even the *αἰσὶ ἀγοραίοις* of the Athenians, it is said to have been so delicious as to cause appetite† by eating. A Lydian, a Phœnician, and in later ages, when the excellencies of the art had been thoroughly discriminated, a Cappadocian baker was recommended. Thearion, one of the profession, could command honourable mention even from such a man as Plato;

* The Athenians, very attentive to times and seasons in their food, considered a hot Collabus, eaten with a piece of the under-belly of an autumnal pig, as an excellent antidote against repletion with anchovies.

† If the reader have ever eaten *Gaufres* in the neighbourhood of Brussels, he may have some idea of the Escharites; as in the opinion of the French commentators they closely resemble each other. Lynceus of Samos, who sets it up as a rival against the *αἰσὶ ἀγοραίοις* of Athens, uses a very strong expression in order to recommend its merits: ἀνιμωκτοῦ δὲ καὶ πεπληρωμένου, ἵδριτι ἐπιστοχῆς "διετρεβή," τοῖς διαχρεῖσι σεχαρίταις ἐκλυμμεν.

his exhibitions at the Panathenaic festival, where contending artisans displayed the prodigies of their crafts, and fought for victory as well as poets, had a cleverness in them that appeared almost miraculous to the astonished spectators: even 'the well-born,' according to Antiphanes, found it difficult to drag themselves from baking-shops, conducted on the principles of the admirable Thearion.

The mysteries of pastry, confectionary, and sweetmeats (τοιμα-
τα, πλακυντες, τραγηματα) may be dismissed with a slight notice. The great father of criticism has not thought it below his dignity to record* that the latter were much in request at the theatres; but he also takes care to add that these little sensu-
alities of the palate were always kept by the audience in due sub-
ordination to their mental pleasures. When the interest on the stage
flagged, the demand for sweetmeats rose high; at the representa-
tion of the *Cedipus Tyrannus*, if the actors kept pace with the
poet, we will venture to say that there was not a single cheesecake
or bonbon disposed of. The makers of these more delicate pro-
vocatives of the palate claimed the title of demiurgists, or artists
par excellence: the task was generally entrusted to female hands.
Great houses, it may be presumed, maintained a woman *ad hoc*,
there being but two things in which mere mediocrity is allowed by
all to be infamous—the productions of the Muse and those of the
Petit-Four. Guests wiped their hands on pieces of soft bread,
called *apomygdalia*: Aristophanes feeds his sausage-seller upon
morsels of this kind, and the rogue, in spite of his dramatic plea-
santry, deserved no better food. The *apomygdalia* were gene-
rally thrown to dogs.

The Greek cook is too important a person to be considered
lightly; and with the copious materials upon our hands, we fear
this is the only mode in which we can at present treat him. Some
amusing notices on the subject may be found in Cumberland's
Observer, and others in the volume placed at the head of these re-
marks. There are few subjects indeed, on which the multifarious
reading of Mr. D'Israeli does not enable him to say something
of interest or amusement; and the zeal with which he has rescued
the Grecian cookery from the erroneous pleasantries in Smollett's
admirable banquet, deserves particular commendation. A few ad-
ditional remarks may still be admitted, and the subject yet remain
unexhausted.

In their earlier and more important tragedies, (for the practice
altered about the time of Aristotle,) the Greek poets generally con-
fined themselves to a few leading historical or mythical events for

* Arist. in *Ethicis*, lib. x. c. 5.

the subject and characters of their dramas; the quickness of their audience requiring only a certain stock of material to set the mental faculties at work, and a glowing imagination soon supplying the rest. The writers of the middle and the new comedy followed in the same track as the tragedians; and the house of Atreus or of Laius was scarcely more sure of affording matter for the tragic muse, than the cook was of figuring in the composition of the two later schools of Grecian comedy. As the Athenians, from their levelling disposition and their love of scandal, reserved a dash of the disdainful, even for those who most commanded their respect, the lords of the kitchen, grateful as they must have been upon the whole to persons of such discerning appetites, did not command unqualified approbation. They were reproached as being particularly addicted to scoffing; as *recherchés* in their language, as indulging in new terms, as curiously minute in points of history, and as resembling in their ambiguity of speech more a Sphinx than a man. The cook vindicated his art from these trifling aspersions. He discriminated nicely between the *coquus* and the mere *obsonifer*: leaving the latter to arrange the *materiel*, to cut and slay, to blow the fire, and occasionally to mix the ingredients of a sauce, he reserved to himself the higher branches of the profession,—the knowledge of time and place—the nice discrimination between host and guest—the seasons for purchasing and the articles to be purchased. The critical moment which the fortunate invention of time-pieces enables the modern professor to observe so accurately, was no doubt a branch of the art on which he particularly prided himself; and if he could not always command success in this point, allowances must be made for the inefficient discoveries of the day. To execute all this with precision and propriety, among a people like the Athenians,—*appétits de la première classe*,—required certain gifts of nature which it would be taxing the powers of our language to endeavour to describe. An acute palate—a tongue with large capabilities—an ear quick and ready, and a penetrating coup-d'œil were among the first and most essential requisites. But the cook who aspired to the higher honours of his profession did not leave all to nature. He made great inroads into various branches of science, and among other acquirements thought necessary to enhance these rich gifts of nature, he numbered painting, astronomy, architecture, strategics, geometry and medicine. But his favourite pursuit, as we have before hinted, was philosophy. What particular branch he patronised, the dramatists, who state the fact, have neglected to specify; we shall take upon ourselves to supply the deficiency.

He belonged, then, exclusively to the Ionian school; maintaining sometimes with Thales, that water is the first principle of things,

things, and sometimes arguing with Hippasus and Heraclitus, that things differ from each other solely in proportion to their participation of caloric. If the 'atomic system' ever commanded his attention, its faultiness became most palpable to him when he saw one of his best dishes in the hands of a bad carver. The opinion of Aristotle then came home to him, that the error of Democritus arose from thinking that, because a body might be divided *any where*, it might therefore be divided *every where*. He admitted of accedents or adjuncts * (*συμβεβηκота*) in cookery and philosophy; and, directing ourselves to modern ideas, he explained the term to mean, that oysters ought always to be washed down with 'vin de Chablis,' and that a young rabbit is worth nothing, unless eaten '*en terrine et à l'eau-de-vie*.' As a disciple of the Ionian school, he was naturally opposed to the Italian philosophy, to Plato, and to Pythagoras. He laughed, therefore, at 'general ideas' and 'immutable essences'; he troubled himself little about 'numbers,' but as they applied to the proportion of guests for whom he had to provide; and in the formation of an 'omelet soufflé,' he cared little to know whether there was in his mind a form internal of the said omelet, corresponding to the form external, to which external it served as an exemplar or pattern: all this he considered with Aristotle as 'empty sound and poetical metaphor.' In treating of his art, he was happy enough to borrow the animated language of the Stagirite when describing the theologic or first philosophy; like him he spoke of a science so much above the reach of humanity, that if the gods were capable of envy, it ought to draw down the divine displeasure on the cultivators of it. But he viewed with jealousy the Aristotelian doctrine, that the mind is after a sort all things; and he was in short nothing more nor less than a gross materialist. Though the operations of his furnace and his bellows led him occasionally to coincide with the correcter metaphysicians in 'applying to the thinking principle some appellation synonymous with *spiritus* or *πνευμα*, or in likening it to a *spark of fire*, or some other of the most impalpable and mysterious modifications of matter,' yet we take upon ourselves to say that thoughts of this kind were, with him, 'angel-visits, few and far between.' The opinions, belonging two thousand years ago to the philosophical cooks of antiquity, were those since advocated by Diderot, Condorcet and Darwin, that sensation is the only source of all our ideas—that ideas are material things—

* Aristot. in *Topicis*, lib. i. c. 8. The nature of the Greek language did not permit the ancient cook to make the same signal mistake as modern philosophers have done by terming the word accedents. The cook lost thereby two things equally acceptable to his countrymen, a pun and an excuse; but he gained considerably in propriety of language as well as in common sense. See Dr. Gillies's excellent *Analysis of Aristotle's Works*.

and

and that no idea can be annexed to the word mind, but that of matter in the most subtle and attenuated form which imagination can lead to it. Taking these opinions for his general guides, and for his more particular one the opinion maintained by Condillac, that all the faculties and operations of the mind are only sensations transformed, the Greek cook proceeded, as we learn from the dramatists, who have attended much more to his practical than his theoretical philosophy, to adapt edibles to the passions, the ages and the pursuits of his guests: under him dishes frequently became a masked satire, and the arrangement of the table formed a concealed lecture of pathology. The lover, the tax-gatherer and the common philosopher were easily apprised of their respective defects; but the consummation of his art must have consisted in hitting, through an appropriate dish, the philosopher, who advocated the doctrine of infinitesimal or evanescent entities, in opposition to what is commonly understood by the word matter. When people could thus eat their way to self-knowledge, the modern novel became wholly unnecessary: accordingly nothing of the kind is to be found in the writings of antiquity. We could add much more; but, happy that writer who allows his reader to rise with a satisfied air, and to say to himself—'But he has not made the most of his subject.' We suggest then, finally, that the Athenian cook forestalled the Stoics in their notable opinion, *that the Cardinal Virtues are animals*, and that his 'Philosophy of Life' far surpassed that of Sir Charles Morgan.

Knowledge being in all cases the slow accumulation of succeeding ages, the gastronomic science had not sprung into maturity more speedily than others. It became him, therefore, who aspired—'approfondir le grand art de la gneule'—to imbue his mind with the volumes containing its mysteries.

Good, good, Sibynna!

Our's is no art for sluggards to acquire,
Nor should the hour of deepest midnight see
Us and our volumes parted:—still our lamp
Upon its oil is feeding, and the page
Of ancient lore before us:—What, what bath
The Sicyonian deduced?—What school-points
Have we from him of Chios? sagest Actides
And Zopyrinus, what are their traditions?—
Thus grapple we with mighty tomes of wisdom,
Sifting and weighing and digesting all.

But while the aspiring cook diligently attended to the practices and records of former ages, dry study was not allowed to cramp his genius and powers of invention. 'Nullius in verba jurare' was a maxim as predominant in the culinary art as in philosophy. The
ipse

ipse dixit of Archestratus himself did not pass unquestioned—for cookery had no bounds, and ‘thus far’ was scouted as language utterly unsuited to the infinity of the art.

The cook has been considered hitherto in his secular capacity; but in fact, his profession was twofold; and the parish-clerk of facetious memory had not more right to mix himself up with the religion of his country, than the person, of whom we are now treating, to take his place among the priesthood of Athens. All the mechanical parts of the sacrificial rites were entrusted to him; and that this was no unimportant function may be evinced from the earnest language in which Olympias writes to her son, Alexander, then engaged in his grand Asiatic enterprize, upon the subject of a person of this description whom she had sent to him at his own request. As the epistle possesses a right royal brevity, we insert a version of it, without troubling ourselves much about the difficulties of the commentators. ‘You will please to accept at my hands of a cook; his name Pelignas. He is well versed in all the modes of sacrifice usual in your own country; he is also acquainted with those practised in the Mysteries, and the festivals of Bacchus, and with such as take place before the commencement of the Olympic games. You will, therefore, pay him every attention, and be cautious of any neglect. Let me hear from you at your earliest leisure.’

That fit and able persons might never be wanting in this branch of the profession, there appears to have been a particular tribe at Athens, enrolled into a sort of collegiate body, for the sake of preserving the knowledge of these important functions. And here indeed lay the strong hold of the cook, when he wished to ward off the blows of the comic writer. Not content to remind the scoffer that not merely the sacred heralds, but even the princes and kings of Homer had formerly assisted in this pious office, he proceeded to explain to him, that cannibalism was put an end to by the profession which he presumed to jeer; and that it was a heaven-born cook, who by the lucky suggestion that an animal roasted with fire might be as palatable as the flesh of a fellow-creature, first led to a change in the prime article of human food. The common rites of his country were referred to for a proof of this; it being clear to the cook, that the use of salt in ordinary life and the abstinence from it in the entrails offered to the gods, were traditional practices, referable to this important revolution in human tastes. The progress of the art was then gradually traced to the scoffer from the primeval dish of tripe to the introduction of those masked* dainties, in which the
Greeks

* The nicer taste of modern time has very justly exploded the ‘Entrées Masquées.’

Greeks so much excelled; and he was made finally to acquiesce, that from these inventions proceeded the assembling of men into collective bodies, the erection of towns and the whole progress of civilized life.

We scarcely know how to excuse ourselves for entering into these ridiculous details; but they describe national manners, and if the polished Athenians could be amused by the hour with listening to such language, we may, perhaps, be excused in claiming for it a momentary smile. Having once got a *dramatis persona* of this cast into his hand, the comic poet served him up far more continually to his audience than any dish presented by the cook himself to his guests; and from the Athenian love of feasting, a poetical Lubberland gradually erected itself, of the delights of which the common Athenians appear to have become insatiable hearers. In this ideal kingdom, nature was literally one great feast, and the very elements acted but as humble appendices to the kitchen. Rain fell in potherbs, snow descended in the form of cheese-cakes, and the ground, in place of dew, covered itself with a sort of *petit pain*. In that blessed age, the characteristic of men was, that they were all fat, and that in stature they were giants.

Having discussed more largely than we intended the merits of the Greek cook, we feel little disposition to enter into a minute investigation of his sauces (*ἡδυσματα*).^{*} One, however, must not be left unmentioned. The hypotrimma was a favourite Athenian sauce. What its exact ingredients were the commentators dispute, as they do about most other articles of antiquity; but that some of a very sharp and pungent quality, such as cummin, mustard, horse-radish, &c. entered into it, there can be no doubt. The great comic poet has accordingly made a very happy use of it. When the leader of his Female Radicals has properly tutored† her

trusty

To serve up a fowl in the shape of a cutlet, and to metamorphose rabbits into lobsters, is now properly left to the small cooks, who mistake industry for intellect and patience for genius. Such practices are considered to disgrace a superior artist as much as puns and plays of word derogate from the character of a man of real wit.

^{*} The Parisian sauces, if we remember rightly, exceed four-score: from a passage in Aristotle, (in *Ethics*, lib. ix. c. 10.) we are led to infer that the number of Athenian sauces fell far short of this; or, at all events, that the Athenians were more sparing in the consumption of them. The great comic poet, who has noticed more important changes in Athenian society, has also condescended to record a revolution which took place in its sauces.—Arist. in *Avibus*, 532.

† Not to betray their sex by their language or gestures is of course among the most prominent of her instructions. Hence the leader of the female chorus, in the following extract, addresses part of her troop by masculine names, as Draces, &c.

Leader of the 1st Semi-Chorus.

'Tis the time for debate and high councils of state, | honour'd gentlemen hasten along,
(Ladies fair, I should say, but that term for a day | must wholly be banish'd the tongue.)

For

trusty band, who, in the habits of their husbands, are to take early possession of the Parliament-House, and vote themselves into the administration, a chorus of these patriots agree among themselves, as they march at break of day to their place of destination, that it was highly necessary to cast their faces into that verjuiced visage which the eating of the hypotrimma produced, and upon which the countenances of a General Assembly at Athens, it seems, were not unfrequently modelled.

The Athenian fishmonger brings us upon a ground less trodden by translators, and it is sweet, as the poet says, to gather flowers, where no hand has forestalled us. In a modern establishment, the cook frequently divides the palm with the maître-d'hôtel; in Athens, his formidable rival was the fishmonger. He too, like the cook, had his ideal age; but we cannot retrace our steps to tell of trees on mountain-tops, whose leaves were delicate sleeve-fish; of the river Sybaris, whose waves ran roasted skate; nor of little tributary streams which brought in detached colonies of phagri, cockle-fish and lobsters.—The taste for fish of every kind, salt, fresh, shell'd or otherwise, was, among the Athenians, universal, vehement, it might almost be said, exclusive. It was a passion and not an appetite. When the poet of the sock concentrated the whole energies of his malevolence against a brother of the buskin, it evaporated in—what?—a wish that there might be Copaic eels in the market, and that the obnoxious bard's arrival might be retarded, till previous purchases excluded him from be-

For danger not small might ensue to us all, | with shame and derision to boot,
Should this deed of high mark, which we've plann'd in the dark | furnish matter for
whisper or bruit.

Leader of the 2d Semi Chorus.

I open my throat, sirs, to second this vote; | time it is that in council we met,
For still I retain close impress in my brain | the Thesmoethets' mandate and threat.
' Who comes not with feet, which the dust have well beat, | 'ere the first rays of morn-
ing 'gin glissun—a,
With a mien shewing mickle contentment with pickle | and face looking sharp hypo-
trimma,
Notice here I proclaim, and admonish the same, | that he who comes later than this,
In his stipend and pay shall compound for delay, | and his fee of three oboli miss.
Further proof need I shew, worthy Draces & Co. | (to your wisdoms 'twere insult I
deem,)
How much it betides, that we spur up our sides, | if we wish for success in our scheme.
Nor, neighbours, forget, that in council we sit | side by side;—'twill add strength to our
party:
Then let every she by her vote let us see, | in the cause she is honest and hearty.
Out upon it—I've err'd—there has slipp'd me a word | with a guilty and dangerous
initial;
That s well I know, overheard by a foe, | to our cause would prove most prejudicial.

Of the nine Archons or rulers in Athens, six were called Thesmoethets. Among their other duties, one was to take the suffrages in public assemblies. These assemblies met very early in the morning.

coming

coming a buyer!* The term implying fish (*oſios*) was in the Greek language a synonym for every species of food, and more particularly for that which gave a relish to bread; and the grammarians hung delighted over a word, which, besides this comprehensiveness of signification, recalled also ideas of the two leading oppositions of the culinary art—roasting and boiling. This knowledge of the gratification to be derived from the finny tribe seems to have grown up with the progress of civilization. Homer, who doubtless speaks the opinions of his own age, allows his heroes in the *Iliad*, to catch fish; but they never feast upon their capture: and in the *Odyssey*, (lib. iv.) Menelaus and his companions are evidently hard pressed, before they have recourse to their fishing-hooks.

Time, the great teacher of all things, gradually placed a juster estimate on this edible; and the sons of Chærephilus, introduced to the privileges of Athenian citizenship and knighthood on account of the excellent salt-fish sold by their father, furnished the comic poets with many a jibe. We should far exceed our limits, if we mentioned one half of the fish, both salted and fresh, in estimation among the Greeks. The former divided themselves into the fat and the lean; the tunny-fish supplying a great part of both. This estimable fish, bearing, in the different stages of its life, more names among the Greeks than the stag among ourselves, had its appropriate honours: Neptune claimed the first caught in the season, and a festival celebrated the felicitous event. The salt-fish, which, under the name of Elephantinum, has so much puzzled the commentators, owed its celebrity to a play, now lost, of Crates. Among other salt-fish, in various degrees of favour among the common Athenians, may be mentioned the *Scombri*, which the most correct taste decided ought to be eaten just three days after putting into brine;† the *Coracini*, of which the best came from the *Lacus Mæotis*, and which then assumed the name of *Saperdæ*; the *mugiles*‡ supplied from *Abdera* and *Sinope*; the enormous§

* Arist. in Pace, 1010. See also Diog. Laert. lib. ii. § 119. Walpole's Turkey, p. 305.

† This is Coray and Villebrun's interpretation of the original.

‡ Aristotle, who so often relieves the dryness of natural history by his incidental remarks, has recorded a trait of the *mugiles*, (*μῦγες*) calculated to give a high idea of the amiability of fish in general. The *mugiles*, it appears, never made free with other fish, even in their hungriest mood; and the finny tribe, in grateful return, left the young of the *mugiles* entirely unmolested. We wish his testimony to the fish, called *sepiæ*, had been equally honourable to both parties. He records, upon hearsay, for Aristotle was not a man to commit himself, that when a female *sepiæ* was hooked, the males came to her help and rescued her: when the females saw a male in the same difficulty, they made off (gilt as they were!) as fast as possible.

§ The *Antyllus* of Philæterus records one so prodigious, that twelve guests could not eat it in three days. But this must have been a mere sprat compared with that which Ephippus, the comic poet, sets Geryon down to. When the great American sea-anke is caught, the apparatus used by Geryon may be very safely recommended for dressing it. Athen. l. viii. p. 346.

Tiltus, and that species of fish, of which the bigger sort were called *Platistaci*, the middle-sized *Mylli*, and the small *Agnotidia*. Of all salted fish, the cheapest, perhaps, was the *omotarichos*. In a very amusing fragment of *Alexis*, where a person, with his table and reckoning stones before him, settles the various prices of fish, the *omotarichos* is rated at $\frac{1}{4}$ of an obol: sea-muscles fetch $\frac{1}{2}$ of the same coin, and the *echinus*, or sea-porcupine, an entire obol. These fish, potted down, formed the common food of the Greek soldiers and sailors. *Epicures* pronounced them to be best when boiled in sea-water; and the hotter they were brought to table, the more agreeable they were declared to be.

To dispatch what is set before him in its hottest state—to attend to the little decencies of mastication—to eat much—and to eat long, have been laid down as four fundamental rules to be observed by every person who is placed at a modern table. These maxims proceed from deep professors in the gastronomic science, (*grands hommes de bouche*;) they may therefore be presumed to be correct. The Athenians, no mean proficients in the last three points, eminently excelled in the first. To gain an advantage over the other guests by eating the hotter viands, *epicures* did not scruple to practise keeping their hands in hot water, and gargling their mouths with the same. A bribe, properly conveyed to the cook, introduced the dinner as hot as possible, and gave the adept all the benefit of his previous exercise. The most eminent person of this class appears to have been one *Pithyllus*. This gourmand (we are glad that we can find no English term for the beast) guarded his hands against the extreme heat of his food by finger-stalls, and encrusted his tongue with an armour, which we are happy to see, has puzzled more learned persons* than ourselves thoroughly to understand.

This digression must not debar us from continuing our catalogue of fish, and indeed to let the reader off too cheaply would be in ill keeping with our subject. The ancient dinners were no sinecures, either in a bodily or an intellectual view. To touch a lute, to bear a part in a catch or scoliū, to enliven the board, or repay hospitality by a fable† or a tale similar to those found in the old *Fabliaux*, were among the lighter contributions to a Grecian feast; the guests were often called upon for a more important task; and had the convivial discourses of *Aristotle*, *Speusippus*, *Dion* and others come down to us, we should perhaps have found

* Schweigh. *Athen.* t. i. p. 74.

† The fables or tales most in request were the *Sybaritish* and the *Æsopic*; the latter are continually alluded to by *Aristophanes*. A scholiast on this poet observes the following distinction between these fables; the former, he says, related to animals, and the latter to the actions of men.

that the Greeks, like the Romans, brought their common-place books when they distrusted their memories, and mercilessly showered down their contents on the unfortunate auditors.—Another list then of fish brings us among the Alphestæ, which were always caught in pairs, one seeming to follow at the tail of the other; the Amia, so delicious in itself, that in autumn, if dressed after the setting of the Pleiades, it defied all the arts of bad cookery to spoil it; the Scarus, the only fish, according to Selenus, that never slept at night; the Anthias, particularly agreeable in winter, as the Chromius was in spring; the Ellops,* by some writers supposed to be the same as the Anthias; the Batis† (maid or skate) which, in concert with hares, and women whose gait or feet have puzzled translators,‡ formed the great attraction, according to Eupolis, of Callias's table; the Gnaphæus or Fuller;—in the water, which boiled one, says Dorion, I washed out every one of my stains;—the Salpa, who never could resist a hook baited with gourds; the sacred fish Pompilus, to which so many romantic Greek stories are attached, and which was said to have sprung with Venus from the blood of the sky; and the Aphyæ (anchovies), for the dressing of which Arcestratus has given a very full receipt. The fish called at Rhodes the fox, and at Syracuse the dog, is opposed by Lynceus to any of the Athenian fish, 'even though surpassing Cecrops himself in reputation'. Arcestratus recommends epicures to steal it at the hazard of life, if they cannot purchase it; and all accidents of fate were to be considered as immaterial, according to this great gastrologist, when a man had once eaten of this inestimable dainty. The Aper he declares to be too divine for the eyes of any but rich bankers and money-reckoners to look upon; and he recommends travellers to purchase it even at its weight in gold, under pain of incurring the divine displeasure, for—it is the 'flower of nectar.'

Eels, the only instance perhaps in Athens of modest merit brought from the shade of retirement, supplied an admirable repast for the table, and no small one for the theatre; some of the happiest strokes of the comic poets being derived from its natural habits. It has already appeared incidentally, that the Copaic eel ranked first. The Bœotians, with whom this eel formed

* Jupiter is represented by Epicharmus as ordering a fish of this kind, just caught, to be immediately dressed for himself, politely abandoning the rest of the dinner to his imperial consort.

† In favour of the Batis, provided it was eaten at midwinter, Arcestratus bates of his general indignation against cheese, as an ingredient in cookery.

‡ See Schneider's *Wörterbuch in vocs alowels*, and Barthez's *Nouvelle Mécanique des Mouvements de l'Homme et des Animaux*, p. 68. Dalecampius in his Latin translation of Athenæus, renders the word *talutin incedentes*; Villebrune in French, *des femmes qui font voltiger leurs pieds*.

a valuable article of trade, crowned the larger sort with a garland like victims, and then offered them to the gods. The eel ranked among fish, according to good eaters, as Helen among women in the opinion of amatory poets: Arcestratus sang its praises accordingly: 'I commend (says he) eels of every kind, but happiest among men is he, who lives near Messina, for there the best are found.' The Egyptians, the bold Antiphanes tells us, rank the eel in equal honour with the gods; but in fact, it is in much higher estimation than the gods. Offer a few prayers to the heavenly powers, continues the poet, and you gain all your desires; but such is the value set upon eels, that you may pay ten good drachmæ and hardly get a small one after all! How far this opinion was correct, and what the gods themselves thought of it, is not for us at this distant period to declare.

We could enlarge this catalogue: but enough perhaps has been said to give our readers a full impression of the value attached by the Athenians to an article of subsistence, which, among a large portion of ourselves, is, by some unaccountable prejudice, still only a sort of occasional luxury. A strong attempt was made some years ago in this Journal,* to combat this prejudice, and to impress upon the nation a more accurate sense of the value of the advantages to be derived from its encircling seas. Whatever impulse was given to the public mind by those remarks for a time, we fear it soon subsided under the increased diligence of the venders, and the natural indolence of the buyers, of the finny tribe. We shall revenge ourselves on the latter by dismissing this part of our subject less hastily than we should otherwise have done; and before we close, a side-blow may convince the former, however triumphant in their machinations, that they only share the triumph of successful knavery with some former brothers of the craft.

'He who goes to cater,' says Amphis, 'and buys herbs, when he has the power to buy good fish, is a madman.' Fish furnished a drama to Archippus; and posterity have probably lost much by not knowing the precise terms of the treaty, formally ratified between the Athenians and the natives of the watery element. Arcestratus, the worthy precursor of Epicurus, took long voyages for the purpose of scrutinizing the properties, juices, and savours of separate parts of fish; epicures will do justice to the patriotic motives in which such an enterprize must have originated, and scholars owe gratitude for the confirmation thus given to the declarations of the dramatists, or the lacunæ filled up. The results of these and of other researches were, that nothing was

preferable to the conger of Sicily; that the best glaucus came from the fisheries of Megara; that the Attic coasts furnished incomparable turbot, mackerel, and soles; and that the Phalerian anchovy, after a momentary immersion in boiling oil, was a food for gods.

His more peculiar discoveries Arcestratus registered in a series of hexameter verses; and his comprehensive and indulgent palate seems, from some fragments of this gastronomic treasure, which have come down to us, to have found something in almost every tenant of the waters to commend: on one nameless fish he has pronounced a judgment somewhat harsh; but the feelings of the poet and the gourmand were at variance; and a fish whose untractable name could not be brought into the measure of epic verse, had no right to expect much mercy.—A genuine love of fish seems, in Athenian eyes, to have been an excuse even for an aberration from political integrity. When Timocles, the comic poet, brought under the review of his audience the different orators and statesmen, who had partaken of the gold of Harpalus, the greatest allowances were made in favour of the illustrious orator Hyperides. 'The fishmongers,' said the poet, 'will be the gainers by it; for he (Hyperides) is such a devourer of fish, that cormorants are quite abstemious when compared to him.'

Stories of the excess to which this vehement love of fish was carried, abound in Greek authors, and some of them are exceedingly amusing; but we prefer to all the good old story of Philoxenus. A plain version of this will be little agreeable, we fear, to those who have seen its spirit in the terseness of Pope, or the naïveté of Fontaine; but we shall attempt it.

Of all fish-eaters

None sure excell'd the lyric bard * Philoxenus.

'Twas a prodigious twist! At Syracuse

Fate threw him on the fish call'd 'Many-feet,'

He purchas'd it and drest it; and the whole,

Bate me the head, form'd but a single swallow.

A crudity ensued—the doctor came,

And the first glance inform'd him things went wrong.

And 'Friend,' quoth he, 'if thou hast aught to set

In order, to it straight;—pass but seven hours,

And thou and life must take a long farewell.'

'I've nought to do,' replied the bard: 'all's right

And tight about me—nothing's in confusion—

Thanks to the gods! I leave a stock behind me

* To a namesake of the dithyrambic poet, and a great fish-eater like himself, Aristophanes ascribes the desire, of which the credit has generally been given to Quin the actor; that of having the œsophagus longer than a crane's, for the sake of prolonging the pleasure of taste. In *Ethics*, l. iii. c. 10.

Of healthy dithyrambics, fully form'd,
 A credit to their years;—not one among them
 Without a graceful chaplet on his head:—
 These to the Muses' keeping I bequeath,
 (We long were fellow-nurslings,) and with them
 Be Bacchus and fair Venus in commission.—
 Thus far, Sir, for my testament:—for respite,
 I look not for it, mark, at Charon's hand,
 (Take me, I would be understood to mean
 Timotheus' Charon,—him in the Niobe :)
 I hear his voice this moment—" Hip! halloo!
 To ship, to ship," he cries: the swarthy Destinies
 (And who must not attend their solemn bidding!)
 Unite their voices.—I were loath, howe'er,
 To troop with less than all my geer about me;—
 Good doctor, be my helper then to what
 Remains of that same blessed Many-feet!

We now quit the epicures upon whom the practical part of the gastronomic science fell, for the traders who supplied the material; and the Athenian fishmonger played too important a part in his own day to be passed over, in our's, with negligence or inattention. Such was the dignity belonging to this craft, and such the insolence, the pride, and the rapacity attending its practice, that conciliation and satire seem to have been alternately necessary to reduce the fishmonger to his proper level in society. The first was applied perhaps sparingly; but it is recorded as a fact, that Lynceus of Samos took the trouble to write a book, laying down rules, and specifying the language necessary to make fishmongers tractable and commonly civil. But we learn their failings most in the severity of comic satire. The 'Impostor' of Amphipolis undertook to pourtray their insolence. Nothing can be drawn in more lively colours, than his contrasted situations of the overbearing vender, and the timid purchaser of fish; the one with his head bent in the humble attitude of a beggarly Telephus, hardly venturing to ask the price of the article he holds in his hand; the other affecting to bestow attention upon any thing but the person before him, scarcely deigning an answer to the interrogations put to him, and with contemptuous brevity, clipping every word in his answer of its due allowance of syllables; giving *lings* for shillings, and *teen* for fourteen. Alexis follows in the same track—"When I see our generals," says that amusing poet, 'with contracted brows and supercilious looks, I think their behaviour disgraceful, but I am not surprised at it; but to behold those accursed fishmongers, with their eye-brows on a level with their heads, and scarcely condescending from their bushy eminences to look upon the little creatures below them, death itself is preferable

ferable to such an odious sight.' We learn from the *Purpura* of *Xenarchus* that insolence was not the only characteristic of the venders of fish. An Athenian statute, it seems, forbade these persons to water their wares, when they had once become dry: to evade this, it was usual for two brothers of the trade to pretend a quarrel: blows ensued; one of the combatants fell down among the articles of their common trade, as if lifeless; water was thrown over him to recover him from his fainting fit, and thus the fish partook of the ablution in spite of the statute book! The *Busybody* of *Diphilus* introduces us to the knowledge of another trick, practised by these cunning dealers. When a purchaser asked them the price of a fish, he was answered ten obols; but obols were *Æginetic* or *Attic*, and the former were much more valuable than the latter. As the fishmonger took care not to specify which he meant; in receiving, he demanded the obols of *Ægina*, in paying, he gave the *Attic*; and thus the unfortunate purchaser was cheated both ways.

Persons of this cast would, of course, be great politicians, and take care of the state as well as their own shops. When *Aristophanes* therefore indulges in a laugh at the ridiculous cry so common in Athens, that a tyranny was on foot, and that the democracy was in danger, he takes care to put it into the mouth of the fishmonger, and the herb-woman whose stall supplied the fish-sauce of the day.

A tyranny!—

For so it is: no matter what th' offence—

Be't great or small, the cry is—'tyranny!'

'Conspiracy!—the word had near grown obsolete:

Full fifty years and we have miss'd the sound of't.

And now it stinks within the very nostrils!

Salt fish is cassia to't:—'tis bandied every where.

The very markets sling it in your face.

Does one prefer a sea-bream there to loaches?

Straight cries the vender, whose adjoining stall

Holds loaches only—'Slight! my mind misgives me;

Surely this man is catering—for what?—

A tyranny forsooth! Has any bought him

Anchovies, and needs leeks to dress them with?

(And your green leek is pickle for a king,

A very royal food, I grant ye, Sirs.)

The herb-woman with eyes askew regards him;

'And what!' says she, 'you want a leek, friend, do ye?

Marry come up! you are not for a tyranny,

I hope!—what! Athens brings her condiments,

Tribute, belike, for you!—

The reader will perhaps, after all this, think it no exaggeration in
Antiphanes

Antiphanes to apply to the fishmongers one of the most powerful of the Greek mythical tales, and to declare that the sight of a fishmonger had the same effect upon him as the Gorgon's head; and that he became a petrification and not a man, at the very aspect of one of the craft.

The way is now cleared for the consideration of two articles intimately connected with Grecian dinners, and which, from their intrinsic elegance, will repay a little attention,—perfumery and flowers.—We congratulate ourselves upon getting on such decent ground; for some of the Athenian customs are not very cleanly, and a fear has perpetually haunted us, lest in our wish to impress the reader with the strong predilection entertained by that polished people for some of the dishes which we have recorded, we should be led too far, and suffer him to purchase his knowledge too dear.

Of the different perfumes used by the ancients, and the places producing the best of each kind, a sufficient account has been left by* Apollonius Herophilus, or, as some call him, Apollodorus scholar of Herophilus. He adds to his list the wholesome admonition, that the materials and the workmanship constitute the merit of things, and not the mere place producing them: and the truth of this important distinction he proves by numerous examples. Of all perfumes, the most grateful to the Athenian taste was that which had in it the odour of their favourite flower, the violet. That made from the rose, was said to be useful in potations; the lethargic and men of weak stomachs were recommended to use the unguent extracted from the quince. The white violet, besides its fragrance, assisted digestion; flowers, leaves and roots, respectively supplied different essences. Every part of the body had its appropriate unguent. To the feet and legs the Greeks applied Egyptian ointment; the oil extracted from the palm was thought best adapted to the cheeks and the breasts; the arms were refreshed with balsam-mint; sweet-marjoram had the honour of supplying an oil for the eye-brows and hair, as wild thyme had for the knee and neck. The Baccharis, the Brenthium, the Royal, the Psagda, the Plangonium, the Megallium, the Nardinum, the Sagdas, and lastly the Stacte, made wholly of that which entered more or less into the composition of all the ancient ointments, viz. myrrh, had all their separate eulogists. The room, where an entertainment was given, was commonly perfumed by burning myrrh or frankincense in it. A nice distinction divided perfumes into two kinds; the first were of a thicker sort, and applied more as salves or wax (*χρῖματα*); the latter were liquid and poured over the limbs

* Vide Athenæum in lib. xv.

(αλισματα). To indulge in the liquid ointment was thought to evince a feminine and voluptuous disposition; but the sober and the virtuous, it was allowed, might use the thicker sort without any impeachment of their good qualities. The suppliers of perfumery occupied a very considerable place in the list of artisans, who contributed to the embellishments of a Grecian lady of fashion. The article itself bore a high price, but this did not hinder voluptuaries from using it profusely; not however without an occasional admonition from graver men of the mischief arising from its abuse. The old people referred to a statute of Solon, forbidding the sale of perfumery, by the male sex at least; and the grammarians found in the etymology of its name an argument against the use of a luxury, composed with so much toil and labour. Sophocles significantly described Venus as sprinkled with perfume, and looking in a mirror: and Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, as moist with the *olive oil, and practising the exercises of the palæstra. Socrates objected to the use of perfumery altogether—‘There is the same smell,’ said he, ‘in a gentleman and a slave, when both are perfumed.’ In his opinion, the only odours worth cultivating, were the odours arising from honourable toils, and the ‘smell of gentility.’

The elegant taste of the Athenians led them to make use of flowers upon all occasions. When they invoked the gods, it was with a garland on their heads; when they offered a sacrifice, they wore the same ornament. No one spoke in their public assemblies without first crowning his head with a garland; on the door of every beauty in Athens might be seen suspended the votive chaplets of her lover. ‘From the parsley offered on the tomb,’ (says† one of that class of persons, in whom premature death is a subject of regret to all,) ‘to the rose, which has always been the emblem of purity and love, there was no flower to which some meaning was not affixed, in the imagination of the Greeks.’ But it was more particularly at the banquet and over the wine that the Athenians added the perfume of flowers to their other enjoyments. The head, in which sensation resides, the temples and the breast, as being the seat of the heart, were crowned with them; even the throat had its chaplet, with an appropriate name. Most of the customs among the Greeks being founded upon some romantic story or other; the practice of wearing flowers at feasts had its peculiar tales. Æschylus referred it to a

* A difference of expression marked, whether the olive-oil was used unmixed or with water. In the first it was termed *ἐγαλακιστος*, in the second *χυτλιαστος*. The former word also applied more particularly to the unction used preparatorily to wrestling: the second to that, subsequent to bathing or fatigue.

† The Hon. F. Douglas.

grateful memento of the chains worn by Prometheus, as a punishment for his endeavours to benefit mankind. Sappho ascribed the custom to a religious feeling: 'for flowers,' said she, 'are agreeable to the gods, who turn with aversion from those whose heads are uncrowned with them.' Philonides gives a less lofty, but perhaps a more true reason of its origin; and as his opinion, by a long introductory narrative, illustrates another practice common in the Greek symposia, it will be of service to mention it. According to this learned physician, the vine was first introduced into Greece from the shores of the Red Sea by Bacchus, and its first consequences were not of the most salutiferous kind. The liquor, extracted from it, was drunk immoderately, and unmixed. Madness and stupor, making men look more like dead than living people, ensued. A fortunate accident corrected all this. As a convivial party were quaffing by the sea-side, a sudden storm came on, which dispersed the symposiasts, who left behind them a goblet, with a large portion of liquor in it. At the conclusion of the storm the guests returned to the old spot, and found there a liquor, tempered with water, which afforded a beverage agreeable to the taste, and without any future unpleasantness. As Jupiter was evidently the author of this mixture, a practice grew up at feasts, of drinking a cup of mixed wine immediately after supper, in honour of JUPITER the PRESERVER; while the pure wine circulated to Bacchus, the GOOD GENIUS. The practice of wearing flowers, according to the worthy physician, was only a palliative before this invention of Jupiter offered a much more effectual cure.

In the pains and headaches arising from the powerful effects of unmixed wine, a compression of the head by the hands was found to convey considerable relief. This gave rise to more permanent ligatures. Ivy, as the most ready at hand, was the first herbaceous plant used for the purpose; the myrtle, the rose, and the laurel soon followed, each having some physical qualities to recommend it, besides its external beauty. By the time of Theophrastus, a much larger assortment had been pressed into the service of the chaplet. The violet, both the black and the white,—the lily, the anemone, the hyacinth,—the helichrysus, deriving its name from the nymph who first gathered it,—the hemerocallis, which dies away at night and revives with the rising sun,—the cosmosandalus, from the wearing of which in their chaplets Clearchus dates the ruin of the Lacedæmonians,—the lychnis, born of the water in which Venus bathed—these were a few among the flowers, the arrangement of which belonged to the tasteful and lucrative employment of the nose-gay.

gay-woman.* Chaplets had also assumed both variety and appropriate names and services. There was the *Choronon*, worn by dancers in the theatrical chorus; the *Calcha*, whose principal flower resembled one, which, according to Nicolaus, borders, all the year through, a lake near the Alps of some miles in circumference; and the *Pothos*, formed principally of the flower scattered on Grecian tombs, and signifying by its name, regret. The *Struthia*, whose beautiful flower was supposed to pine for spring and for the nightingale, formed part of the chaplet worn by bridegrooms. Chaplets of every kind, carried by women, were called *Epithymides*. Besides these, more strictly belonging to the Athenians, may be mentioned the *Corona Elliotis*, made of myrtle, and twenty cubits in circumference. At the Corinthian festival called *Elliots*, it was carried in solemn procession, and within it were said to be the bones of Europa. The *Corona Thyreatica*, made of palm, served to remind the Spartans of a victory gained at Thyrea. In the public procession, where the youths of Sparta danced naked, to the sound of the martial songs of Thaletes and Alcman, and the sacred pæans of Dionysodotus, this chaplet was worn by the leader of the chorus.

After these details, we cannot venture to look very closely into an Athenian cellar: but wine and a Greek are articles too much in unison not to make a few short allusions indispensable.

When the courtiers of the King of Persia dissuaded him from attacking Greece, they adduced, as the most powerful of their arguments, that it was a country where the inhabitants drank water, and had no figs to eat. This was one of those speeches which republicans delight to represent kings as hearing from their courtiers. Homer knew the practices and the dispositions of the Greeks long before the time of Darius; and he accordingly lavished his powers in describing the wine-cup of Nestor, and the shield of Achilles. We have seen the introduction of the vine into Greece referred to a very early origin in a preceding paragraph, and history justifies us in considering the account as a true one. Amphyction, one of the first kings of Athens, appears to have had a just presentiment of what would be the consequence of its

* A pretty story told of Pausias, the celebrated painter of Sicily, may not improperly find a place here. In his youth he became enamoured of a beautiful nosegay-girl of the name of Glycera, who had a singularly elegant taste in the arrangement of flowers into chaplets. Pausias, painting after nature and his mistress, became highly distinguished for his skill as a painter of flowers. The last effort of his pencil was a picture of Glycera herself, seated, and in the act of arranging a chaplet: a production, in the creation of which love, genius, and gratitude equally assisted, necessarily became a master-piece: it was called the 'Garland-twiner,' and a copy of it sold for no less a sum than two talents.

introduction among his thirsty subjects. He raised an altar, at Athens, to the Upright Bacchus, and near it another, to the Nymphs.* The fig too was not a very late introduction into Greece: an old mythical tale derived the Greek word expressing it from Sycæus, one of the Titans, for whose food it was declared to have been produced by Mother Earth, when he fled to her bosom for protection from the fury of Jupiter. Ælian, describing the earliest food of different nations, assigns acorns to the Arcadians, pears to the Argives and Tyrrinthians, cresses to the Persians, and figs to the Athenians. Hercules, who no doubt understood the art of putting himself into what we call condition, and the Greeks *εὐξία*, fed solely upon beef and green figs: the Indian king, therefore, who at a much later period, sent to a brother monarch of Syria for sweet wine, figs, and a sophist, might have had all three† articles, in excellent condition, from Athens. To drink like a Greek, has become a proverb. The gods, it was understood, did not sit long at table; but the Greeks sat long, and drank deep. 'Long may you live,' was the congratulatory expression used to a person who drank off a large cup without taking breath; and that there might be no evasion, three public officers, we are assured, were elected in the free town of Athens, whose business it was to attend entertainments, and observe whether every person drank his portion.

The water-drinkers furnished the writers for the stage with some of their happiest attacks. When the Aristophanic Cleon vents his utmost indignation upon the great prototype of the modern

* This, translated into English, means, that symposiasts should mingle water with their wine, or join the ladies while their feet are steady.

† Readers, who value traits of national character, will hardly forgive us for omitting to mention here that evil which, under the name of Sycophancy, so peculiarly infested Athens. The term, as Mr. Mitford observes, originally signified information of the clandestine exportation of figs. Apparently to gratify the idle populace of the city, at the expense of the landholders, some demagogue had procured a law, forbidding the exportation of that plentiful production of the Attic soil. The absurdity of the prohibition, however, making the information particularly invidious, the term Sycophant grew into use as a general appellation for all vexatious informers. Full as the Grecian writers are of invectives against this odious class of men, we know of none who have painted them with so much force and vivacity, as Lysias in his speeches, and Aristophanes in his Comedies. In Nicarchus, the sycophant of his Achæmians, the vice is mere instinct; like a staunch hound, he winds his game and runs close upon the scent. In his Birds, the sycophant, more bold than Chaucer's summoner,* whom he there resembles in vocation, announces his trade, and justifies it by reasoning: but sycophancy ran in the blood with him, and three generations, it seems, were necessary, in the poet's opinion, before so pleasurable an employment to an Athenian could be pursued upon something more than mere instinct. The informer in his Plutus is a solemn rogue, who annoys from motives of morality, and pillages and ruins people out of a pure spirit of patriotism.

* He dorste not, for veray filth and shame,
Say that he was a sompnour for the name.—*The Frere's Tale.*

demagogues,

demagogues, among other reproaches, he calls him a water-drinker; and that too, when this minister of the Athenian finance had no right to construe the abstemiousness into a premeditated injury of the excise.

Cleon. (fiercely.) Discuss—propound—your cause, your ground for these your words nefarious.

Sausage-Seller, (drawing himself up.) My powers of speech, my art to reach phrase seasoned high and various.

Cleon. (a pause of astonishment; then with infinite contempt.) 'Your pow'rs of speech!' ill fare the cause beneath your hands e'er falling!

Tatter'd and rent, 'twill soon present a sample of your calling.

The same disease will fortune you, that meets our eyes not rarely:—

Hear—mark—reply, and own that I discuss the matter fairly.

Some petty suit 'gainst strangers gain'd—anon you're set a-crowding;

The mighty feat becomes forthwith a birth that's ever growing.

By day, by night, on foot, on horse, when riding or when walking,—

Your life a mere soliloquy, still of this feat you're talking.

You fall to drinking water next—on generous wine you trample,

While friends are sore, worn o'er and o'er with specimen and sample.

And this attain'd, you think you've gain'd the height of oratory—

Heav'n help you, silly wretch! you've yet—to learn another story.

This aversion to water was not confined to the men. At the holy feast of Ceres, where no male ever intruded, the poet just quoted represents his fair countrywomen as sitting in close committee upon the multiplied offences of Euripides against the sex. Their councils commence, like those of the General Assembly, with a series of imprecations. A curse is pronounced upon the person, who designs any evil against the female Demus; upon the culprit, who sends a herald to treat of peace with the Persians or Euripides; upon all, who are self-active, or abet others in promoting a tyranny; upon the male gallant, who forgets his promises, and the elderly female, who endeavours to make her years be forgotten in the splendour of her presents; but the final burst of indignation is reserved for those who in any way interfere with the ladies' potations.

—If there be, who malice-fraught,
Starve the goblet, stint the draught,
Root and branch, and kin and kine,
Blast them, blessed Powers divine:—
Red be their cup, but not with wine:
And Ruin, as she reads their lot,
Say—'they were—and they are not.'—*Arist. in Them.*

It is now time to quit the lower regions, and present 'superior views of things,' shewing, as the excellent Whistlecraft observes,

'The higher orders of society
Behaving with politeness and propriety.'

The

The general mode of living among the citizens of Attica, is described with brevity and accuracy by Dr. Hill.

'There was very little variety,' says the learned professor, 'in the private life of the Athenians. All of them rose at daybreak, and spent a short time in the exercise of devotion. Soon after six in the morning, the judges (dicasts) took their seats on the tribunal, and those employed in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, engaged in their different occupations. At mid-day, the more wealthy citizens, who by that time had commonly finished their serious business, refreshed themselves with a short sleep, and afterwards spent a few hours in hunting, or in the exercise of the palaestra, or in walking through the delightful groves on the banks of the Illyssus and Cephissus; or still more frequently in discussing with each other, in the forum (agora), the interests of the state, the conduct of the magistrates, and the news of the day. It was also during the afternoon that the Athenians sometimes played at *κρυβία* and *πτερία*; two games, the first of which resembled hazard, and the other either backgammon or chess.

'During the day, the Athenians either took no food or only a slight repast in private. At sun-set they sat down to supper, and considering the business of the day as over, devoted the evening to society and amusement, and often continued to a late hour of the night.' Of these suppers or, more properly speaking, dinners, we propose to speak somewhat more at large hereafter.

The '*diner d'ami*'—that dinner which draws from an Englishman's cellar its oldest bottle of wine, and from his heart its oldest story—seems to have been as little agreeable to the Greeks, as to the nation from whose* language we have borrowed the term. 'Defend me,' says the lively † Menander with an evident feeling of horror,

' from family repasts,
Where all the guests claim kin,—nephews and uncles,
And aunts and cousins to the fifth remove!
First you've the sire, a goblet in his hand,
And he deals out his dole of admonition;—
Then comes my lady-mother, a mere homily
Reproof and exhortation!—at her heels
The aunt slips in a word of pious precept.

* *Le Baron.*

Nous mangerons ensemble un poulet sans façon;
Et je vais vous donner un Dîner d'Ami.

M. de Fortis.

Non.

Je crains ces dîners-là; j'aime la bonne-chère;
Et traite-moi plutôt en personne étrangère.

Les Dehors Trompeurs. Act. ii. sc. 10.

† In Athen. Schw. edit. v. ix. p. 277.

The

The grandsire last—a bass voice among trebles,
 Thunder succeeding whispers, fires away.
 Each pause between, his aged partner fills
 With “lack-a-day!” “good sooth!” and “dearest dear!”
 The dotard’s head, mean time, for ever nods,
 Encouraging her drivelling —.

Nothing therefore remained for the Greeks but clubs or pic-nic parties, where each guest might send his own portion of the feast, or where one might provide, at a fixed price, an entertainment for all the rest. For parties of this kind the Athenians appear to have felt a passionate fondness. When Aristotle advocates the propriety of admitting that ‘complex entity, the Public,’ as he calls them, into a share of the government, he* more than once draws an argument from the pic-nic suppers, which he asserts were always better than those furnished by a single person. And Theophrastus, his great disciple, was so much persuaded of this truth, that among his legacies may be found one for the support of a pic-nic club. As some notices of this kind of entertainment have been given in another place, we shall not pursue the subject here, but shall clear the way for a more minute inquiry hereafter into the private entertainments of the Athenians, by observing, that, before the time of Menander, the law, to prevent too large a concourse of people at an entertainment, had limited the number of guests to thirty; that there were persons called *Gynæconomi*, whose office it was to number the guests, and to see that this statute was not infringed; that it was an ancient practice to give a bill of fare to the master of the feasts, who communicated its contents, at proper intervals, to the guests—that the great man, whether host or guest, was generally attended by a †flatterer, whose office, from the epithets attached to him by Julius Pollux, (the most amusing of word-collectors,) was evidently no easy one—and that recreations for the sight and hearing (*διαματά, ακροαματα*) made part of the entertainment. The supper-hunters, (*τρεχιδειπνοι*), that class of persons upon whom is laid all the trouble of convivial conversation, and who are expected to perform the double task of never speaking with the mouth full, and yet never losing a mouthful, generally paid their quota in coin of the latter kind. They

* In *Polit. lib. iii. c. 7*. In the culinary Pleiades, to which we have before adverted, it is allowed that in broiling a fish no one excelled Agis of Rhodes; that Aphonetus shone above all the profession in a sausage or hog’s-pudding, and that Nereus, the Chian, boiled a conger-eel in a manner which might have satisfied the gods. To Aristion was decreed the pre-eminent glory of laying out the contributions to a club-feast to superlative advantage.

† The parasite was a later invention than the flatterer, properly so called. The latter was so much in request among the vain Athenians, as to furnish the philosophers with an axiom. *φιλευδαιμος ή πολλοι*, says Aristotle, (in *Ethics, lib. viii. c. 8.*) that is, ‘on the score of toad-eating, man is more inclined to be the patient than the agent.’

who

who were present without contributing towards the entertainment, says Archbishop Potter, were termed *ασυμβολοι*, in which condition, (continues the learned but plain-spoken archæologist,) 'were poets and singers, and others who made diversion for the company.' How little strict abstemiousness was observed at these entertainments will appear hereafter. It might also be inferred from the number of physicians, who, it is evident from the writings of Plato and Aristophanes, practised in Athens, and from the importance which Xenophon attaches to the fact that his great master could retire from a supper without overloading himself.*

The repasts of the common Athenians are much more easily decided. Herbs, pottage, salt fish, a barley cake not very nicely kneaded, these with a bottle of wine, and figs perhaps for a dessert, formed their usual diet, when a sacrifice or one of those feasts, which, on various pretences, were wrested from the rich, did not furnish a more substantial banquet. Thus the old dicast in the Wasps, who prefers the sparing modes of common life, when accompanied with the functions of the judicial office, to all the allurements which his wealthy son can offer him. We insert the whole of his speech, as it gives, we think, a very amusing view of domestic life at Athens.

'But the best of my lot I had nearly forgot—the court left and well loaded with honey,
Scarce in sight of my home, all the house, trooping, come, and embrace me, such coz'nage hath money!
Next my girl, sprightly nymph! brings her napkin and lymph—feet and ancles are quick in ablution;
Soft'ning oils o'er them spread, she stoops down her head, and drops kisses in utmost profusion.
"I'm her sweetest papa!—I'm the pride of the bar!"—her lips in mean time neatly playing,
As with rod and with line, the wench angles so fine, my day's pay is unconsciously straying.†
Seats her then by my side, Mrs. Dicast my pride,—feeling soul, she knows well what my calling,
And my labours to greet, brings refreshments most sweet, while speeches still sweeter are falling.
"Deign this pottage to sip,—pass this cake o'er your lip—here's a soft and a soothing emulsion,
You cannot but chuse eat this pulse, nay, I'll use to my heart's dearest treasure compulsion."

* There is a curious passage in one of the books of Plato's Republic, but to which we cannot refer at the moment, where Athens herself is considered as a sort of high-fed nervous patient—*toujours dans les remèdes*—and only recovering a little strength, in order to plunge into the same excesses, which had previously deranged and shattered her system.

† The young wheedler's mode of filching her father's obols, (not very delicate it must be confessed) arose out of a practice, common among the lower Athenians, of carrying their money in their mouths.

Then

Then I sip and I swill, and I riot at will, nor cast eye of discreet observation,
 How your eye or your man's watches, gauges and spans what my appetite's warmth and duration.
 Never yet, by my fay, did I bid that knave lay for supper, or otherwise task him,
 But a cloud ever hung on his brow, lest my tongue a cake or dish extra should ask him.
 Thus from head, Sir, to feet, I'm in armour complete,—fenced and shelter'd from ev'ry disaster,
 And your wine you may spare, while this (*draws a case from under his vest*) falls to my share, and calls me its lord and its master.
 Outward, form'd 'tis an ass—spare your mirth—let that pass:—inward holds he what asks best appliance:
 (*Drinks and looks at it*) Rogue! as keen he surveys your pinch'd beakers he brays, and trooper-toned bids you defiance.'

With Athenians of this class a good dinner seems to have been what the resources of the publican are with the lower orders in our own country, an excellent restorer of harmony and a pledge of concord between contending parties. Male readers, who perused the taunts of the rival choruses in a former Number, must have been well aware, that the feelings, there exhibited, were much too hot to hold. Female readers, skilled in tracing the passions, and who know that nothing is unconquerable but indifference, will hear, without surprise, the conclusion of these sarcasms. A few overtures from the female chorus, a salutation upon the cheek, and a little dexterity shewn in relieving their antagonist's eye of a large gnat, which infested it, gradually overcome the wrath of the rival male chorus. 'Baggages,' exclaims its coryphæus, after a decent resistance, 'there's no living with them, nor without them; and yet, as the old proverb says—they are but limbs of the old-one after all.*' This satisfactory reconciliation is, of course, to be confirmed by a feast; and when the good feelings of an Athenian were set afloat, they were most comprehensive in their nature.

CHORUS.

I quaff to you, laugh to you:—suff'ring or doing,
 No harm be between us for ages ensuing;
 But charity, amity, peace and good breeding;
 And let a joint stave mark old troubles receding.
 Oyez—let none fear
 In my numbers to hear

* ἡ δὲ Σωφιστὴ φησὶ.
 Καὶ ἐν τούτοις ὁδῶς, καὶ κακῶς, περιμένει.
 ὡς οὐκ ἀπολαύσεις, ὡς ἀπὸ ἀπολαύσεων.

Beautiful as these mystic types appear to the eye, we can assure our female readers, that they express neither more nor less, than what has been ventured as an equivalent in the text.

A reproach or a sneer ;
 No such thoughts harbour here :
 But words that drop manna,
 And deeds all of honey,
 To feasts invitation,
 And offers of money.
 Time enough, and to spare,
 Has ill-luck been our fare ;
 Let it now be our care
 The old breach to repair,
 And to set things more square.
 Then make proclamation,
 Possessing the nation,
 That he, whose poor pittance
 Demands a remittance,—
 Be it two pounds or four,
 Or a small matter more,—
 May here be supplied ;—
 With a good purse beside,
 His silver and gold
 More securely to hold :
 This further too learning
 That peace once returning,
 'Tis our fixt resolution
 Not to ask restitution.—

We break in upon this long-winded joint stave to observe, that the premises and conclusion of an Athenian's liberality were not always in strict accordance ; and the good-humoured poet, whom no trait of popular humour escaped, has not failed to find a niche for this.

' Further notice, Sirs, take,
 That a banquet we make,
 For the comfort and sake,
 Of a much honour'd crew,
 All good men and true,
 As Carystus e'er knew.
 Their presence to greet,
 We have pulse as is meet :
 A pig and what not,
 Too, are gone to the pot ;
 They may thus look for flesh
 That is tender and fresh.—

(To the audience.) Let to-morrow then see
 One and all hous'd with me ;
 And come without calling,
 The morning forestalling,
 With your boys in a row,
 And your cheeks in a glow,

All fresh from the bath,
 Taking straight the house path ;
 Then without explanation
 Or interrogation,
 Let each as if come
 To his own proper home,
 Forward instantly venture :—
 One caution I put,
 If you find the door shut,—
 'Tis a proof you can't enter.

Among the idle, and we must be pardoned for saying, the ridiculous mistakes respecting the character of Aristophanes, none appears to us more misplaced than the received opinion, that he was a severe caustic satirist. That he could deal heavy blows, when he pleased, is most certain ; but if we had to point out the most distinguishing feature in his character, we should refer to that good-natured relish he displays for the popular humour, belonging to all free governments, and which shone more particularly in an Attic mob. A benevolent man shares in this feeling, from the milkiness of his nature ; a thoughtful man, who observes with what cheerfulness it often conducts the poor through privations, from which the rich and the learned would shrink, sees in it one of those great compensations, by which Providence equalises mankind, and leaves the stations of rich and poor, as little more than varieties of means for gaining happiness. We think it of sufficient importance to cherish popular humour, to induce us to pursue the particular species just pointed out a little farther. A chorus, who could feast a whole audience at so small an expense, had no reason to be less profuse on other points.

‘ Of whatever I’m possest,
 Carpet, coverlit, or vest,
 Cash and jewels, of silver and gold ;
 Here I make spontaneous offer,
 And without reserve I proffer
 To the public to have and to hold.
 Must your daughter make display
 Upon some public day,
 And her person array in all bravery ?
 I have fardingales and things,
 Stuffs and cuffs, and ruffs and rings,
 Take them all, Sirs, nor think it any knavery.
 Seal and signet you may break,
 Vest and vestment you may take,
 Cash and jewels, and diamonds and stone ;—
 Only one thing I premise,
 He that finds them has two eyes
 Of a much clearer ken than my own.

. A treasury

A treasury like this was not easily exhausted.

We shall give but one instance more : the comic poet acted, it has been before observed, as the gazetteer of the times, and his ' Foreign Intelligence' certainly furnished an intellectual repast not often found in modern journals. Thus the political fates of Prasie, (a town in Laconia lately destroyed by the Athenians,) of Megara, (the support given to which by the Lacedæmonians, was the principal cause of the Peloponnesian war,) and of Leontini in Sicily, (then recently suffering under the oppression of the Syracusans,) become, in the Aristophanic comedy of the Peace, the materials of an Attic myttoton or salad, and are thus served up to the audience.

SCENE—HEAVEN.

A great bowl or mortar is seen upon the stage : leeks, garlic, and cheese lie around it.

WAR, TRYGÆUS.

War. (slowly and solemnly.)

Laceration,
Maceration,
Grief and scorning,
Woe and Mourning,
Past all curing,
I do scan
Unto man,
The much-enduring.
Cramps and stitches,
Aches and pains,
Rack his joints
And fire his veins!

Try.

Shield me, great Phœbus, 'tis indeed a mortar
Vast beyond vastness!—then, this monster's visage!
Pain, mischief, misery, are upon his front.
And do my eyes indeed take witness of him,
The god, whose very sight creates a solitude,
The truculent—the iron-faced—still settling
Upon his legs, as if for fight preparing!

War.

Double, double,
Woe and trouble,
Triple trine,
And nine to nine,
Nine and ten,
And nine again,
I do see
For Prasie*
Hapless state!

See now, thy doom is seal'd, and ratified thy fate.

(Throws a leek into the bowl.)

* A word nearly similar to Prasie in Greek signifies a leek.

Try. Look, Sparta, to't—'tis her concern—not our's.
War. For Megara weep!
 And your sighs be they deep.
 For the fates strongly pull,
 And my bowl must be full;
 The loss of a fraction
 Would work me distraction;
 Nicely chopp'd, minced, and drest.
 She may yet be at rest!
(Throws in garlic, and pounds it very small.)*

Try. Sigh we for those same folk of Megara!
 Large floods of tears—and bitter, save the mark!
 Hath he infused for them!

War. Cry aloud, fair and foul,
 And for Sicily howl!
 For body and soul,
 She must go to the bowl;
 For the pride of her state
 She must yield to her fate,
 And the scraper and knife
 Now lie hard at her life!
(Scrapes cheese,† and throws it into the bowl.)

Pour we some honey‡ now from Attica
 Upon our work.—

Among the public entertainments of a people so theatrically disposed as the Athenians, none we may be sure ranked higher than the superb banquet, usually given by the triumphant tribe to the successful chorus. The prize feast (*πρωξια*) is the constant encouragement by which Aristophanes stimulates exertion in his orchestral troop, and in his Female Parliament he offers a bill of fare, which is certainly very provocative. The poet, who contrary to the usual practice, was dismissing his company in a dance, gives animation to the lower members of his dancers, by an intimation addressed to their upper organs.

Leader of the Female Chorus. 'Come away, come away,'
 'Tis no time for delay.
 If we loiter and dally,
 And stand shilly shally,
 'Twixt the cup and the lip
 Some misfortune may slip,
 And the viands tho' basted
 May never be tasted.

* Garlic was one of the most plentiful productions of Megara.

† The reader of Theocritus need not be reminded of the rich milk and cheeses, which so frequently occur in the most exquisite of all pastoral poets.

‡ It was from the odoriferous herbs on mount Hymettus, that the excellence of the Attic honey was derived.

(turns to one of the Chorus.) Miss, I turn me to you ;
 Throw your legs one, and two,
 To a galliard that's new.

(One of the Chorus.) What is bidden I do. (*begins dancing.*)

(Leader.) Here's another, whose flanks
 But deserve little thanks.—

(to one of the Chorus.) More virgins, more speed,
 If a banquet you heed ;— (*the whole Chorus gradually begin dancing.*)
 And I've one in my eye,
 That might make sluggards fly:
 'Tis plenteous, 'tis dainty,
 'Tis fragrant, 'tis warm,
 And the mere bill of fare
 Is as long as my arm.
 There's lobster, there's prawn,
 Cockle, oyster and brawn.
 There's salt fish and fresh,
 Caught with hook and with mesh.
 Here's a cod's head and shoulders
 With soles for upholders:
 Those anchovies and dace
 Keep a salmon in place.
 And soles à la braise
 Hold a turbot in stays.
 Add calves heads that ride
 In an ocean of brain ;
 Add thrush boil'd and fried,
 And teal spiced and plain.
 Add honey, add spices,
 Add hare-flesh in slices,
 With widgeon and pigeon
 And larks in a ring :
 Hand me there, lady fair,
 Both a leg and a wing.—
 With such show of provision
 Need I urge expedition?
 Let her spin it and win it,
 Such a banquet who chooses ;
 She's too late by a minute
 Sixty moments who loses.—
 But excuse me, ere starting,
 One little suggestion ;
 Who feed large, take, at parting,
 A pill for digestion.*

At entertainments of this kind, the bard, who furnished the vic-

* A considerable part of what follows is, in the original, compressed into a word of more than seventy syllables! Under these circumstances, a little departure from strict translation seems allowable.

torious piece, was, of course, a most prominent guest: the poet, just quoted, had frequent occasion to experience the value of such a situation; and if we are not mistaken in a passage in Plato, he knew how to make good use of his time, when placed in it. If the following extract shews us that Aristophanes was bald, it also proves, that, like Cæsar, he tried to cover his baldness with laurels.

For oh! if success
These my rhymes to-day bless,
When the table and board
With rich viands are stor'd,
The talk and the cry
Will be—' Charge bumper high,
And carouse of the best
To our bald-headed guest;—
And the cates, that are sweetest,
And the cup, that is neatest,
And the banquet's best part,
Give we there, hand and heart;—
Carouse to the flower
Of Phæbus's mansion;
To him with the forehead
Of matchless expansion.'

We are sufficiently masters of our subject to be aware, that it is the guests, after all, who are to decide upon the merits of a feast, and not the caterer. *Θοινην ὁ δαίτυμον*, says Aristotle,* (and in matters of importance, it is proper to appeal to high authorities,) ἀλλ' ἐχ' ὁ μαγειρός. It is possible too, that our manner of handling some extracts introduced into these remarks, may have the effect of recalling to the reader's mind an homely adage in the culinary art—that the cook and the materials he works upon often come from very opposite regions.—We could perhaps advance a few words in our defence; but we hold it more decorous, as the hour is late, to make our bow in silence, and withdraw from the table. That we may not appear, however, wholly to have trifled with our readers, we shall close with a curious trait of national habits, and try to coax out of it a little moral for those who are not content to read merely for amusement. At great entertainments in Egypt, says Herodotus, a body carved in wood and most minutely resembling a corpse, was carried about and exhibited to each guest, with this admonition: 'Regulate your potations and your pleasures by this spectacle; for when you are dead, you will be no other than this.' However genteelly (*εὐκίμως*) all this might have been done on the part of the corpse-bearers, the principal person

* In *Polit. lib. iii. c. 11.*

in the drama was certainly, as Plutarch, relating the story after Herodotus, suggests, an unseasonable sort of intruder. The worthy Bœotian, who misquotes authors and himself, and who speaks of the fine arts in a tone of contempt, which must have appeared absolutely glorious to his fellow Bœotians, rarely errs on the side of good feelings; he has accordingly imparted a secret for turning even this spectacle to account. Taking times and seasons into consideration, says the philosopher of Chærones; this addition to the feast was rather misplaced; yet was it not altogether without its suitableness: it furnished a strong dissuasion against drinking and luxury, it held out powerful motives to friendship and mutual love, and it was a sort of practical homily, that life, short as it is, ought not to be made long in the commission of evil practices.

ERRATUM.

P. 20, l. 16. For *Harley and St. John were made Secretaries of State*, read *Harley was made Secretary of State, and St. John Secretary at War.*

TREACHERY OF THE ARABS.

In our last Number, we mentioned in a note on Burckhardt's Travels, (p. 440,) that some English officers, on their way to Palmyra, had a dispute with their Arab guides, in which one of the party, Captain Butler, of the Dragoons, was wounded:—that they laid their complaint before the Pasha, and that, in consequence, several of the Arabs had been seized and decapitated.

We stated those particulars not lightly, but on the authority of a most respectable British officer, who had minuted them down on the spot from the concurrent reports of several of the natives. They afford, however, another proof, certainly not wanted, of that habitual disregard of strict truth for which the people of the east are notorious. The affair, indeed, was far more serious than we had supposed; but in the leading circumstance our correspondent was misinformed. The officers made *no* complaint;—but perhaps the impression made by our statement can by no mode be so effectually removed as by giving Captain Butler's own account, which we are enabled to do by the kindness of a revered relative of that gentleman. It is highly interesting; and we cannot dis-

miss it without observing, that Captain Butler and his friends appear to have conducted themselves with exemplary self-possession, intrepidity, and prudence.

Extract of a Letter, dated Smyrna, August 16th, 1819.

'As we determined on going to Palmyra, we paid another visit to the Pasha. He ordered his minister to make out the proper passports, and direct the governor of Homs, a town on the verge of the Desert, to entertain us as English princes. We had to wait ten days before the aga could get the chief that commanded the tribe occupying the Desert between Homs and Palmyra, to come to him. This fellow at last made his appearance, and agreed before the governors to escort us safely to Palmyra for two thousand piastres, half to be paid in advance, and the other half on our return. In the Arab costume, and mounted on dromedaries, with a Bedouin behind us, we set off through the Desert in the direction of Palmyra. As we had no arms with us of any kind, these fellows betrayed us. Instead of continuing their proper course, they struck off in another direction, and carried us to their camp. Nearly the whole of the day was taken up in debating what they should do with us. We at last told them we would go no farther; that we had neither arms nor money; that if they murdered us they would get nothing but the shirts on our backs; and that if they did not choose to conduct us back to Homs on the dromedaries, we would set out on foot and find our way as well as we could. Seeing us determined, they agreed to take us to Homs. After goading on the dromedaries at the rate of nine miles an hour, they suddenly stopped the animals, and knocked us off their backs. Not knowing their intent, we attempted to seize their arms, and a battle ensued. I succeeded in wrenching the mace from the hands of the Bedouin that rode behind me, and was preparing to make him feel the weight of it on his head, when one of them ran his lance into my arm, and another gave me a blow which immediately brought me to the ground. They then freed themselves from us, mounted their dromedaries and were soon out of sight. I know not how we escaped with our lives; we had not even a stick amongst us, whilst the Arabs were armed with iron maces, match-locks, and long lances: we all, however, got roughly handled. We followed a track in the sand, and arrived in the course of the night at a small village, the name of which I have forgot. As I had bled freely during the walk, I was unable to proceed farther that night, although my companions were anxious to get on; the next day we walked quietly into Homs: we found that the news of our adventure had preceded us, and that the whole town was in a bustle. We met a large detachment of Arabs, driving their camels as hard as they could go, who, taking us for some of their tribe, called to us to save ourselves, or we should be killed; they were pursued by several parties of cavalry, who shortly came up with them, killed a great number, and seized their beasts. In the mean time, some prisoners had been taken before the governor, and he immediately cut off all their heads. Had it been in our power we would willingly have prevented so much bloodshed, but the Moslem was savage. His pride was hurt that the Arab chief had so little regard for his authority. The number of these poor creatures who lost their lives was variously stated to us; I am inclined to think they were not so numerous as they wished to make us believe.'

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